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HOW TO GROW RICH:

A

COMEDY.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

A NEW EDITION.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pavè	*Mr. Lewis.*
Smalltrade	*Mr. Emery.*
Sir Thomas Roundhead	*Mr. Munden.*
Latitat	*Mr. Fawcett.*
Hippy	*Mr. Townſend.*
Warford	*Mr. Pope.*
Sir Charles Dazzle	*Mr. Betterton.*
Plainly	*Mr. Powell.*
Nab	*Mr. Farley.*
Formal	*Mr. Thompſon.*
Servant	*Mr. Rees.*
Sir Charles's Servant	*Mr. Ledger.*
Sir Thomas's Servant	*Mr. Simmons.*
Smalltrade's Servant	*Mr. Blurton.*
Lady Henrietta	*Mrs. Glover.*
Roſa	*Miſs Murray.*
Miſs Dazzle	*Miſs Chapman.*

SCENE—A SEA-PORT TOWN IN ENGLAND.

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HOW TO GROW RICH:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* SMALLTRADE'S *Banking Houſe—Doors open in the Hall, and Clerks ſeen writing.*

Enter WARFORD *and* PLAINLY.

PLAINLY.

NAY, do not think me curious or impertinent, Mr. Warford—I have lived ſo long with you and your uncle, that I cannot ſee you unhappy without enquiring the cauſe.

Warford. My uncle is himſelf the cauſe—his weakneſs and credulity will undo us all.

Plainly. Excuſe me, ſir; but I'm afraid the young lady now on a viſit at our banking houſe—the charming Lady Henrietta!—has ſhe not made a very deep impreſſion?

Warford. To confeſs the truth, ſhe has; and though from my inferior ſituation in life, I can never aſpire to the gaining of her affections, ſhe may ſtill have to thank me for ſaving her from ruin.

Plainly. From ruin, ſir!

Warford. Ay; ſhe is now on the very brink of it—When her father, Lord Orville, went abroad for his health, he gave her a fortune of eight thouſand pounds, and left her to the care of her uncle, Sir Thomas Roundhead—At his country ſeat, Mr. Smalltrade met with her, and being banker to her father, he thought it his duty to invite her to his houſe.

Plainly. And ſhe had no ſooner enter'd it, than ſhe became acquainted with Sir Charles and Miſs Dazzle—I ſuſpect their infamous deſigns.

Warford. Yes, Plainly;—when Miſs Dazzle has robb'd her of her fortune at the gaming table, Sir Charles is to attempt to deprive her of her honor—but if I don't ſhame and expoſe them! Oh! think of the heartfelt ſatisfaction in ſaving ſuch a woman as Lady Henrietta! 'Tis true, moſt of her fortune is already loſt, and Sir Thomas is ſo offended at her conduct, that (wanting an heir to his eſtate) he has adopted his god-daughter, Roſa.

Plainly. 'Sdeath! I wiſh Sir Charles and his ſiſter were driven back to London—They are a diſgrace to this, our faſhionable ſea-bathing town.

Warford. What moſt I fear, is leſt my uncle ſhou'd join their confederacy—I know it is their plan to lure him into partnerſhip, and he is ſo anxious to encreaſe his fortune, that under the idea

idea of growing rich, he may be deluded into any ſcheme.

[SMALLTRADE *appears at the doors, reading a ledger.*

Here he is—Be ſecret and diſcreet, Plainly, and perhaps the next time we converſe, I may be proud to tell you, I have ſaved an innocent lady from treachery and ruin! [*Exit.*

Smalltrade. (*coming forwrd.*) "Smalltrade "debtor to Sir Harry Hockley two thouſand "pounds in ſpecie—Creditor two hundred in "paper."—Ah! that's very well! I don't know how it is—My little nice bank is not the thing it was—People of real property have become country bankers now, and play'd the devil with us petty, daſhing traders. (*Knocking at door.*) Plainly, ſee who's there.

Plainly. Give me leave, ſir. (*Taking ledger, &c.*) [*Exit.*

Smalltrade. There's nothing like a ſnug country bank—ready money received—paper notes paid—and though I make fifteen per cent. and pay their drafts in my own bills, what of that? A five guinea note is ſo convenient for carriage or poſting—lays ſo cloſe in a letter, or ſlips ſo neatly in the ſleeve of a coat—Oh! its of great uſe to the country, and a vaſt benefit to myſelf.

Re-enter PLAINLY, *follow'd by a Servant.*

Serv. Is this your country bank, as you call it?

Plainly. It is.

Serv. I want change for this draft of Sir Harry Hockley's.

Plainly. Very well—How much is it for?

Serv. A hundred pounds.

Smalltrade. What?

Serv. A hundred pounds.

Smalltrade. Mercy on me! You've ſet me all in a tremble! Draw on a country bank for a hundred pounds—Why, does your maſter ſuppoſe himſelf drawing on the bank of Amſterdam?

Plainly. True, ſir; and if you recollect, we had a large run upon us yeſterday.

Smalltrade. So we had—a very large run! Sir Thomas Roundhead drew in one draft for the enormous ſum of twenty-five pounds; and here's your maſter draws for a hundred—Talk of a country bank! The bank of England cou'dn't ſtand this.

Serv. I can't tell, ſir—Sir Harry ſaid he had ten times the money in your hands.

Smalltrade. So he has, and what then? Doesn't he place money in my hands that it may be ſafe? and if he is to draw it out in large ſums, that is, if he is to get it when he wants it, where wou'd be the uſe of a banker? Plainly, pay the draft in my own notes; and d'ye mind, let them be all at thirty and forty days ſight—Young man, go with my clerk.

[*Exeunt* PLAINLY *and Servant.*

'Tis near the time my accompliſhed couſin, Miſs Dazzle, is to wait upon me—She writes me word ſhe has to communicate a new mode of growing rich—Dear! how I long to hear it? It's my way always to catch at every thing—Here ſhe is.

Enter

Enter Miſs DAZZLE.

Miſs Dazzle. Good morning, Mr. Smalltrade —I'm ſorry we hadn't the pleaſure of ſeeing you at our gala laſt night.

Smalltrade. Pray be ſeated, couſin. (*They ſit.*) Ah! I'm told it was the moſt grand, expenſive entertainment.

Miſs Dazzle. Expenſive! your pardon, ſir— It didn't coſt me and my brother a ſhilling.

Smalltrade. No!

Miſs Dazzle. No—and what will ſurprize you more, it is our ſumptuous houſe, our brilliant rooms, and extravagant entertainments that pay all our expences—In ſhort, Mr. Smalltrade, we've found out a new mode of growing rich.

Smalltrade. Have you? (*rubbing his hands*) That's what I want to hear about.

Miſs Dazzle. And that's what I came to impart to you—In a word, ſir, we keep a bank.

Smalltrade. Do you? Well, that's one way.

Miſs Dazzle. Yes, ſuch a bank! ſo oppoſite to yours! We know nothing of notes, checks, clerks, or currency—We don't riſe early in the morning to ſettle our accounts, or ſhut up before evening to prevent our cuſtomers from ſettling theirs—No all our buſineſs is done in the dark, my dear couſin.

Smalltrade. In the dark! ſo is mine too, my dear couſin.

Miſs Dazzle. Then, while you are ſatisfied with a hundred pounds profit in a week, we are not content with a thouſand in a night, and if ever we ſtop payment, which fortune avert! we have nothing to ſurrender but mahogany tables, wax-lights, cards, and dice-boxes.

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. (*rising*) I understand—you keep a Faro-table—Oh! take me!—Take me as Groom-porter and I'll make my fortune, if its only by picking up the droppings.

Miss Dazzle. There's the point—if you would but consent to become a partner with myself and my brother, our profits wou'd be trebled.

Smalltrade. Wou'd they? That's nice!

Miss Dazzle. The case is this—Occasionally, though it seldom happens, we want ready money to carry on the campaign.

Smalltrade. Ready money! Ah! there's the devil—I've nothing but paper.

Miss Dazzle. Nonsense! Your notes can be changed into cash, and Sir Charles and I will pay the discount.

Smalltrade. What! pay the discount out of your own pockets, and give me a third of the profits besides?

Miss Dazzle. Certainly.

Smalltrade. Then I'll be a partner, and—Yet, hold, hold—I'd better not determine too hastily (*aside.*) Miss Dazzle, here's my visitor, Lady Henrieta, so, as we're disturb'd you see, I'll wait on you in an hour and talk further.

Miss Dazzle. By that time Sir Charles will arrive from London—Good day.

Smalltrade. Adieu! Zounds! I always had a turn for gaiety, and I don't think I need fear being imposed upon; for I've so long managed a trading bank, that I must understand a gambling one!—I say, cousin, not a word to her about the new mode of growing rich—Good day! [*Exit.*

Miss Dazzle. So, the old gentleman is caught in the snare; and aided by his bank, what will not

not ours atchieve? Lady Henrietta, who has refuſed my brother's hand and title, will now be his on other terms, and Warford, who is our enemy, will be involved in his uncle's ruin.

Enter WARFORD *and* LADY HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. Why ſo grave, Mr. Warford? You really can be very pleaſant if you pleaſe; but thoſe gloomy looks! I declare you are quite an alter'd man; isn't he, Miſs Dazzle?

Miſs Dazzle. Every thing changes, Lady Henrietta.

Lady Henrietta. Why, that's very true;—now to look at the alterations in this town ſince laſt ſummer—Friends have become enemies, and enemies, friends—You ſhall hear.—The other night, I went to Lady Changewell's, where I uſed to meet all my old acquaintance—To my aſtoniſhment, I didn't ſee a ſoul I knew.

Miſs Dazzle. Really!

Lady Henrietta. No—an entire new ſet of faces—So, I aſked her ladyſhip after her friend, the little Colonel—She ſaid, "they didn't ſpeak "now." "Where is your companion and fa-"vorite, Lady Brilliant"—ſaid I.—"Oh! the "creature is in debt, ſaid ſhe, and wants me to "lend her money."—"And where is your dear, "darling, loving huſband," ſaid I.—"My dear, "darling, loving huſband lives with an Italian "Counteſs," ſays ſhe—"We're divorced, and I "am to be married to-morrow, to my old bitter "enemy, Sir Francis Fickle—I now think him a "moſt delightful, charming fellow, and believe "he's the only real friend I ever had, ha! ha, "ha!"

Miſs Dazzle. Excellent!

Lady Henrietta. Yes—its ſeldom a friendſhip laſts above a year—Is it, Mr. Warford?

Warford. I hope there are inſtances, Madam.

Lady Henrietta. So do I, Sir—but I am afraid they are ſo rare—Heigho! if I don't mind, I ſhall catch your ſpleen, and be as grave and ſentimental as yourſelf.

Warford. And why not, madam? Why be aſham'd of ſentiment? 'Tis true it is the mode to ridicule and laugh at it; but I doubt if faſhion and all its fopperies, can find a pleaſure to ſupply its loſs.

Lady Henrietta. Vaſtly well! Didn't I tell you, Miſs Dazzle, he could be very pleaſant? You really have talents, Mr. Warford; but the worſt of them is, they go more to inſtruction than amuſement.

Warford. Then I am ſatisfied, Lady Henrietta, and if I could convince you that happineſs is not to be found, either in the fever of diſſipation, or the deluſions of a gaming table.

Lady Henrietta. Fie! don't abuſe gaming,—the thing I doat on—

Warford. Excuſe me, madam;—but if I might adviſe, you had better never play again.

Lady Henrietta. Oh! monſtrous! Why, you tyrant, would you ſhut me from the world and cloiſter me in an old caſtle? If you did, I'd ſtill game—I would, if I betted on the ivy, and took odds on the ravens and rooks—Wou'dn't you, Miſs Dazzle?

Miſs Dazzle. Me! I'd keep a rookery on purpoſe.

Lady Henrietta. Ay, that you would—but come—I'm going to meet my uncle, Sir Thomas, at the library—would you believe it? He, too,

too, is ſo offended at my turning gameſter, that he has forbid me his houſe, and adopted his little God-daughter for his heireſs;—but—let's walk.

Miſs Dazzle. With pleaſure—we ſhall ſee you at Faro in the evening.

Lady Henrietta. Oh certainly—Nay, how you frown now, Mr. Warford? Come, I'll make a bargain with you—if I loſe a thouſand pounds to-night, I'll promiſe never to game again—never! becauſe, having nothing left to loſe, I muſt e'en make a virtue of neceſſity, and reform in ſpite of myſelf—Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Outſide of Sir* CHARLES DAZZLE'S *houſe.—View of the Sea.*

Enter Sir CHARLES, (*followed by a Servant with a Portmanteau.*)

Sir Charles. So, once more I'm eſcaped from the fever of London and got ſafe back to my favorite ſea-port—Take the things in.

[*Exit* Servant *into houſe.*

I ſuppoſe my ſiſter has ſo plucked the pigeons in my abſence, that there's ſcarcely a feather left in the town.

Enter Miſs DAZZLE.

Miſs Dazzle. Welcome from London, brother—I have juſt left the idol of your heart, the charming Henrietta!—As uſual, the banker's nephew was attending her.

Sir Charles. Ay, ay; its all pretty plain—but I won't be ſcandalous.

Miſs Dazzle. Well, if ſhe's his to-day, ſhe'll be yours to-morrow—I have ſeen Mr. Smalltrade—he talks of becoming a partner, and if you play your cards well, Lady Henrietta will be completely in your power.

Sir Charles. Yes; for when I've won all her money—I can be generous enough to become her protector! [*aſide.*] Well, ſiſter, we ſhall ruin them all; and now-a-days you know you can't do your friend a greater ſervice.

Miſs Dazzle. What! than to ruin him!

Sir Charles. To be ſure—Where is the ruin'd man that doesn't ſpend twice the income of the richeſt citizen in London? Don't many of them have executions in their houſe in the morning, and give galas at night? An't the very bailiffs turned into ſervants, and don't they ſtill ſtake five thouſand on a card? Nay, I know a man that has done it all his life.

Miſs Dazzle. Do you? Who?

Sir Charles. Myſelf!—I never had a ſhilling and I've always lived like a Nabob—And how have I done all this? How, but by hoſpitality! By entertaining my friends elegantly at one table, and genteelly picking their pockets at another.

Miſs Dazzle. Very true; and when we've ruined the banker, his nephew and his viſitor, they'll think themſelves much obliged to us—But mind and humour Smalltrade, for, without ready money, we can't go on—Who's here?

Sir Charles. (*looking out.*) Where?—Oh! its a hanger-on of mine—a mere Jackall, who dangles after me in hopes of preferment—I brought him

him from London, thinking he might be useful.

Miſs Dazzle. What, is it Pavè?

Sir Charles. The ſame—The dog has a good heart;—great good humour, and is deſcended from a reſpectable family; but in running after people of rank, and high company, he has ſo reduced his fortune, that he now depends on me to get him promoted.

Miſs Dazzle. Ay; I've heard of him—introduce him to a lord, or promiſe him an appointment, and he'll do any thing to ſerve you.

Sir Charles. Aye; ſo great is his furor, that an interview with a Prince, or an audience of a Miniſter, wou'd turn his brain—but I believe, were he once provided for, he wou'd neither betray his benefactor, nor diſgrace his Country.

Enter Pavè, (*a long roll of Paper ſticking out of his Pocket.*)

Pavè, (*running up to Sir Charles.*) Sir Charles! —hark ye. (*Whiſpers.*)

Sir Charles. Lord Orville coming home! What then?

Pavè. Then, Lord Orville is your acquaintance, and I am your friend, and—you underſtand—I'm always ready.

Sir Charles. Pray, ſiſter, have you any intereſt? If you have, this gentleman, Mr. Pavè—

Miſs Dazzle. I ſhou'd be very happy; but I fancy there is nothing more difficult than to get a place.

Pavè. Yes there is, Ma'am,—to deſerve it! And that I deſerve it, is evident from my long

liſt of promiſes—(*takes out roll of paper*) here it is Ma'am—My four firſt promiſes depend on Lord Orville, you ſee—my next is from you, Baronet.

Miſs Dazzle. Pray, Mr. Pavè, do you find that when theſe great people make you promiſes, they always keep their words?

Pavè. Oh! Sir Charles will anſwer you that queſtion, Ma'am—Heh!—Mum! Baronet!

Sir Charles. Nay, Pavè, you know the other day I referr'd you to a man in power.

Pavè. You did;—and he referr'd me to another, who kindly ſent me to a third, that politely hurried me to a fourth, till at laſt I got kicked down ſtairs by a perſon who ſaid he knew none of us—You ſee the ſcheme is this, Ma'am—Nobody will ſpeak firſt in your favor, but all promiſe to ſecond any body who will, becauſe, judging by themſelves, they know nobody'll ſpeak at all.

Miſs Dazzle. Well, if I was you, Mr. Pavè, I'd try ſome more public mode of getting preferr'd—For inſtance now, ſuppoſe you advertized.

Pavè. Don't mention it—I did advertize once, and what do you think happened? A gentleman waited upon me, calling himſelf Lord Sulwin—ſuperb equipage—elegant appearance,—free in his promiſes—ſecure in his intereſt—I bowed, ſmiled,—gave his lordſhip a thouſand guineas, and he proved to be an attorney! A money lending raſcal! And I've never ſeen or heard of him ſince!

Sir Charles. An attorney! Ha, ha, ha! Should you know him again?

Pavè. Know him! I ſhall never forget him, becauſe he did the thing ſo genteelly as he expreſſed it—Oh! if I catch him!

Enter SMALLTRADE.

Smalltrade. How d'ye do, Sir Charles? Couſin a word—(*taking Miſs Dazzle aſide.*) Well, I've made up my mind—I'll enter into your ſcheme—I'm determined to grow rich.

Miſs Dazzle. Ay, I thought you'd ſee your intereſt, Mr. Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. I do—I ſee we ſhall make fools of them all—At night I'll come and be a looker-on; and now, if you'll ſtep into the houſe, we'll arrange articles of partnerſhip.

Miſs Dazzle. With all my heart—Come, ſir.

Smalltrade. A third of the profits remember; and hark ye, as your viſitors are ſo faſhionable, I ſuppoſe I muſt make an appearance—look like a gentleman! I can do it, I aſſure you—but then, how to underſtand the technicals? to talk like the reſt of you? Oh! evil communication will corrupt my good manners—So, come along.

Miſs Dazzle. Brother, will you follow? Mr. Pavè, we ſhall ſee you in the evening.

[*Exit into houſe with* SMALLTRADE.

Pavè. (*Stopping Sir Charles, who is following*) Gad! this muſt be ſome great man—Baronet, who is that little fellow.

Sir Charles. A man of very great power—If you'll remind me, I'll introduce you at night.

Pavè. Introduce me! Oh! don't trouble yourſelf—I can do that myſelf.

Sir Charles. I believe it—Mind you are uſeful now

now—recollect I brought you down to aſſiſt in all our ſchemes—Speak highly of your patron.

Pavè. Ay, and of myſelf too, Sir Charles: For in this unthinking age, ſay you're a clever fellow, and every body believes it—They remember they heard you prais'd, and forget where—I know my duty—Succeſs to you, my ever dear, kind patron! [*Exit Sir* CHARLES. Dirty, ſhuffling raſcal! I've been his dangler theſe five years, and never got any thing but promiſes—Oh! if Lord Orville, or even that great little man would befriend me!—I'll get a new patron,—I will! Sir Charles's contemptible tricks are beneath a man of my conſequence—I'll about it inſtantly; and though neceſſity may make me dependent, it ſhall never make me mean; for if I can't be promoted, ſo as to be of ſervice to my country, hang me if I'll be promoted at all. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An elegant Saloon at Sir* CHARLES'S—*One door leading to Faro-Room—the other to Supper-Room.*

Flouriſh of Clarinets.

Enter WARFORD *and* Servant.

Warford. Tell Mr. Smalltrade I deſire to ſpeak with him.

Servant. Mr. Smalltrade is engaged, ſir—Looking on at the gaming table.

Warford. Tell him his nephew is come according to his orders.

[*Exit* Servant *in Faro-Room.*

'Sdeath! 'tis as I ſuſpected—he has ſent for me to bring articles of partnerſhip between himſelf and theſe impoſtors—What is to be done? He is convinced he ſhall make his fortune by the undertaking, and ſo great is his credulity, that 'till he is completely ruined, he will not detect the impoſition—Can I believe it? Yonder he comes. (*Stands aſide*)

Flouriſh of Clarinets.

Enter from Faro-Room, SMALLTRADE *full-dreſs'd, handing in Miſs* DAZZLE.

Miſs Dazzle. Well, Mr. Smalltrade, how do you like Faro? Don't you ſee it's the way to get money?

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. I do—I ſee my fortune's made. (*Turns about.*) Heh! What do you think? Sha'n't I do? Don't I look like one of us? (*Struts about.*)

Miſs Dazzle. You do indeed.

Smalltrade. I've learnt all your cant words too—I'm not a greenhorn or a flat—I'm an old rook and a black legs!—Juſt like you and your brother.

Miſs Dazzle. Well, but Mr. Smalltrade!—the muſic—gaming—the company——Altogether, isn't it a moſt enchanting amuſement?

Smalltrade. It is indeed—and Faro's a monſtrous pretty game. Couſin, do you know I'd a great mind to have had a touch myſelf.

Miſs Dazzle. How! you play, ſir!

Smalltrade. I don't know how it was—I felt an odd, tickliſh ſenſation—a ſort of itching at the end of my fingers, and preſently I caught myſelf putting a guinea on a card.

Miſs Dazzle. Well, but you took it up again.

Smalltrade. No, I didn't—I let it lay, and ſomebody elſe took it up for me.

Miſs Dazzle. What, you loſt it?

Smalltrade. I did—I loſt my guinea! Oh! it's a ſweet game! I dont't wonder at the money rolling in—But where's the ſupper?

Miſs Dazzle. Yonder.

Smalltrade. So it is—What a feaſt for the ſenſes! Eyes, ears, taſte, feeling, all gratified! —But hold, hold—By the law of the land don't we come under the vagrant act? Mayn't a juſtice of the peace ſend you, I, and all the noble hoſt of Faro to be whipt at the cart's tail?

Miſs

Miſs Dazzle. You forget—Gold makes juſtice blind.

Smalltrade. True—that's another way of growing rich—But where's Warford? I wiſh Warford would bring the articles.

Miſs Dazzle. There he is, ſir—I'll leave you to talk to him—for in the next room, they can do no more without me, than I can without them. Adieu! Call me when you want me.

[*Exit.*

WARFORD *advances.*

Smalltrade. Well, ſir, what do you ſtare at? Does the ſplendor of my dreſs ſurprize you, or are you angry becauſe I want to grow rich? Where are the articles, ſir?

Warford. They are not yet finiſhed, ſir.

Smalltrade. Look ye, ſir; you think this bank isn't ſo good as mine; but I'd have you know they have ten times our cuſtomers. People will game, ſir.

Warford. Will they, ſir?

Smalltrade. Yes; there's a curſt, tickliſh ſenſation makes a man game whether he will or not; then, when I give turtle and veniſon at home, I'm obliged to pay for it myſelf; but here egad! they make other people pay for it: and a couple of lemons ſqueez'd into a quart of water, will fetch twenty guineas a tumbler!—But, George, now, isn't this a moſt delicious ſcene? The ſupper! Look at the ſupper, you dog! Doesn't the very ſmell make you happy?

Warford. Sir, I am ſorry to ſee you ſo impoſed upon.

Smalltrade. Impoſed upon!

Warford. Yes, ſir—If you have any feeling for yourſelf, regard for me, or affection for

Lady Henrietta, who is plac'd under your protection, you will refuſe to countenance ſuch infamous deſigns—They will draw you into the partnerſhip, rob you of your fortune, and laugh at you for your folly.

Smalltrade. Indeed!

Warford. Yes, ſir; and without your aſſiſtance they muſt fall to the ground; for though they make large ſums every night—they contrive to ſpend 'em every day.

Smalltrade. Oh! then they do make large ſums, do they?

Warford. Certainly—But how is it done? By perverting the laws of hoſpitality—by annihilating the bonds of ſociety, and under the ſpecious maſk of rank and character, perpetrating crimes that common ſharpers are excluded from.

Smalltrade. What's that to you or me? If the money's made, it's quite enough to ſatisfy my conſcience! So, go, ſir—finiſh the articles of partnerſhip, and bring them inſtantly.

Warford. Oh, ſir! conſider—Even now perhaps Lady Henrietta is falling a victim to their artifices, and if you join the confederacy, all—all will be undone!

Smalltrade. Go, ſir—no reply—I muſt and will be obeyed.

[*Exit* WARFORD.

Senſeleſs flat! While I can fill my ſtomach in one room, and my pockets in the other, what do I care for him or Henrietta? But now to take a peep, juſt to ſee who's loſing. (*Looks in Faro-Room.*)

Enter

Enter Pavè.

Pavè. Really, this is a moſt ſhocking buſineſs—I'm told they've drawn in their relation, a ſilly country banker—Sir Charles brought me down to be uſeful, but no proſpect of advantage to myſelf, ſhall ever induce me to take part in a bad adminiſtration.——Ha! yonder's that little great man—Now, if I can but coax him into my liſt of promiſes! Sir, your moſt obedient.

Smalltrade. Sir, your moſt devoted.

Pavè. I ſee, ſir, you're a friend of my patron, Sir Charles—And, next to being a man of rank one's ſelf, I know nothing like living amongſt them—Where does your intereſt lay, ſir?

Smalltrade. My intereſt! Who the deuce is this?

Pavè. I wiſh I knew his title. (*aſide.*) Pray be ſeated, ſir. (*They ſit.*) Now, ſir. (*Taking out his roll of promiſes.*) Look at that liſt of promiſes! Many of your noble friends, you ſee, ſir—but nothing done! Nothing!

Smalltrade. Many of my noble friends! Oh! what, you want promotion, do you?—My dear ſir, I've no influence.

Pavè. Excuſe me, ſir—I know better—Do you think I can't tell a great man when I ſee him? (SMALLTRADE *looks pleas'd.*) Beſides, when was it that ſuch manners, ſuch an appearance, and ſuch a ſtyle of dreſs cou'dn't command every thing. (SMALLTRADE *looks more pleas'd.*) My dear ſir, you remind me of the old court, you do indeed—Of an old bedchamber lord.

Smalltrade. (*greatly pleas'd*) Bedchamber lord! Ay; I'm very upright. (*Holds up his head.*)

Pavè. Perhaps you are diffident, ſir—never applied.

Smalltrade. Why, that's very true—I never did aſk a man in power a favour, never—I've a great mind to try.

Pavè. Do—make the experiment, and by way of ſounding, get a ſmall ſnug appointment for me, before you aſk a grand one for yourſelf.

Smalltrade. I will—I'll get a little one for you, and a great one for myſelf—Was there ever ſuch a delicious ſcene? How riches do pour in upon me!

Pavè. Riches! Why, did the ſcheme never ſtrike you before?

Smalltrade. Never—And I'm amazed I cou'd be ſuch a greenhorn. (*riſes.*) Oh! I'll go and aſk Sir Charles directly.

Pavè. Aſk Sir Charles! Pooh! he's only one hope himſelf.

Smalltrade. One hope! What's that?

Pavè. Why, don't you know? As we're alone I'll tell you—There's a country banker—They've drawn in the old greenhorn to be a partner!

Smalltrade. What!

Pavè. He'll ſtop payment of courſe, and as he's not a man of character—only a little ſneaking, ſhuffling ſhopman.—For my part I'm glad on't, an't you, ſir?

Smalltrade. Indeed I am not, ſir.—So, he's to be a bankrupt, is he?

Pavè. Certainly—I ſhall, perhaps, be one of

his creditors—But between you and I, I ſha'n't ſign his certificate.

Smalltrade. You won't ſign his certificate!

Pavè. No—what buſineſs has a tradeſman to turn black legs? To be ſure he won't ſneak into the Gazette like a tailor or a tallow-chandler for a paltry hundred or ſo! No—he'll preſerve his dignity! Fail like a gentleman for thirty or forty thouſand pounds—You take the joke, don't you?

Smalltrade. No, dam'me if I do? And they mean to ruin him do they?

Pavè. Ruin him! Oh! it's all ſettled! Sir Charles told me he ſaw him loſe a guinea juſt now—"Poor devil," ſays he, "he little thinks "how near it is his laſt." Ha, ha, ha! (*Walks up the ſtage.*)

Re-enter WARFORD (*with the Articles*).

Warford. According to your commands, ſir, I have brought you the articles.

Smalltrade. Have you? Then thus I tear them. (*Taking and tearing them.*) George, I aſk your pardon—I'm ſo aſham'd, yet ſo gratified, that though that impudent dog has inſulted me, I can't help liking him for having open'd my eyes.

Pavè. (*coming down ſtage*) Well!—have you thought—Oh, mum—applying to a friend!—That's right—ſtick cloſe to every body.

Smalltrade. Did you ever hear ſuch a fellow? But come, let's return home, and inſtead of this new-fangled mode of getting money, we'll grow rich the old way—By honeſty and induſtry, my boy.

Warford.

Warford. Stay, ſir—think that Lady Henrietta is ſtill in danger, and ſure you will not leave the houſe till ſhe is releaſed.

Smalltrade. What can I do, George? Neither you nor I can perſuade her, and unleſs her father, Lord Orville, were here——

Pavè. Lord Orville! That's the man! He can ſettle us all—Oh! I wiſh I knew how to oblige him.

Warford. Do you, ſir? Then, his daughter, Lady Henrietta, is now at the gaming table, and if you will but ſave her as you have this gentleman, I'll anſwer for it, her father will reward you.

Pavè. Reward me! my dear ſir, when a lady's in diſtreſs, do you think I care who or what her father is? Lord Orville's daughter! Whugh! Here's an opportunity! Oh! I'll go find her out directly.

Warford. Be cautious, ſir—for if Sir Charles diſcovers your intentions——

Pavè. What then, ſir? Do you ſuppoſe I'm influenced by any but people of merit and diſtinction? Such as Lord Orville, and your elegant friend, my graceful bedchamber lord, who, I know, will not forget the ſnug appointment—Where ſhall I conduct the lady?

Smalltrade. We'll wait below—And, d'ye hear—Tell Miſs Dazzle not to forget to fleece the country banker.

Pavè. I will—And ſhew Sir Charles I'm a man of real conſequence. Adieu! wait here a moment, and you'll ſee the little tradeſman come out howling! But it won't do—I ſha'n't ſign his certificate! Ha, ha, ha!

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. By this time he's loſt his laſt guinea, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit* Pavè.

Come, George, let's go wait below, and depend on't, that fellow will extricate Henrietta—What an odd dog! He ſeems ſo anxious for preferment, that I've a great mind to turn away my under clerk on purpoſe to give him a place.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment at Sir* Charles's.

Sir CHARLES *and Lady* HENRIETTA, *diſcovered at Cards.*

Sir Charles. Point—Sixty.

Lady Henrietta. Good.

Sir Charles. Sixieme major.

Lady Henrietta. Good.

Sir Charles. Quatorze.

Lady Henrietta. Good—(*riſes*) I'll play no more—Never was ſuch a ſeries of ill luck—Well, Sir Charles, what have I loſt?

Sir Charles. Oh, a trifle! Never think of it, Lady Henrietta.

Lady Henrietta. Nay, you may as well ſeal my doom at once—Come!

Sir Charles. Well, if you inſiſt—Here are your notes for money lent at Faro, one thouſand pounds, and what I have now won is five hundred, making in the whole fifteen hundred pounds.

Lady

Lady Henrietta. A very pleaſant trifle! But don't imagine I can't pay you, ſir, don't——

Sir Charles. Nay, allow me to relieve you at once—Take back the notes, forget the debt, and think me amply paid, if but a ſmile the return.

Lady Henrietta. No, Sir Charles—I cannot conſent to be ſo obliged—'Tis true, my imprudence has involved me beyond all hope of being extricated, and my father is abroad, and my uncle won't protect me!—Yet, ſir!—

Sir Charles. Lady Henrietta, I know your ſituation, and feel for you—therefore let me intreat you to accept the notes, and when you want a protector, you know where to find one.

Lady Henrietta. A protector, ſir!

Sir Charles. Be not alarm'd—You know my intentions are honourable, and ſince you have no other friend to protect you—

Lady Henrietta. Sir, I deſerve this, amply deſerve it—I might have known, when a woman turns gameſter, her fortune is the leaſt ſhe loſes. The ſociety vilifies her feelings—the fatigue ruins her health and underſtanding, and when ſhe has nothing left to ſtake, her pride is inſulted, and even her honor made a ſport of!

Sir Charles. How you miſtake me! Becauſe I profeſs to be your friend, you ſuppoſe me your enemy—My ſiſter is in the next room waiting to receive you—You will not leave my houſe?

Lady Henrietta. Am I made a priſoner then? Heavens! how have I ſunk myſelf!

Sir Charles. Pray be compoſed—I will place you under my ſiſter's care—She ſhall decide whether I deſerve your affections—Come, come, be calm—(*taking her hand*) Conſider, where wou'd you go?

Lady

Lady Henrietta. Any where, ſo I leave your houſe—Don't imagine I have no friends, Sir.

Sir Charles. I am your friend, and feel your intereſt too much to part with you—Nay, you muſt—You ſhall be perſuaded—(*holds and detains her.*)

Enter Pavè.

Pavè. So, heaven be prais'd, I have found you at laſt, phugh! (*puffing himſelf.*)

Sir Charles. What brings you here?

Pavè. To be uſeful—Ma'am, your moſt obedient—What! at your old tricks, my boy? (*Smacks Sir* Charles *on the back and points to cards.*)

Sir Charles. Huſh! don't you ſee I'm buſy!

Pavè. Mum! don't expoſe yourſelf—Lady Henrietta, I rejoice—Oh! what a likeneſs of her father!

Sir Charles. 'Sdeath! What do you mean, ſir?

Pavè. Mean! that we were born to protect women, not inſult them, and while I wear a ſword, they ſhall never want a champion! I tell you what, ſir—Your behaviour has been lately very offenſive, and if the lady will give me leave, I'll conduct her to a little great man who is waiting to receive her.

Lady Henrietta. As I live its Mr. Smalltrade! Yonder I ſee him.

Sir Charles. Come here, ſir—Anſwer me, is this your gratitude?

Pavè. Gratitude! Now, obſerve, Ma'am—I have been his dangler theſe five years—I've waited whole hours in the ſtreets, only to catch a ſmile from him—dined at his ſide-table, and got nothing to eat but ſcraps and offals—talk'd of his gallantries, confirm'd his gaſconades, and

laugh'd at his jokes, though he knows he never cut one in his life—But now,—come, my ſweet lady.

Sir Charles. Lady Henrietta, will you truſt yourſelf with that reptile?

Lady Henrietta. With any body rather than Sir Charles Dazzle.

Pavè. You hear, Baronet, you hear! The reptile's not ſo contemptible—And to ſhew my condeſcenſion—Hark ye—I'll ſpeak to Lord Orville for you—Make out a liſt of promiſes—put his lordſhip at the head, and in the courſe of five years, if he don't provide for you, I will! I will, if it's only to ſhew you, that one man of rank can be more uſeful than another, you ſee—Come, Madam.

Sir Charles. Confuſion! Am I outwitted? Made a laughing ſtock of?

Enter Miſs DAZZLE.

Miſs Dazzle. So, Sir Charles, have you ſeen that blockhead, Pavè?

Sir Charles. Blockhead! villain!

Miſs Dazzle. He has undone all my ſchemes on the banker.

Sir Charles. And mine on Lady Henrietta.

Miſs Dazzle. You brought him to be uſeful, didn't you?

Sir Charles. I did; and he has completely anſwered my expectations! Well, ſiſter, if ruin is the road to happineſs, we are the merrieſt couple—Lady Henrietta ſhall not eſcape however—William!

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Go to Mr. Latitat's—Tell him to come to me directly.

Miſs Dazzle. To your attorney's, brother.

Sir Charles. Yes; I'll leave her to the law now—In the mean time, let's to Mr. Smalltrade—There's a vacancy in the borough, and if I can ſecure his intereſt, and gain the election, I'll ſell my tables, leave off hoſpitality, reform and live like a gentleman! [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at* SMALLTRADE'S.

Lady HENRIETTA *discovered ſitting at a Toilette.*

Lady Henrietta. So, the day of reckoning is at laſt arrived; and here I ſit forgotten by my father, neglected by my uncle Sir Thomas, and unpitied by every body—Even Mr. Pavè has avoided me—finding Lord Orville was offended with me, he retired, ſaying he wou'd give me no further trouble—Alas! how, how have I involved myſelf?

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Lord, Ma'am, I'm frighten'd out of my ſenſes—What do you think Sir Charles has done?

Lady Henrietta. What, Betty?

Betty. He has employ'd a gentleman, who, he ſays, will get the money from you directly—An attorney, Ma'am.

Lady Henrietta. An attorney!

Betty. Yes, your ladyſhip—Sir Charles inſiſts he lent you a thouſand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. So he did, Betty—He lent it firſt and won it afterwards—Have you ſeen Mr. Warford?

Betty. I have, Ma'am, and—(*heſitating.*)

Lady Henrietta. And what, Betty?

Betty. When I told him your diſtreſs, my lady, and ſaid you wou'd thank him to lend you

a hundred pounds to convey you abroad, he made no reply.

Lady Henrietta. No!

Betty. No, Ma'am—but left the room inſtantly.

Lady Henrietta. This wounds me more than all! That Warford ſhou'd deſert me! Yet why do I upbraid him! He warn'd me of my danger, and now, too juſtly ſhuns me for my folly.

Betty. Lord, don't fret about it, my lady—Who knows but this lawyer may prove a very gentlemanlike man—Talk of old friends—Give me a new acquaintance, I ſay! (*Loud knocking.*) Here he is, Ma'am! Here's the attorney—(*looks out*) Upon my word! What an elegant equipage! See, Ma'am! A handſome phaeton and two Servants on horſeback.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Ma'am, here's a gentleman in a phaeton, who ſays his name is Latitat.

Lady Henrietta. Shew him in.

[*Exeunt* Betty, *and* Servant.

Really this muſt be a ſtrange kind of an attorney; but in theſe days, nothing ſurprizes!

Enter LATITAT *in an elegant Morning Dreſs.*

Latitat. Let my carriage wait—Ma'am, your moſt obedient.

Lady Henrietta. Pray be ſeated, ſir—(*they ſit*) I'm told, ſir, you have ſome law-buſineſs.

Latitat. I have, Ma'am—but no hurry about that—I always do the thing genteelly—Pray, Ma'am, were you at the laſt grand meeting of archers?

Lady Henrietta. No, ſir, I was not.

Latitat.

Latitat. That's unlucky—I got the verdict—That is, I won the prize—hit the bull's eye—carried off the beugle-horn—Here it is—(*puts his hand in wrong pocket and takes out papers*) No—that's a bill in Chancery—Here, Ma'am—(*pulls out beugle-horn*) received it from the lady patroneſs—kiſs'd her hand—proclaim'd victor—march'd in proceſſion—colours flying—muſic playing—clients huzzaing! Did the thing genteelly, Ma'am!

Lady Henrietta. Indeed, ſir, you were very fortunate.

Latitat. Oh, I'm a nice fellow, Ma'am!—Then at cricket—laſt grand match—got ſixty notches—the Peer run out—the Baron ſtumpt, and the General knock'd down his own wicket—I was long-ſtop—famous at a long-ſtop, Ma'am—cricket or law! ball or debtor! Let neither ſlip through my fingers! heh, Ma'am! do the thing genteelly.

Lady Henrietta. So it ſeems—But, pray, ſir, how can you follow the law amidſt ſuch a confuſion of profeſſions?

Latitat. Law and confuſion are the ſame thing, Ma'am—Then I write my own ſongs, draw my own pleadings, ride my own races—To be ſure I never won one in my life—but then I always rode like a gentleman! Heh, Ma'am! do the thing genteelly.

Lady Henrietta. Certainly—But now, may we talk about my buſineſs?

Latitat. Don't alarm yourſelf—that's all ſettled—My friend will be here preſently—he'll ſhew you every accommodation.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Servant. A gentleman in a curricle, Ma'am.

Latitat. In a curricle! Oh! that's my friend —Shew him in. [*Exit* Servant. Now here! here's another proof of my talents! When I came to this town, Ma'am, little Nab hadn't a ſhilling! I learnt him the practice— Now he lives in ſtyle, drives his carriage, and will lend you a thouſand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. Will he, ſir? I'm very much oblig'd to him.

Enter NAB, (*Smartly dreſs'd*).

Nab. (*Speaks as he enters*) Put clothes on the horſes, and raiſe the top of the curricle that the lady mayn't catch cold.

Latitat. Mr. Nab, Lady Henrietta — Lady Henrietta, Mr. Nab—There! make your bow— (Nab *bows affectedly*) And now ſhake hands.

Lady Henrietta. Shake hands, ſir!

Latitat. Yes—Let him do the thing genteelly —(Nab *gently touches her hand*) There! the buſineſs is ſettled! You're arreſted at the ſuit of Sir Charles Dazzle, and little Nab will drive you away in his curricle.

Lady Henrietta. Arreſted!

Latitat. Lord, don't be uneaſy—his houſe is a palace—full of the beſt furniture, the beſt wines; and I give you my honor, the beſt company! You'll find ſome very faſhionable people there—Some of your intimate friends—heh, Nab!

Nab. Yes, Ma'am, and I entertain my company ſo ſuperbly, that when they leave my houſe, its always in good humour, I aſſure you—Beſides

ſides we can make up a Faro bank—every thing in ſtyle.

Lady Henrietta. This it is to be deluded into the vortex of diſſipation—May it be a leſſon to my ſex, and prove how ſhort the diſtance is, from the gay aſſociates of high life to the low companions of my preſent hour—But ſince it muſt be ſo—Since I have no friend to ſuccour or protect me, I muſt, perforce, ſubmit—Come, ſirs, conduct me.

Enter WARFORD.

Warford. Where are you going, gentlemen?

Latitat. To take the lady an airing, ſir—Will you join the party?

Lady Henrietta. Mr. Warford, I little expected to ſee you here—The gentleman who reproved me in proſperity is at leaſt conſiſtent in ſhunning me in adverſity.

Warford. What is your demand, ſir? (*To* LATITAT.)

Latitat. Nab, ſhew the writ.

Nab. The debt and coſts are one thouſand and twenty pounds.

Warford. Here is the money then. (*Gives* LATITAT *bank notes.*)

Latitat. The what!

Warford. There are bank notes for the ſum.

Latitat. (*counting them*) So there are—Why, this is doing the thing genteelly—Nab!

Nab. Amazing!

Warford. What do you ſtare at, ſir?

Latitat. Excuſe us, ſir, we are a little ſurpriz'd to be ſure; for when my friend and I do ſhake hands with people of Faſhion, we generally paſs ſome time with them.

Warford.

Warford. No matter, sir, the debt is discharg'd, so begone.

Latitat. Begone!

Warford. Yes; leave the room instantly.

Latitat. Leave the room! Is this language to a gentleman?

Warford. Gentleman! Away! 'Tis such pettifoggers as you that disgrace the profession—That live on the miseries of the unfortunate, and, in a land of freedom, mutulate laws that are the guardians of liberty—Harkye, sir, were I a barrister or judge——

Latitat. Barrister or judge! Pooh! they can't do the thing so genteelly as we can.

Nab. No! I'll give a dinner with any judge in England.

Latitat. I'd rather be an attorney than Chief Justice.

Nab. And I a bailiff than High Chancellor.

Warford. Very likely: but I insist——

Latitat. Certainly—we're going, sir,—Good day, ma'am—We live in hopes! Here! where's my phaeton and servants?

Nab. Call up my curricle and followers! Good day, ma'am!

Latitat. If any future accident shou'd happen either to you or that gentleman, we shall be always happy to give you an airing. Come along, Nab——Barrister or judge! Pooh!——*(looks at notes)* Oh what a pleasure it is to do the thing genteelly! [*Exit with* Nab.

Warford. Now, Lady Henrietta, I hope your fears are at an end.

Lady Henrietta. No, Mr. Warford, they are rather increas'd; for if I am to be reliev'd at

another's expence——to whom, ſir, am I thus indebted?

Warford. You'll know hereafter—At preſent be ſatisfied with being told that the inſtant I heard of your diſtreſs, I flew to your uncle, Sir Thomas Roundhead—He forgave you all that had paſs'd, found a friend that advanced the money, and now waits with open arms to receive you.

Lady Henrietta. Is he my benefactor? Does the old lord of the mannor for once forget his game to relieve a gameſter?

Warford. I found him in cloſe converſation with his good daughter Roſa, whoſe father is parſon of the pariſh.

Lady Henrietta. Mr. Medium!

Warford. The ſame—The late miniſter being dead, Sir Thomas had juſt got the living for Mr. Medium, and was in ſuch high joy, that he begg'd I'd bring you inſtantly—He ſaid he was juſt going to ſit as magiſtrate, but by the time he got there, the juſtice buſineſs wou'd be over.

Lady Henrietta. And if he has no poacher to try for ſnaring his game, he will find him in the ſame good humour you left him—Come, Mr. Warford,---Oh! you are indeed a friend; and had I earlier liſtened to your kind advice—but it's all over—The recollection of thoſe two genteel men ſo terrifies me, that if I game again, I hope I ſhall be compell'd to take an airing with the one and ſhake hands with the other.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.—*An old Hall, hung with Stags' Horns, Family Pictures, &c.*

Clerk discovered sitting at a Table---A Chair above it.

Two Constables;---a young Woman, a young Man, and HIPPY *discovered.*

Clerk. Stand back---Stand back---his worship the justice approaches.

Enter Sir THOMAS ROUNDHEAD.

Sir Thomas. Od, I'm so happy! Old Medium has got the living, and Iv'e given Rosa a holiday—I know she can't kill a bird, so I've put a gun in her hand, and sent her out with the gamekeeper, to beat the outskirts, and drive the game in — Well, Formal, (*To Clerk*) what complaints? (*ascends his chair*) Any thing about the manor?

Clerk. Please your worship (*woman advances*) this poor woman is deserted by her husband and left on the parish—The man is a footman, and has been detected in open nem. con. with an old widow.

Sir Thomas. Don't talk to me about Nem. Con.—Havn't I told you not to let my delicacy be shocked with any improper charges? Take her away—Any body else?

Clerk. Please your worship, (*man advances*) this poor man is a labourer, and has five children to maintain—But he has been so beaten and bruised by 'Squire Sturdy, that he can't work for his family.

Sir Thomas. Serve him right---Why didn't he get out of his way, when he knew the 'Squire was ſo fond of boxing that he muſt have practice to keep his hand in---Diſmiſs him---Any thing more?

Clerk. Nothing of any conſequence, your worſhip---Only young Hippy, the miller's ſon, here---an honeſt, induſtrious young man was found by the gamekeeper with a hare under his arm.

Sir Thomas. With what?

Clerk. With a hare on your manor.

Sir Thomas. On my manor! (*comes from his ſeat*) Oh you aſſaſſin! Nothing of any conſequence indeed! Why, what's nem. con.---crim. con.---or pro. and con. to the ſhedding innocent blood? You dog! ſpeak---anſwer me---What have you to ſay for yourſelf?

Clerk. (*to* HIPPY) Speak to the magiſtrate.

Hippy. Pleaſe you majeſty——

Sir Thomas. Pleaſe my what!

Hippy. Pleaſe your majeſty, I'll tell you all about it—The other morning, as I was croſſing the whoat ſtubble, along with old Nicholas---You know old Nick, your honour———

Sir Thomas. Curſe old Nick---go on.

Hippy. Na---don't you hurry me---I ſeed ſomething in the corn going a tittup, a tittup, a tittup---So, ſays I---"Say nothing, Nicky, and we'll ſee what it is."---And preſently there came within my legs, as fine a large banging hare as ever you clapt your two moſt gracious eyes upon.

Sir Thomas. Well, ſirrah!

Hippy. So, knowing as how ſuch great beaſts only devour'd the corn and barley off your majeſty's

jeſty's manor---I kept him tight between my legs, and ſqueezing him in this way---Look'ee! *(puts his hat between his legs)* I pinch'd him by little and little, 'till at laſt a got the ſtaggers, and then ſays I, "Now, old Nick, knock his brains out."

Sir Thomas. You did, did you?

Hippy. Yes, that I did; and Nicky kept his word---For there a lay as dead and lifeleſs—I'cod it would have done your heart good to ſee Nicky and I laughing, he, he, he!

Sir Thomas. And it will do my heart good to ſee Nicky and you hanging, he, he, he! *(mimicking)*---Seize him---take him to jail.

[Conſtables *ſeize him.*

Hippy. To jail!

Sir Thomas. Ay; I'll learn you to poach on my manor.

Hippy. Oh Lord! why, your honour was juſt now pleas'd to pardon 'Squire Sturdy for almoſt killing a man; and here I'm to be tuck'd up for only ſqueezing a hare!---Odraten! this cant be juſtice.

ROSA *ſings without* "Hark away, *&c.*

Sir Thomas. Ah! here's my little god-daughter!—She never kill'd any game; and if ſhe had been out that day, ſhe'd have ſcar'd the hare away.

Enter ROSA *ſinging, and followed by two* Game-keepers, *with quantities of Hares, Pheaſants, and Partridges.*

Roſa. Come a long, William---Shew my god-papa what ſport we've had!---There! *(Game-keepers*

keepers throw down game) An't I a nice little ſportſman?

Hippy. Icod, if my neck's to be twiſted, what's to become of hers?

Roſa. Why, you don't look pleas'd, Sir Thomas---Perhaps you don't think I've kill'd half enough?

Sir Thomas. Yes, I do---Oh! h! h! *(looking at the game.)*

Roſa. Nay, conſider, Sir Thomas, it's very well for a young beginner; but I tell you what, I'll ſoon make you happy---let me go out again to-morrow, and I wont leave a ſingle hare, pheaſant, or partridge on the manor.

Hippy. Doey---doey, your majeſty, and let me go wi' her.

Sir Thomas. Come---I'll ſoon ſettle this buſineſs---Conſtable, take that poacher to the county jail---No words---take him directly.

Hippy. Dang it, if ever I ſqueeze a hare again ---Good day, Miſs---Odraten! I ſuppoſe you and old Nick will ſoon come after me.

[Conſtables *force him off.*

Sir Thomas. And, now, William, do you take the other poacher to the parſonage-houſe.

Roſa. To the parſonage-houſe, ſir!

Sir Thomas. Ay, to your father's---You jade, I'm tir'd of your follies---You know I took you from the parſon's, that you might get well married---but you cou'dn't hit the mark.

Roſa. No: but I hit the birds; ay, and mark'd 'em too---However I know why you're angry with me---you've made it up with your niece, Lady Henrietta, and becauſe I coud'n't marry ſome great man, who might have got

you

you new manors, and all that—You mean to try what ſhe can do.

Sir Thomas. Yes, ſhe ſhall be my heireſs now—So go home, Miſs.

Roſa. Well, I don't care—I know where the game lies, and while there's a feather on the manor I won't want a day's ſport, depend on't.

SONG.

Ah, cruel Sir Thomas! to abandon your promiſe,
And leave Roſa, poor girl, to lament;
But take honour and gold, and your favour withhold,
You cannot take health and content.
While my dogs at the dawn
Bruſh the dew from the lawn,
Sniff the ſcent of the game,
And our ſpirits inflame,
Through thickets or ſtubbles
Their courage redoubles;
Then checking their ſpeed—"Heb, Baſto, take heed!"
Oh! Sir Thomas Roundhead! Pop, your game it is dead!

I can hit well my man, and a lover trepan,
Yet Amazon like I will be,
As ſure as a gun, from each ſuitor I'll run,
But the hero who overcomes me.
While my dogs, &c.

[*Exit with* Gamekeepers.

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. My dear uncle!

Sir

Sir Thomas. My dear niece! I rejoice to ſee you—Mr. Warford told you, I ſuppoſe.

Lady Henrietta. He did indeed, Sir Thomas, and the thouſand pounds you ſent me was the moſt critical, fortunate———

Sir Thomas. The thouſand pounds!

Lady Henrietta. Yes—but for that I had been living in a palace, viewing the beſt furniture, taſting the beſt wines, and keeping the beſt company in the world.

Sir Thomas. My dear girl, I ſent you no thouſand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. No!

Sir Thomas. No—The young gentleman, indeed, told me you wanted money, but I had none by me—Mine's all in the country bank—all lock'd up—Smalltrade never pays in ſpecie—And as to his five pound notes, they're like French aſſignats! Da'mme, a good old Engliſh guinea's worth a thouſand of 'em! This I told Mr. Warford, and he ſaid he himſelf could find a friend to advance it.

Lady Henrietta. Generous, diſintereſted man! But how, how am I to repay him?

Sir Thomas. I'll tell you—I have quarrell'd with that huſſey, Roſa, and as I wiſh to have a ſenator for my heir, I mean to get you well married—Nay, I have a huſband already in my eye.

Lady Henrietta. Have you, ſir?

Sir Thomas. Yes; there is a vacancy in the borough, and the new member ſhall have your hand and my eſtate.

Lady Henrietta. And pray, ſir, who is likely to be my repreſentative?

Sir

Sir Thomas. There is only one candidate at preſent, and he is an old admirer of your's, and an old friend of mine,—Sir Charles Dazzle.

Lady Henrietta. Sir Charles Dazzle!

Sir Thomas. Yes; he's a man of rank and talents; and if we may judge by his ſtyle of living, he's the richeſt Baronet in England—But now, let's in to dinner and talk further—Oh! when Sir Charles has married you, he ſhall do me three ſuch favours—All relating to my own eſtate.

Lady Henrietta. And what are they, ſir?

Sir Thomas. You ſhall hear—The firſt is, to turn the road, and ſend my neighbours half a mile round—The ſecond is to encloſe the common, and keep it all to myſelf—The third, is to cut a canal right through the town, and build powder-mills on the banks! This, my dear girl, will double my rentall, and this is my way of growing rich! [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Sir* THOMAS's *Park.—View of his Houſe, Garden, Ponds, &c.*

Enter Sir CHARLES DAZZLE, *and two* Servants.

Sir Charles. Knock at the gate and announce my arrival. [*Exit* Servant. So, Lady Henrietta has not eſcaped me yet—Hearing Sir Thomas meant to provide for her, I inſtantly wrote to him and offer'd her marriage—this he agreed to, ſuppoſing my fortune will enſure the election.—As to that wretch Pavè—I juſt now met the mad raſcal running full ſpeed after a nobleman's carriage.

2. *Servant.* Yonder is Mr. Pavè, ſir.

Sir Charles. Ay, meditating on the drawing-rooms of princes, and the levees of miniſters.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Sir Thomas is waiting to receive you, ſir.

Sir Charles. Shew me the way—Now here, here's another proof that ruin is the road to riches; for without having an acre of my own, I am going to take poſſeſſion of the largeſt eſtate in the county---Poor Sir Thomas! poor Henrietta! I'll ſoon convince them, that now-a-days people live better without money than with it.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter WARFORD *and Lady* HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. How can I thank you, ſir? Nay, don't deny your generoſity---I have learnt all from Sir Thomas---And tell me honeſtly, Mr. Warford, have you not by extricating me involved yourſelf?

Warford. No, Lady Henrietta; I gain'd this money by eaſy, honourable means; out of an annuity of two hundred pounds, allowed me theſe ten years paſt by my uncle, I have by frugality and prudence annually ſaved a moiety---ſaved it to befriend me in the hour of danger! And if it has aſſiſted you, how great and ample is my recompence! But think not of that---think of Sir Charles Dazzle---What brings him to Sir Thomas's?

Lady Henrietta. The worſt of purpoſes---he comes to be my huſband! Sir Thomas has accepted his propoſals, and in my father's abſence I have no friend to protect me but you---Oh, Mr. Warford! little did I think, when I entered my uncle's houſe, I ſhou'd again be in the power of ſuch an enemy.

Warford. Nor ſhall you be---I'll ſee Sir Thomas inſtantly---expoſe Sir Charles's villainies.

Lady Henrietta. That would be uſeleſs---Alas! there is but one way---and that is ſo difficult---ſo uncertain! You know in conſequence of my imprudence, Sir Thomas had adopted Roſa for his heireſs.

Warford. He had.

Lady Henrietta. Previous to my arrival, he quarrell'd with her, and ſent her back to the parſonage houſe---Now, as I know the old gentleman only wants a man of rank to inherit his

eſtate, the way to ſave me, wou'd be to reſtore Roſa to his favour.

Warford. I underſtand---But how---how is that to be accompliſhed?

Lady Henrietta. By ſeeing her father, the miniſter of the pariſh, by perſuading him to interfere for his daughter---if he ſucceeds---

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Your uncle and Sir Charles Dazzle requeſts your ladyſhip's company.

Lady Henrietta. Is it poſſible? Am I forced to meet the man who has ſo inſulted me? To be under the ſame roof with him, and at laſt be doom'd to marry him?

Warford. Talk not of it---I'll endeavour to reſtore Roſa to your uncle's favour. Tell me, ſir, (*to* Servant.) where does the clergyman live?

Servant. What, the new miniſter, Mr. Medium, ſir?

Warford. Yes.

Servant. He lives acroſs the field at the White Houſe, ſir.

Warford. Then I'll wait on him, and return to you inſtantly.

Lady Henrietta. Adieu, Mr. Warford! Oh, now more than ever, I feel the effect of my follies! Had I like him, grown rich by prudence and œconomy, I might ere this have fixed my own choice, and inſtead of being united to a man I deteſt, I might have found one who would have loved and honoured me! But as it is,---farewell, ſir,---We ſhall ſoon meet again. [*Exit.*

Warford. Farewell, Lady Henrietta. Diſtraction! Muſt that villain triumph over her! No,

No, I'll not loſe a moment--I'll ſee this miniſter. (*Going.*)

Enter Pavè, (*who ſtops him*).

Pavè. See the miniſter! What, in that dreſs? Pooh! you can't get an audience.

Warford. Excuſe me, ſir---I've the moſt important buſineſs---

Pavè. Why, he's in town I tell you.

Warford. He's in the neighbourhood I tell you, and where I muſt and will ſee him. So, ſtand back and don't detain me from an interview that makes or mars my peace for ever.

[*Puſhes* Pavè *aſide and exit.*

Pavè. In the neighbourhood! The miniſter in the neighbourhood! Impoſſible! This is not his county---And yet---he's on a viſit perhaps, or on a ſecret expedition! If he ſhould, and I can catch his eye! Get a ſqueeze, a nod, or a ſmile, and at laſt wheedle him into my liſt of promiſes! whugh!

Enter HIPPY.

Hippy. Odraten! I've made my eſcape---Miſs Roſa ſpoke to her father, who ſpoke to Sir Thomas, and now if I can find Mr. Medium, and thank him---Pray, ſir, have you ſeen the miniſter?

Pavè. There! Have I ſeen the miniſter? They're all after him.

Hippy. He has ſaved me and Nicky---But here's his daughter, Miſs Roſa.

Pavè. His daughter! The miniſter's daughter! My dear fellow, take this—(*gives him money.*) and d'ye hear? Speak to her in my favour---

Speak

Speak highly of me—hint I'm of the old Norman blood.

Hippy. What blood?

Pavè. The old Norman blood!—You underſtand, mum! You underſtand——

Enter ROSA.

Roſa. Its a ſhame! to turn me out of the houſe and adopt Lady Henrietta, and all becauſe I cou'dn't marry a great man! Faith, I've a great mind to run away with churchwarden—I have, and---Bleſs me! What pretty looking gentleman's this?

Hippy. Miſs, he wiſhes to ſay a word to you---(*whiſpers her.*) he's an old Norman blood. [*Exit.*

Pavè. (*aſide.*) To uſe her father's language I wiſh the budget was open'd, Ma'am! (*bowing.*)

Roſa. (*curtſying.*) Lord what a charming man!

Pavè. She ſmiles upon me---now then for the ways and means.---Oh you paragon! 'Till I throw myſelf at your father's feet allow me to fall at yours! (*kneeling.*) And thus, and thus---(*kiſſing her hand*) to ſwear allegiance to you, your ſire, and your whole auguſt family.

Roſa. Was there ever ſuch an elegant creature!

Pavè. Here let me ſwear to ratify the treaty of alliance, to cement the family-compact, and preſerve the balance of power as long as I live.

Roſa. Dear, how he muſt adore me! I can't ſtand it much longer.

Pavè. Never will I riſe till you ſign preliminary articles, 'till you ſwear you believe me your

your faithful ally, your leagued confederate, and ever loyal vaſſal.

Roſa. (*kneeling by him.*) I do! I do! And moreover I ſwear that I honour the Norman race more than my own! And ſooner than ſuch a ſweet looking gentleman ſhould break his heart for me, faith!—I'll run away with him directly.

Pavè. What! Let me taſte that treaſury of charms?

Roſa. Yes.

Pavè. And carry off that exchequer of excellence?

Roſa. I would! I would! this very hour I would!

Pavè. Huzza! huzza! I'm the Prime Miniſter's ſon.

Roſa. What! (*riſing.*)

Pavè. I'm the Miniſter's ſon! Now let Lord Orville bow to the ground—Let Sir Charles Dazzle wipe my ſhoes---Let thoſe that kept me dangling in their halls ſtand ſhivering in mine! And they who ſpurn'd me, pitied me, and call'd me "poor Pavè"---Let 'em now pull off their hats and cry "Room for the Miniſter's ſon," dam'me, while it laſts I'll make the moſt of it!

Roſa. Lord, I knew he was a great man by his talking ſo unintelligibly. Let's to Sir Thomas Roundhead's directly.

Pavè. To a Baronet's! pooh!

Roſa. Nay; he's a great friend of my father's, and will rejoice at our marriage.

Pavè. Well then---But your father, my angel! How I long to ſee him, to help him in his orations!

Roſa.

Roſa. Oh! he wants no help in them---His diſcourſes are excellent, only rather too ſhort; for my mother always confines him to twenty minutes.

Pavè. Does ſhe? Then your mother is a true lover of her country.---Come.

Re-enter WARFORD.

Warford. Miſs Roſa, a word if you pleaſe---I want to ſee your father.

Pavè. I dare ſay you do---but excuſe us!---We have important buſineſs. (*Mimicks* WARFORD's *manner.*)

Warford. Nay, I won't detain you a moment.

Pavè. Stand back, ſir, and don't detain me---I've the moſt important buſineſs---an interview that makes or mars my peace for ever. I ſay, my little clerk, he is in the neighbourhood, and if you want an audience---I have it---Snug---all under my thumb---mum! You underſtand---Come my ſweet angel! Aſk for the miniſter's ſon!

Roſa. Aye; aſk for the miniſter's ſon!

[*Exeunt.*

Warford. Was there ever ſuch an extraordinary fellow! But as I cannot find Mr. Medium, I muſt to Sir Thomas's and ſee Lady Henrietta inſtantly. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.---*A modern Apartment at Sir* THOMAS'S.---*The Room hung with Pictures---In the Centre a large Picture with a Curtain before it.*

Enter Sir THOMAS ROUNDHEAD *and Sir* CHARLES DAZZLE.

Sir Charles. Sir Thomas, you have made me the happieſt of men!

Sir Thomas. No thanks---She ſhall be yours---Read that agreement. (*Gives him a paper.*)

Sir Charles. (*reads*) "On condition that Sir "Charles Dazzle marries Lady Henrietta, Sir "Thomas Roundhead agrees to ſettle on her "one thouſand a year during his life, and the "whole of his eſtate at his death."---Shall we ſign directly?

Sir Thomas. No, we can't 'till we've got her conſent---And I aſſure you, it will require all my eloquence to perſuade her---here ſhe comes---leave us together.

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Sir Charles. When you are ready, Sir Thomas, I'll wait upon you---Lady Henrietta, your moſt obedient. [*Bows, and Exit.*

Lady Henrietta. Impudent ſycophant! How his looks betray his triumph! Well, uncle, do you really perſiſt in marrying me to that gentleman?

Sir Thomas. Certainly---I will have a man of rank for my heir; for the road muſt be turn'd,---the common encloſed,---and the canal and powder-mills accompliſhed.

Lady Henrietta. And I would rather work on the road, graze on the common, or be drown'd in the canal, than marry Sir Charles Dazzle---Beſides, I am inheriting another's right---Roſa ought to be your heireſs.

Sir Thomas. Ay, that is, if I could have married her to a great man---But now, read that agreement.

Lady Henrietta. (*reading*) "Sir Charles mar-" ries Lady Henrietta---Sir Thomas ſettles one " thouſand a year---And the whole of his eſtate " at his death."

Sir Thomas. Well! will you ſign it? Look ye, no demurring; for if you refuſe, neither I nor your father will give you a ſhilling.

Lady Henrietta. Ungenerous!

Sir Thomas. Conſider too---how are you to repay Mr. Warford?

Lady Henrietta. How indeed! And ſooner than he ſhou'd ſuffer for his liberality---Yet, to be the wife of my avow'd enemy---I cannot---will not, be ſo wretched!

Sir Thomas. Won't you? We'll ſee---Sir Charles Dazzle! (*calling him in.*)

Lady Henrietta. Hold, ſir---give me but a moment---Wait 'till my father arrives.

Sir Thomas. No---You ſhall ſign inſtantly---Sir Charles!

As he is going---Enter ROSA *haſtily, and runs againſt him.*

Roſa. Oh, Sir Thomas!---Oh, my lady!---I'm——out of breath.

Sir Thomas. What's the matter, Jezabel?

Roſa.

Rosa. I've done it! I've hit the mark! Such a gentleman has run away with me! No less than the Prime Minister's son!

Sir Thomas. The minister's son!

Rosa. Yes; he's of the Norman race, the second person in the world; I'm the third, and you shall be the fourth—Here he is!

Lady Henrietta. (*looking out*) As I live it's my old friend, Pavè—If I humour this, I may restore Rosa to favour, and save myself—Lucky, lucky thought!

Sir Thomas. Pooh! this can't be the minister's son—And yet, by his appearance—He has certainly a very important, formidable air.

Lady Henrietta. Sir Thomas, I can affirm it as a fact—This is the very person—I know him intimately.

Sir Thomas. Do you? 'Sdeath! what an awful sight! My respect's so great, I don't know where to stand or how to look.

Enter Pavè.

Lady Henrietta. How d'ye do? (*nods to him.*)

Pavè. How d'ye do? (*nods to her.*)

Sir Thomas. He knows her—it is him! Lord, I wish I had paid my obedience.

Lady Henrietta. Mr. Pavè, this is Sir Thomas Roundhead. (*Sir Thomas draws back.*) Nay, don't be frighten'd, uncle—The gentleman is very condescending.

Pavè. Condescending! Lord! I'm the most familiar creature—Your hand, Tommy, give me your hand.

Sir Thomas. Tommy! why, he's familiar indeed!

deed! Gad, I feel bold enough to talk to him —pray, ſir—Hem!—is there any news?

Pavè. What! (*ſtaring at him.*)

Sir Thomas. (*alarm'd*) I only aſk'd, ſir, if there was any news.

Pavè. Fie, Tommy, fie! Never pump a miniſter—Mum! or any of his family—fie!

Lady Henrietta. (*aſide to Sir* THOMAS.) Now's your opportunity—fix him at once—Offer him Roſa with your eſtate.

Sir Thomas. I will—For this is indeed a man of rank! Sir! dread ſir! if I don't preſume too much—I have a ſmall eſtate—not indeed adequate to your ſituation—But if you will accept it with this young lady———

Pavè. How much is it?

Sir Thomas. Scarce worth mentioning—Only a thouſand a year at preſent, but at my death, it will be five thouſand—Will you have the condeſcenſion?——

Pavè. Well, I'll indulge you, Tommy, I'll indulge you—Five thouſand a year, no bad certainty in caſe of accident. (*aſide*) In return—if there are any favours, I or my father——

Sir Thomas. Oh, ſir! (*bows very low*) There are to be ſure, ſir, one or two trifles—Firſt, you ſee (*counts with his finger on his left hand*) I want to turn a road—ſecondly, to encloſe a common —thirdly, to cut a canal—fourthly, to build powder-mills—fifthly——(*beginning to count on his right hand.*)

Pavè. Stick to one hand, my dear Tommy! Stick to one hand, and don't agitate yourſelf—the trifles ſhall be accompliſh'd, ſo draw up an agreement.

Lady

Lady Henrietta. I believe this will do, ſir—It's only to ſcratch out my name and Sir Charles's, and inſert Miſs Roſa's and Mr. Pavè's—I'll do it, and you may ſign directly. *(Goes to table and writes.)*

Roſa. (to Pavè*)* I ſay, while they're ſettling the agreement I'll ſhew you my father's picture.

Pavè. Your father's picture! Ha! where is it?

Roſa. There—behind the curtain! He's in his gown.

Pavè. Gown!—Robes you mean——Let's ſee.—

Lady Henrietta. Stop——ſign the contract firſt.

Sir Thomas. Ay; ſign firſt---There---there's my ſignature. *(ſigning.)*

Pavè. And mine! *(ſigning.)*

Roſa. And now, there's my dear father in his gown and caſſock.

[*Undraws curtains of pictures, and diſcovers a painting of Mr.* Medium, *the clergyman, in his gown and caſſock*---Pavè *ſees it, and ſtands ſtupified.*

Sir Thomas. Yes; there's old Medium---What ſurprizes you, ſir?

Lady Henrietta. Ay; there's another miniſter---What makes you ſo dumb, Mr. Pavè?

Pavè. Reſpect and reverence at that awful ſight---Oh, Sir Thomas! that parſon's picture has ſo deeply affected me, that only this contract can conſole me. *(taking it)* Nothing like a certainty

certainty in caſe of accidents—Come, Miſs Medium!

Sir Thomas. Why, where are you going?

Pavè. To my father's, Tommy, to my father's—To take care of the road,—the common—the canal—the—In ſhort, to ſecure your whole property.

Enter Sir CHARLES DAZZLE.

Pavè. Ah, Sir Charles, have you made out a liſt of promiſes? In the courſe of five years—that is, when I come to my eſtate, I'll think of you—Farewell, old What's-his-Name—Tommy, adieu! I retire with a handſome proviſion however. *(Looks at contract, &c.)*

Exit with ROSA.

Sir Charles. Sir Thomas, what does that impudent fellow do here?

Sir Thomas. Impudent! why, do you know who he is?

Sir Charles. Yes; I know him to be an impoſtor—a raſcal---And if he has got any thing from you———

Sir Thomas. Got any thing! he's got my whole eſtate---Oh Lord!

Sir Charles. Purſue him directly---I'll go with you.

Sir Thomas. Oh dear! Come along---As for you, madam, depend on't, you ſhall ſtill be Sir Charles's, and for that fellow---Oh the villain! I believe he's a poacher, and becauſe he cou'dn't ſnare the game, he has ſtole the whole manor! Come!

[*Exit with Sir* CHARLES.

Lady

Lady Henrietta. Ha! ha! he's a delightful man, and as he has twice saved me from Sir Charles, I hope he'll do me the favour a third time---But now to Warford, and make his generous heart partake my joy.

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.---*A modern Apartment at Sir* THOMAS'S, *a Window open and Balcony behind.*

Enter ROSA.

Roſa. How unfortunate! To be retaken and ſeparated from my dear Mr. Pavè.---*(Goes to window and looks out.)* Surely Hippy can't have forgot me---I dropt him a letter out of this window to carry to Mr. Pavè, in which I told him I was locked up, that he mightn't get the eſtate, but that I was ready to elope with him this very night---Dear! where can Hippy be?

Enter HIPPY *at the Window.*

Hippy. Huſh! is nobody here?

Roſa. Nobody.

Hippy. Odraten! this is poaching with a vengeance---Well! I've ſeen Mr. Pavè and he'll carry you off---he will! here's his anſwer.

[*Gives her a letter.*

Roſa. (reads,) "My dear girl---that the con-
" tract may be fulfilled, I'll be near the ladder
" in an hour, and the ſignal ſhall be a noiſe at
" the window---Your's ever---Pavè."
Oh charming! charming! What, you came in at the balcony by a ladder?

Hippy. To be ſure I did---Leave old Nick and I alone for fixing one---But I muſt return to the gentleman---So, do you go and get ready, and when you hear the noiſe at the window, trip down

down the ladder a tittup, a tittup, a tittup, as we ſaid of the hare you know.

Roſa. I will! I will! But pray let the noiſe be loud enough.

Hippy. Loud! Odraten! I'll ſmaſh every pane ſooner than you ſhan't hear us—Depend on Nicky and I's doing our beſt—Good bye, Miſs, and remember the noiſe.

Roſa. Ay, I won't forget—Good bye.

[*Exit* HIPPY *at window.*

And now I'll go and get my hat and cloak—Sir Thomas is below with Mr. Latitat, and the electors of the borough—In the hurry of buſineſs, nobody'll think of our elopement—Oh! how I long for the noiſe at the window. [*Exit.*

Enter LATITAT.

Latitat. So—ſtole off unobſerved---A fine quarreling below---The old juſtice wants Sir Charles to be the new member---The electors want a better man, and I, as returning officer, inſiſt upon the ſame---But all depends upon Smalltrade, he's at the head of the corporation, and as Sir Thomas has ſent for him, I muſt over hear their converſation---The fact is, the juſtice wants to outſhoot the banker---the banker wants to outrun the juſtice---And the attorney wants to out-bowl them both! Here they come!---That I may be evidence of all that paſſes---I'll e'en let down this curtain---(*lets down window-curtain and gets behind it.* So! this is doing the thing genteelly!

Enter SMALLTRADE *and Sir* THOMAS.

Sir Thomas. Don't---don't talk of that impoſtor---I have ſecured Roſa as a hoſtage, and if he don't marry her, the contract's void---So, as we're alone---*(faſt'ning door.)* Sit down---Sit down, and let's talk about the election. *(They ſit.)*

Smalltrade. I ſhou'd like to have ſeen you counting your fingers, ſecuring the common, the canal, and the powder-mills---And then to have ſeen the blow up! Oh! you've a fine round head! And what wou'd you do with the canal?

Sir Thomas. What! I'd ſecure the borough by it: for if the electors didn't do as I wiſh'd, I'd open the ſluices and inundate the whole town ---You can only lay them under contribution, but, dam'me, I can lay them under water.--- You ſee, old friend, if Sir Charles is the new member I have promiſed to marry him to Lady Henrietta---Now, the firſt thing he wants, is to get your intereſt.

Smalltrade. And the next thing is to take my principal, I ſuppoſe---Oh, I know him of old--- The fellow hasn't a guinea---unleſs indeed, he's kept the one I loſt at Faro---No, no; I want ſome good citizen, and I told Latitat our returning officer, to find one.

Sir Thomas. Yes; but Sir Charles is the only candidate, and therefore---

[*Loud rattling at the window,* LATITAT *pops his head out from behind curtain, and on* SMALLTRADE's *looking round puts it back.*]

Smalltrade. What's that noiſe?

Sir

Sir Thomas. Nothing but the wind ſhaking the windows---Therefore I ſay, as Sir Charles and the electors are below, let's go and talk to them. (*riſing.*)

Smalltrade. Softly---mind you're not tricked again---For that Lattitat is ſuch a dirty ſhuffling raſcal.

[*Loud rattling again,* LATITAT *pops his head out, on* SMALLTRADE'S *looking round, puts it back again.*]

Smalltrade. Now, what the devil's that noiſe?

Sir Thomas. 'Tis the wind I tell you---It's always ſo when its eaſterly---Do, let's go directly to the electors.

Smalltrade. Ay, there's no talking buſineſs in this room---So, leave me to manage Latitat---I'm a match for a lawyer.

Sir Thomas. Are you? Then you're a match for any thing---I hate 'em all.

Smalltrade. So do I---And I'll tell you what, Sir Thomas---inſtead of giving me a day's ſport on your manor, only get me a day's ſhooting in Weſtminſter-Hall, and if I don't wing and pepper the whole breed, ſay I'm no markſman, and Latitat's no raſcal. [*Exeunt.*

Latitat. (*puts his head out.*) Upon my ſoul I'm very much obliged to you---(*comes from behind.*) A very pleaſant ſituation! Abuſed before my face, and pelted behind my back!

Enter ROSA *in her Hat and Cloak.*

Roſa. I've juſt heard the noiſe at the window, and now---ha!

Latitat. Oho! the myſtery's out---an intrigue, heh? This is the beſt part of the election, and

as they can't make the return without me, I may as well be a party in this cauſe—Here I am, my dear.

Roſa. Sir! Heavens! who are you?

Latitat. Me! the prettieſt fellow living! I'm a member of ten clubs, and wear twenty different uniforms—Initials on one button, arrows on another—bruſhes on a third—feathers on a fourth—Then I won the beugle-horn, got ſixty notches, rode five races, ow'd ten thouſand pounds—liv'd within the rules—did the thing genteelly!

Roſa. And has Mr. Pavè ſent you, ſir?

Latitat. Pavè.

[*Here* Pavè *puts his head out from behind curtain.*]

Roſa. I think it's very hard he didn't come himſelf.

Latitat. Pavè! That's the man I paſs'd on as Lord Sulwin! Zounds! if it ſhould be him—However, I won't loſe the girl.—Come, my angel! *(Taking her hand.)*

Roſa. Lord, ſir, how am I to know Mr. Pavè is your friend?

Latitat. How? I'll tell you—Every body knows my way of growing rich, is by never paying what I borrow, and notwithſtanding this, Pavè lent me a thouſand pounds! Now, wasn't that friendly? So, I'll peep at this door to ſee if any body's watching, and then———*(goes to ſtage door.)*

Pavè *comes forward.*

Pavè. *(to Roſa.)* My dear girl, deſcend the ladder—Your friends will protect you 'till I come. [*Exit* Roſa *at window.*

Latitat.

Latitat. (*looking round.*) Nobody's near us, my ſweet angel!—

Pavè. Isn't there, my dear lord? So, ſtill doing the thing genteelly, my boy.

Latitat. Ah, Mr. Pavè, I aſſure you, I am moſt happy to pay my reſpects to you. (*bows.*)

Pavè. (*bowing*) And I aſſure you I ſhall be more happy, if you'll pay me my thouſand pounds—(*collaring him.*) Give me my money, or get me preferr'd.

Latitat. Now don't—pray don't expoſe me—here in the country I havn't paſs'd for a lord.

Pavè. For what then, ſir? (*ſhaking him.*)

Latitat. For a gentleman. (Pavè *ſhakes him more.*) I'm Returning Officer of the borough.

Pavè. What (*Letting him go.*)

Latitat. I'm Returning Officer I ſay, and as the election takes place in a few hours.

Pavè. My dear fellow, I aſk you a thouſand pardons—In the firſt place, I didn't know there was an election, and in the next, I little thought you cou'd ſo eſſentially aſſiſt---Excuſe me, Mr. Latitat---Lord Sulwin I mean.

Latitat. Oh, ſir, you are too kind.

Pavè. Not at all---How has your health been ſince I ſaw you? I recollect you had a ſuperb equipage---four fine bays---I hope they're all well---And ſo, there's an election, my lord.

Latitat. There is, ſir; and if any friend of your's is a candidate.

Pavè. There's the point, my lord---I do know a gentleman, a very clever gentleman!---Don't think of that little debt you owe me! And as we're alone---harkye---(*whiſpers him.*)

Latitat. You a candidate!

Pavè.

Pavè. Why not? I'm heir to an eſtate of ſix thouſand a year, was near being ſon to Mr. What's-his-name, and have a liſt of promiſes as long as the borough.—So do, pray do the thing genteelly.

Latitat. I've a great mind---it would be ſerving thoſe two old blockheads as they deſerve---Gad I will! Give me your hand.

Pavè. Will you?

Latitat. Huſh! here's Smalltrade.

Pavè. What, old certificate?

Latitat. Stand aſide---For as his intereſt turns the ſcale, we muſt dupe him into our ſcheme---Mum! Not a word.

[Pavè *being in a travelling great coat, muffles himſelf, and draws his hat over his face, he ſtands aſide, and* SMALLTRADE *enters.*

Latitat. So, Mr. Smalltrade---Sir Charles is to be our new member.

Smalltrade. Yes, Lati---; for want of a better---Ah! I wiſh we cou'd have found another candidate!

Latitat. Another candidate, ſir!

[*Looks round at* Pavè, *who bows to him.*

Smalltrade. Ay; ſome good citizen---That wou'd have given us grand corporation dinners, built a new town-hall---thrown a bridge over the river, and put all his money in my bank.

Latitat. Come here---Look behind you.

Smalltrade. Look behind me!

Latitat. You ſee that gentleman---He's the ſon of ——— Alderman Double.

Smalltrade. Alderman Double! What, the great London brewer?

Latitat.

Latitat. The ſame---He wiſhes to become a candidate

Smalltrade. Does he? That's the very thing---I'll go and talk to him.

Latitat. Softly---He has been travelling all night, and has got a violent pain in his face---I tell you what---I'll ſettle terms with him, and if you've a mind, we'll chouce Sir Thomas.

Smalltrade. Chouce Sir Thomas! Ay do, you've my conſent.

Latitat. Have I? Then I'll take him and return him at once---Come Mr. Double---Mr. Smalltrade will excuſe you're not ſpeaking.

Smalltrade. You'll ſettle it with Mr. Latitat. Ay, I wiſh the pain in your face better with all my ſoul---(Pavè *nods and makes ſigns of paying handſomely with his hands.*) Senſible ſoul! How well he underſtands the buſineſs---Take him, Lati, and I'll go and detain the two Baronets 'till the return's over---Good day, Mr. Double.

Latitat. If this isn't doing the thing genteelly, the devil's in't. [*Exit with* Pavè.

Smalltrade. There goes the young Alderman ---Poor Sir Charles! poor old Roundhead! Oh! if I was ſuch a ſtupid blockhead! But I don't know how it is---we country bankers are never impoſed upon. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.---*Inſide of Sir* THOMAS's *Garden.*---*Garden Gate in the back Scene.*

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. (reading.)

" The tender pair, whom mutual favours bind,
" Love keeps united, though my Alps disjoin'd;
" To paſſion ill return'd ſhort bounds are ſet,
" The lover that's forgotten will forget."

And what have I to do with that? As I was never in love, I can never forget---And yet it's very odd I ſhou'd juſt hit on that paſſage---Heigho! I wonder where Mr. Warford is.

Enter WARFORD.

Bleſs me, ſir! you take one ſo by ſurprize---I thought I ſhou'd never ſee you again.

Warford. And now, madam, you ſee me for the laſt time.

Lady Henrietta. The laſt time!

Warford. Yes; Sir Charles has cruſh'd all my hopes of happineſs, and I have prevail'd on my uncle to let me leave England for ever.

Lady Henrietta. Leave England! Oh, I beg your pardon, ſir---You can't do that.

Warford. No, madam!

Lady Henrietta. No, ſir---you recollect you and I muſt ſettle accounts firſt, for you don't ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe I'll let you be out of my ſight while I owe you an obligation! A pretty thing indeed! To lend a lady a thouſand pounds, and then go abroad and compel her to come after you to repay you.

Warford. Lady Henrietta, I am miſerable—I have lived under the ſame roof with a treaſure I now ſee given to another! But I alone am to blame—It was preſumption, in my humble ſituation, to aſpire to ſuch excellence, and I now meet the reward my arrogance deſerves. *(going.)*

Lady Henrietta. Stay, Mr. Warford—Juſt let me ſet you right about one thing. There are people, ſir, that can diſtinguiſh merit in obſcurity—Nay, can admire it too—I for inſtance now, can perceive, that while I poſſeſs nothing from rank and birth, you gain every thing from virtue and honour.

Warford. This language overpowers me—And if I thought I was even pitied——

Lady Henrietta. Pitied! Oh, Mr. Warford, doesn't the man who ſhunn'd me in the hours of diſſipation, and returned to me in the day of diſtreſs, deſerve ſomething more than pity!—Yes;—and as this is the laſt time we ſhall ever meet, let me avow my gratitude---my eſteem! Let me be proud to tell you, that had I my own choice, I wou'd give my hand where my heart has been long diſpos'd of.

Warford. Is it poſſible? Can the humble, deſerted Warford be ſo bleſt?

Lady Henrietta. You deſerve every thing, ſir---But, go, go, and be happy---Find out ſome fair who may return your love, nor ever think of one ſo loſt, ſo wretched as myſelf!

Warford. I cannot leave you thus! I'll ſee your uncle, appeal to his humanity! Nay, you are not Sir Charles Dazzle's yet.

Enter Miſs DAZZLE.

Miſs Dazzle. No---but ſhe will be preſently---This is your laſt *tête à tête* I aſſure you.

Lady Henrietta. Is Sir Charles elected then?

Miſs Dazzle. He is---What, you thought if he loſt the election, you wou'd loſe him.

Lady Henrietta. Certainly, madam---I knew Sir Thomas deſign'd me for the ſucceſsful candidate, and you'll pardon me---if I could have choſen a dearer repreſentative than your brother.

[*Huzza without and Muſic.*

Miſs Dazzle. There! do you hear thoſe acclamations? Now, Mr. Warford, you may take leave of the charming Henrietta, and make your bow to my ſiſter, Lady Dazzle.

Warford. Ungenerous woman! Is it not enough to triumph.

[*More huzzaing without.*

Enter Sir THOMAS ROUNDHEAD.

Sir Thomas. There! It's all over—Sir Charles is elected, and I've at laſt got a ſenator for my heir! Miſs Dazzle, I give you joy.

Miſs Dazzle. And I give you joy, Sir Thomas,---and you, Lady Henrietta---and you Mr. Warford---Come, ſhall we go and ſee the proceſſion?

Sir Thomas. Certainly---*Exit* (*Miſs* DAZZLE.) Niece, do you wait here to receive your huſband, Sir Charles Dazzle.

Warford.

Warford. This is beyond bearing---Sir Thomas, hear me.

Sir Thomas. I'll hear nothing---Henrietta, wait to receive the new member.

Enter SMALLTRADE.

Smalltrade. Now, where are you going?

Sir Thomas. To congratulate Sir Charles on his election, to be ſure.

Smalltrade. Are you? then you may as well ſtay where you are.

Sir Thomas. Why ſo, old Smalltrade?

Smalltrade. I'll tell you, old Roundhead---he has loſt the election.

Omnes. Loſt the election!

Smalltrade. Yes; the young alderman has it---Double's the man!

Sir Thomas. Double's the man!

Smalltrade. Yes; it's all my doing---Now how fooliſh you look---I ſay, your worſhip, doesn't this remind you of counting your fingers? Oh, you old flat!

Sir Thomas. Why, what is all this? And who the devil's Double?

Smalltrade. A great brewer and the ſon of an alderman! Latitat found him out, and has managed the whole buſineſs himſelf? Now, an't you prettily outwitted? And won't you allow that a banker's head is twice as deep as a juſtice's?

Sir Thomas. Hold your tongue, or——

Smalltrade. Curſe me, but if I thought I ſhou'd ever be ſuch an old flat as you, if I wou'dn't build powder mills on purpoſe to blow myſelf up in!---(*Muſic without.*)---Here he is!

here's the new member! I ordered Latitat to bring him here, that you might ſee with your own eyes, what a ſtupid fool we have made of you.

Sir Thomas. Did you? I'm very much obliged to you---But no brewer or alderman enters my garden--- Here, William! Thomas! (*Going.*)

Smalltrade. (*holding him*) Now do---Stay and ſee how much you've expoſed yourſelf.

Sir Thomas. I won't---Let me go.

Smalltrade. You ſha'n't---here they come.

[*Long flouriſh of Clarinets, Trumpets, &c.*

Enter Payè *chair'd, with Electors,* Rosa, *and* Latitat.

Pavè. (as he enters) Gentlemen, you have returned me as your repreſentative, for which I return you my moſt hearty thanks, and to ſhew my gratitude, I invite all the country,---men, women, and children, to dine with Sir Thomas to-day, and to ſup with little Certificate in the evening. (*turning round*) Huzza! I've done it at laſt!

Sir Thomas. Smalltrade, who's an old flat now?

Smalltrade. I am *doubled*, by all that's ridiculous.

Sir Thomas. Doesn't this give you a tickliſh ſenſation? Isn't a banker's head twice as deep as a juſtice's?---And won't you build powder-mills to blow yourſelf up in?

Smalltrade. So, Mr. Pain-in-the-face, (*to* Latitat) You and the young alderman here have done it.

Latitat. Yes; we've done the thing genteelly! But don't be angry---the new member means to be liberal.

Pavè,

Pavè. Certainly---if either of the honourable gentlemen in my eye want franks.

Sir Thomas. Franks!---Sirah——

Pavè. Order Tommy---Order---Harkye, old Certificate! (*Whispers* SMALLTRADE.)

Smalltrade. How! You'll move to aboliſh country banks!

Sir Thomas. Ay, do;---I'll ſecond that motion.

Pavè. Come here, Tommy. (*whiſpers him.*)

Sir Thomas. How! Move to ſtop canal cutting?

Smalltrade. Ay do:---I'll ſecond that motion!

Latitat. And encourage attornies, for they do the thing genteelly.

Pavè. Now I'm promoted, I can be a better patron than Sir Charles---I'll prefer you all.

Roſa. Will you?---that's charming.

Pavè. To you, Latitat, I give up your debt—To you, Tommy, I reſtore your contract, to you, old Certificate, I give my liſt of promiſes, to you Lady Henrietta, I give the man you love—And laſtly, to you, Roſa, I give the beſt preſent of all, for I give you myſelf, my dear girl, and next to Mr. What's-his-name, dam'me, if I know a finer fellow.

Lady Henrietta. Nor I—Will you conſent, Mr. Smalltrade.

Roſa. Will you, Sir Thomas?

Lady Henrietta. We'll put all our money in the country bank.

Roſa. And I'll never poach on the manor as long as I live.

Sir Thomas. Smalltrade!

Smalltrade. Roundhead!

Sir Thomas. Shall we?

Smalltrade,

Smalltrade. Aye, we have ſhewn ourſelves ſuch a couple of old flats, that we can't expoſe ourſelves any further—Here, Warford, take Lady Henrietta, and depend on't, my ſettlement ſhall be equal to the juſtice's.

Sir Thomas. And you, ſir, (*to* Pavè.) ſince you are become a ſenator, take old Medium's daughter—One half of my eſtate goes to Henrietta—the other to you—that is, on condition you ſecure me the road—the common—the—(*counting again.*)

Pavè. Softly, ſir, ſoftly—Counting may be ominous——

Lady Henrietta. And now, as moſt of us have tried different ways of growing rich, let us acknowledge, that while Sir Charles's plan has been the worſt, Warford's has prov'd the beſt—for had the time the former waſted in diſſipation and deception been employed like the latter, in honeſty and induſtry, Sir Charles had now like Warford, been rich and happy.

Smalltrade. Aye, application and œconomy is the ſureſt road to riches.

Pavè. No—I'll ſhew you a better way—by gaining patronage and promotion here!

Here let our friends around ſupport our cauſe,
And we'll grow rich indeed—by their applauſe.

THE END.

CHEAP LIVING:

A

COMEDY.

[Price Two Shillings.]

CHEAP LIVING:

A

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THIRD EDITION.

BY FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

MDCCXCVII.

PROLOGUE.

Written by JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

SPOKEN by Mr. C. KEMBLE.

FROM the Stagyrite fam'd, as a critic profound,
To the carpers who now in our iſland abound,
It has ſtill been allow'd that to write a good play,
Is a taſk ſomewhat hard, whether ſolemn or gay.
Such indeed was the caſe when the world was but young,
And from Nature's rough hand bold originals ſprung;
'Ere the poliſh of manners had levell'd each claſs,
And ſtrong featur'd characters mark'd the whole maſs.
Yet a dramatiſt then, from examples ſo riſe,
Need but juſt look abroad and take copies from life.
But mankind, ſince thoſe days, have been ſketch'd o'er and o'er,
And the Stage can but give what it gave you before.
Nay, one mighty genius, with wonderful art
Pervaded our nature, and ranſack'd the heart;
Hence the works from his hand are ſo vivid and true,
That Time can but merely retouch what he drew.
After ſuch a deſcription, if Shakſpeare we name,
'Tis but ſaying what time ſhall for ever proclaim.
And ſince then the Stage has exhauſted our race,
And has ſhewn each degree thro' the marvellous ſpace
'Twixt the ſage and the fop, and the good and the baſe,
A dramatiſt now can but hold up his glaſs,
And ſimply exhibit the times as they paſs;
Content to pick up, as he ſaunters along,
Some anomalous beings, that ſtart from the throng;
And ſuch, we preſume, to bring forward to-night:
But our Bard aims at no individual in ſpite;
He draws from the ſpecies, and thinks he may ſay,
You may find of ſuch beings a tribe every day.

To

PROLOGUE.

To prevent disappointment, but not to foreſtall,
To one little hint your attention we call;
For this 'tis but right we ſhould tell of his plan—
You muſt fancy a female is really a man;
Not merely conceal'd in the manly array,
But a man, *bona-fide*, throughout the whole play;
This we own, as it elſe might your feelings perplex,
Since ſhe charms you ſo much in her own proper ſex.
And now of this dread—but this merciful court,
A Bard, full of terrors, once more begs ſupport—
Ah! kindly adopt the new brat of his brain,
You have often endur'd him,—endure him again.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old WOODLAND - -	*Mr. SUETT.*
Young WOODLAND -	*Mr. C. KEMBLE.*
SCATTER - -	*Mr. PALMER.*
SPUNGE - - -	*Mr. BANNISTER.*
FARMER COLE - -	*Mr. DOWTON.*
WILLIAM - -	*Mr. TRUEMAN.*
Sir EDWARD BLOOMLY -	*Mrs. JORDAN.*

Mrs. SCATTER - -	*Miss POPE.*
STELLA - - -	*Miss STEWART.*
ELINOR BLOOMLY -	*Miss De CAMP.*

SCENE — A SEA-PORT TOWN, AND THE COUNTRY AROUND IT.

CHEAP LIVING:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

An Apartment in old Woodland's Houſe.

SCATTER *and Mrs.* SCATTER *diſcovered ſitting at a Table.*

SCATTER. [*Writing.*]

THREE times five is fifteen — fifteen and twenty two is forty—no—thirty and carry five—and — pſha! — I can't nor I wo'n't endure it — a man of my faſhion turn ſteward, clerk, accomptant!

Mrs. SCAT. [*Mending linen.*] And a woman of my faſhion turn houſekeeper, dairy-maid, ſtocking-mender! — ah! I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Scatter, for reducing me to this humiliating ſituation.

SCAT. I reduced you? — 'twas your own imprudence that ruined us — your love of play — your inſatiable paſſion for caſſino, hazard, faro — that drove us from London.

Mrs. Scat. How dare you ſay ſo, Sir,— when you know your fortune was never injured by my gaming?

Scat. Was n't it?— why, did n't you loſe thouſands night after night?

Mrs. Scat. Yes: but did I pay them?— was n't I ſo careful of my huſband's money, that I did n't pay even for the cards on which I loſt it?—No, Sir—'twas your extravagance that undid us—your buying horſes, carriages, and houſes.—Oh! if you had been œconomical— if you had copied my example!

Scat. Well! I did copy your example— I never paid for them: and if you talk of being œconomical, what married couple ever lived cheaper than we have done?—The fact is, we never had a ſhilling: and though each married the other in hopes of making a fortune, you know, when we came to the church, we had n't caſh enough to pay the parſon's fees.

Mrs. Scat. I do, Sir: and what ſignifies wrangling?—if you will but mind your accounts, and adapt yourſelf to my uncle's paſtoral plan of life—come—come—proceed, as we have begun—continue to make him believe we hate London, love retirement, and are a moſt fond, affectionate, domeſtic couple.

Scat. Ah! that's hard work, Kitty.

Mrs. Scat. It is indeed!—and then to turn ſhepherdeſs, as he calls me—

Scat. Ay! to riſe at five—dine at three —go to bed at ten—wake at four, and not ſleep a wink for the infernal chirruping of the cocks and hens! and all for what?—for the chance of his fortune after his death!—I tell you what—if he don't die ſoon, I certainly ſhall.

Mrs.

Mrs. Scat. Nay — nay — our hopes don't all depend on his death. — The bank — think of his bank in the neighbouring ſea-port town — if we can wheedle him out of a ſhare in that——

Scat. Impoſſible! — he deſigns it for his ſon — or elſe, that's the very thing — a bank, and I partner in it! — 'slife! how I would diſcount—

Mrs. Scat. Diſcount!

Scat. Ay — my own notes — nobody's elſe.

Mrs. Scat. Well! well! — only hide your cloven foot a little longer — don't let him know we left London for debt: and my life on't, the bank and the eſtate will both be ours — his ſon has behaved ill abroad: and if he diſinherits him —

Scat. You are his heireſs; and then, we'll once more revel in the joys of London — ah! how I do ſigh for St. James's-ſtreet!

Mrs. Scat. And I for Bond-ſtreet!

Scat. I for hazard!

Mrs. Scat. And I for faro — oh, my dear dear huſband! — you've ſet me on the rack; and, though there are no cards in the houſe, can't we invent ſome game? — ſtop — here's my uncle! we've another game to play now — remember we're a loving man and wife.

Scat. I will — we're a loving man and wife. [*Both ſitting down.*]

Enter Old Woodland.

Wood. There they ſit — fond happy pair! — Good morning to you both — well! — not tired of the country yet!

Mrs. Scat. No, Sir — here we enjoy health

and content — but in London — oh! I was never free from the heart-ache. [*Working.*]

Scat. Nor I from the head-ache — Carry over — 32-12-5. [*Writing.*]

Wood. Poor ſouls! — But have you left no friends you wiſh to ſee? — I dare ſay, now, Mr. Scatter was much ſought after in London.

Scat. Sought after! yes — I was, Sir; but then it was by people I wiſhed to get rid of — by rude — unpoliſhed — ſum total 82-4-6.

Wood. Rude! — ah, there's modern manners for you — that's the reaſon I hate London — never go near it, or ſee any body that comes from it — Ha! ha! — it's very droll — but I know ſo little of what's going forward in the metropolis, that you and my niece might have quarrelled all day, and gambled all night, and I been ne'er the wiſer — you might indeed — ha! ha!

Mrs. Scat. Ha! ha! — that's very good — I and my dear huſband quarrel and game!

Wood. Not that I ſuppoſe ſuch a thing; no! I believe you're a pattern of all that's correct and regular — but I've no correſpondents — I ſee no company, and don't even take in a newſpaper. — Come — egad! now you're come down, I think, I muſt humour you there — I muſt take in a newſpaper.

Mrs. Scat. Do: I ſhould like it of all things.

Scat. So ſhould I — I'm very fond of reading the law reports and the debates.

Wood. Are you? — then curſe me, if I wonder at your having the head-ache — I never read either, but it brings on a giddineſs directly.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT. Sir — Sir — my young maſter is juſt arrived from France.

WOOD. My ſon?

SERV. Yes, Sir — he is now at the park gate.

WOOD. Then let him ſtay there — tell him I ſay ſo — we'll have no modern manners here — ſtop — I'll tell him myſelf.

Mrs. SCAT. What's the matter, uncle? — how has your ſon offended you?

WOOD. Read that letter — that's all; read that letter — I ſend him to Marſeilles to viſit his uncle, and ſee how he paſſes his time! read.

Mrs. SCATTER [*reading the letter.*]

" Dear Brother,

" Since my laſt, your ſon has been ab-
" ſent from my houſe a fortnight; and after
" ſearching in vain for him all over Marſeilles,
" I at laſt found him living at a ſmall inn in
" the neighbouring foreſt, with an Engliſh girl,
" whom he had betrayed under a promiſe of
" marriage. — I ſoon ſeparated them: but he
" ſecretly returned to the inn; and finding her
" gone, he has purſued her to England — this is
" his hiſtory——"

Old WOOD. Ay, there — there — after the pains I have taken with him, to have him turn out the character I of all others deteſt — a man of intrigue — a man of faſhion —

Mrs. SCAT. Nay, this is nothing new — your ſon was always of a gallant diſpoſition; and when he viſited us in London, we were actually

obliged to lock up our ward Stella, to prevent his carrying her off.

SCATTER. 'Tis very true, Sir: and I ſhould be ſorry to prejudice you more againſt him; but had you ſeen the deſigning glances he threw at my wife—

Old WOOD. What! — would the ſcoundrel have marred your domeſtic happineſs?

SCAT. I'm not apt to be jealous — far from it, Sir — if your ſon had taken my wife to a foreſt, I ſhou'dn't have felt one jealous pang — ſhould I, my life?

Mrs. SCAT. No — that you wou'd'nt, my ſoul; —but when a couple is ſo happy —

WOOD. It ought to be death to him that parts them! — Oh the reprobate! why, here's a pretty fellow to manage a bank —.

SCAT. What did you ſay, Sir? — manage your bank!

WOOD. Yes: —I meant to make him a partner.

SCAT. Oh, my dear Sir, that will never do! — your intereſt will be exhauſted in the purlieus of Covent Garden, and your principal in the Court of King's Bench, and Doctors' Commons: —however, don't judge too haſtily, Sir — hear what he has to ſay.

WOOD. I will: I'll go directly, and my niece ſhall accompany me — come: —Oh! Mr. Scatter, as you're my new ſteward, you know, I've a little buſineſs for you to tranſact forty miles off: — Ah! I ſee you're angry, niece — I ſee you can't bear being ſeparated two whole days from the darling object of your affection.

Mrs. SCAT. Oh Sir! — I'm ever ready to ſacrifice my own happineſs, to promote yours.

WOOD.

WOOD. Kind, diſintereſted creature! — well — 'tis about purchaſing an eſtate, Mr. Scatter; and if you'll come to my ſtudy in half an hour, I'll give you full inſtructions and plenty — plenty of depoſit money—.

SCAT. Will you, Sir? — Oh! theſe will be rare holidays — farewell, Kitty.

WOOD. Farewell, Kitty! — [*mimicking*] What! is that all — when you're going to part for two long days? — come, come, don't let me to ſpoil ſport — ſalute her.

Mrs. SCAT. Sir, we never do, upon my honour.

SCAT. Never, upon my ſoul, Sir: — 'sdeath! — I hav'n't kiſs'd her ſince the honey-moon. [*aſide.*]

WOOD. Pſha! — don't I know you are panting to embrace each other? — come — [*Mr. and Mrs. Scatter kiſs each other, and turn away in diſguſt.*] — There — there 's connubial happineſs! Oh! I wiſh my reprobate ſon had ſeen this; — who, who would be a rake, when ſuch are the joys of matrimonial love? [*Exeunt.*]

Scene a Farm Houſe, and view of the ſea.

Enter STELLA.

STEL. So — while my guardian and his wife are engaged in their new occupations of ſteward and houſekeeper, I've ſtole forth to viſit my dear Elinor. — I wonder what can induce a girl of her rank and fortune to live in this ſequeſtered ſpot; but whenever I touch on the ſubject, I ſee it agitates her, and therefore I'll diſtreſs her no more: — ha! — ſomebody's coming — I'll enter the houſe, and, in partaking her ſociety, enjoy the only

only gratification I now know. [*Exit into the Farm Houſe.*]

Enter Mr. SCATTER, *and* ELINOR BLOOMLY.

SCAT. I tell you you're the very thing—I'm going a dull journey, and want an agreeable companion in a poſt-chaiſe—come now—I'll bring you ſafe back, and we'll have ſuch a loving excurſion——

ELINOR. This from a ſtranger! — leave me, I inſiſt, Sir.

SCAT. You're wrong — upon my ſoul, you're wrong: for I give you fair notice — I never failed with a woman in my life: and in this retired ſpot, where we both want ſociety—

ELINOR. I want no ſociety — I am dependent on myſelf, and feel more happineſs in a quiet communion with my own heart, than in the noiſy intercourſe of mankind. — I dare to live alone.

SCAT. Dare to live alone! — 'gad! that's bold work; for though I'm very fond of myſelf, I can't ſtay a moment by myſelf —

ELINOR. No, Sir — becauſe you have perhaps committed actions you cannot bear to reflect on; and therefore you fly to diſſipation — game, drink, and inſult unprotected women, only to keep yourſelf from yourſelf. — Go on, Sir; and to loſs of peace, add loſs of heath, and at laſt, loſs of ſenſe and honour.

SCAT. Loſs of ſenſe!

ELINOR. Ay: how oft is madneſs the reſult of vice? — I have myſelf committed errors never to be obliterated; but I ſought not relief by heaping crime on crime — no — I have combated mis-

misfortune by penitence, reſignation, and dignified retirement.—Farewell, Sir, and copy my example. [*Exit into Farm Houſe.*]

SCAT. Well ſaid morality—well ſaid Joſeph! —Ay: I ſee through all this—this is ſome girl who has paſſed a month or two at the neighbouring watering place, where by reading novels all the morning, and rattling the dice-box all the evening, her mind has been ſo completely debauched, that the firſt man that attacked her, found the buſineſs ready done to his hands—oh! ten marching regiments wo'n't corrupt ſo many women in twenty years, as one watering place will in one ſummer—however ſhe has confeſſed her guilt, and therefore—— [*As he is entering the houſe, Farmer Cole meets him.*]

FARM. Well! who beeſt thou?—and what do'ſt thee want?

SCAT. Want!—I want that pretty girl—

FARM. Rot'un—I thought ſo—like the reſt of the young ſquires hereabout!—all hunting after my new lodger.

SCAT. Your lodger!

FARM. Yees:—ſhe landed here from France—her father died at Montpelier, and ſo ſhe lodges at my houſe, till her brother do come to fetch her home.

SCAT. Her brother fetch her!—and pray who the devil 's he?

FARM. Why, I think ſhe do call him Sir Edward Bloomly.

SCAT. Sir Edward!—a baronet's ſiſter!—ha! ha!—well ſaid Joſeph again!—I know the young profligate—

FARM. Do ye?—well!—it do puzzle me how his ſiſter ſhould travel alone from foreign

parts: but ſhe ſays her ſervant died on the road—and then ſhe pays me my rent—that's all I care about—ſhe pays me my money.

SCAT. She pays!—pooh!—Sir Edward pays. Don't you ſee ſhe's in keeping? and therefore as I want a companion in a poſt-chaiſe, I'll go and convince her ——

FARM. [*ſtopping him.*] Softly—before you paſs the gate, wo'n't you pay the toll-gatherer?

SCAT. Hah!—what do you mean?

FARM. Mean!—that I do live within two miles of a ſea-bathing town; and when a Londoner do come amongſt us, we make it a rule that he ſha'n't walk, talk, or breathe, without paying handſomely for it.

SCAT. Indeed!—that's very kind of you.

FARM. We mean it ſo—we mean it kind; for we do know you bring a certain ſum to lay out in jaunting and idleneſs; and the ſooner that's got rid of, the ſooner you go home to your families and buſineſs.

SCAT. True: and the ſooner I diſpoſe of the depoſit money, the ſooner I ſhall return to my wife and the ſquire.—So—here—and now for the baronet's ſiſter.

FARM. Hauld—hauld—there be company with her now; but if you come in the evening, ſhe'll be alone.—

SCAT. Right—and I've no carriage ready—ſo I'll go to the town—get my dinner, and return in two hours—hah—who comes here?

COACHMAN. [*without.*] Our fare, maſter—we will have our fare.

SPUNGE [*without.*] There—can you change a hundred pound note, you ſcoundrels?

FARM. [*aſide*] Change a hundred pound note!—why, it can't be—yees, it is!—[*looking out*]—

the

the very fellow who laſt ſummer introduced himſelf to me and my wife; and though we laboured night and day to get him out of our houſe, icod! he did breakfaſt, dine, and ſup wi' us for a whole month together.

SPUNGE [*without.*] Natural enough — no change? — I owe it you — I owe it you.

FARM. There — he owes it them — he can't pay the fare of his ſtage coach, and is coming to borrow of me — how ſhall I ſhake the raſcal off? — I have it — I'll fix him on the Londoner — [*aſide*] — Sir — do'ſt know this gentleman?

SCAT. Not I — he ſeems a ſtrange creature — who is he?

FARM. His name be Spunge — he be ſon of one of your London tradeſfolk, and is ſo good tempered — tells ſuch ſtories, and ſings ſuch ſongs, that he be welcome every where! Then he'll ſhew thee how to live cheap!

SCAT. Will he? — that's the very thing I want to know — I'll talk to him.

FARM. Doey — doey — ha! ha! I've got rid of him — ha! ha! — I'll mark the end on't — I'll ſee one cockney make a fool of the other — [*going up ſtage.*]

Enter SPUNGE *followed by two Coachmen.*

Firſt COACHM. Come, come: the twelve ſhillings! or elſe — [*laying hold of him.*]

SPUNGE. If you can't change a hundred pound note, I owe it you — I owe it you — [*ſees Scatter*] — Oh, this is lucky — this gentleman, perhaps — will you be ſo kind, Sir? — caſh a hundred pounds, Sir?

SCAT. I really hav'n't ſo much caſh about me, or elſe ——

SPUNGE. As you ſay — not ſo much gold — but plenty of ſilver — ſo be good enough — juſt give theſe men twelve ſhillings — thank ye, Sir — under infinite obligations — here, raſcals — take your money from this gentleman — take it, I ſay. — [*Scatter, after ſome heſitation, pays it.*] — There — begone! — [*Coachmen exeunt*] — eternally obliged — for ever indebted — never re-pay you — but your name — favour me with your name — to whom am I debtor? — [*taking out a pocket-book.*]

SCAT. My name is Scatter — Richard Scatter, Sir: but never think of it — I don't mind a guinea or two — particularly when they're not my own.

SPUNGE. "Richard Scatter" — [*writing it down*] — debtor twelve ſhillings — pſha! can't remember ſilver — give me nine ſhillings — that will make it a guinea — then neither of us will forget it — [*takes the money*] — and your houſe — where's your houſe, Dick?

SCAT. I have no houſe — I'm on a viſit.

SPUNGE. A viſit! — Oh! — a ſaving ſcheme — natural enough — that's right, Dick — live on your friends. — Well — what are their names?

SCAT. Why, if you muſt know, I'm on a viſit at Woodland Grove.

SPUNGE. Woodland Grove! — know it well — be with you in an hour. — What time do you dine?

SCAT. Dine! — oh, you muſt excuſe me there — Mr. Woodland is a man who ſees no company.

SPUNGE. Don't diſtreſs yourſelf — don't let him put himſelf out of the way on my account — plaineſt eater in the world — mutton, beef, veal, all the ſame to me — only rather particular

in

in my wine—muſt have Burgundy—always drink Burgundy, and iced — mind it's iced, Dick.

SCAT. Very likely: but I am not at my own houſe,—and Mr. Woodland is, of all men ——

SPUNGE. The man I wiſh to know—how are the beds? — [*walks up ſtage.*]

SCAT. Beds!—curſe the fellow!—I can't help laughing at his impudence! — Why, Farmer, is this ſhewing me how to live cheap?

FARM. Yees — it's the way he taught me laſt ſummer — ha! ha! — I'm main glad on't — I've got rid of him — good day, meaſter.

SPUNGE [*meeting Cole.*] What, Cole?—how's your wife, Cole?—ſorry I can't ſtay to dine with you — engaged with this gentleman — but ſupper — be with you to ſupper — you know my way — free and eaſy — never wait for an invitation—come, Dick. [*Taking Scatter's arm.*]

SCAT. No, Sir—I beg I mayn't deprive your friend of the pleaſure of your company — the truth is, I am not going to dine at Woodland Grove.

SPUNGE. No!

SCAT. No — I mean to dine alone at the hotel ——

SPUNGE. Better and better — hate large parties—never get any thing hot or good—women eat all the choice bits—fat of veniſon, backs of hares, and liver-wings of fowls—like a tête-à-tête dinner — ſo come, Dick.

FARM. [*aſide to Scatter.*] You may as well go at once — he wo'n't quit thee.

SCAT. So it ſeems; and as I hate dining alone, I'll indulge him—Mind now, I ſhall return in a couple of hours, and let there be nobody in the

houſe; for if the lady is refractory, we'll combine and force her ——

FARM. I underſtand — I'll be ready — good day, meaſter Spunge; and na doey — doey, for once in your life, pay your reckoning, will ye?

SPUNGE. Pay my reckoning! — who does it better?—Don't I ſing a good ſong?—and am I to pipe and pay too?—no—let the dull dogs pay the piper.—Be with you to ſupper, Cole.—Come, Dick: and after a bottle or two of Burgundy, I'll give you a ſpecimen—"Come, jolly Bacchus, &c." [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE—*An Apartment in Old Woodland's Houſe—Glaſs Doors in the flat Scene, and the Garden ſeen through them.—Table with Tea, &c. upon it—Sideboard with Fruit upon it.*

Enter Old and Young WOODLAND.

Old WOODLAND.

WHY, zounds, Sir! you don't pretend to love the lady in the foreſt ſtill?

Young WOOD. Not love her, Sir!—Why did I leave Marſeilles?—why travel night and day in the purſuit of her?—why, but to tell her, my uncle cauſed our ſeparation, entreat her pardon, and never leave her more?

Old WOOD. Never leave her!—but for your uncle then, you would have married her?—you would have diſgraced your family, Sir?

Young WOOD. Diſgraced my family!—what! by acting like a man of honour, Sir?

Old WOOD. Honour! there now!—he has got all the faſhionable words—Look ye, Sir—; if you had had leſs honour and more honeſty, you would not have ſeduced the girl at all;—but come—I've all a father's weakneſs about me; and if you will but give up the purſuit, and marry a rich widow—

Young WOOD. Marry another, Sir!—

Old WOOD. Ay, why not, Sir?

Young WOOD. Never!—She ſacrificed every thing to me; and if ſo poor an offer as my hand,

can

can wipe away her tears, ſhall I refuſe it? — no Sir — I'm not the hardened villain you think me.

Old Wood. You are; and you'll break your old father's heart; — come now, Tom — do oblige me — do marry the widow, and forget —

Young Wood. Sir, you have ever been a fond indulgent parent, and it cuts me to the ſoul to diſobey you; but if we meet again, not e'en for you, will I a ſecond time deſert a girl, whom love and gratitude for ever bind me to.

Old Wood. Mighty well, Sir! — then with all this pure love, how came you to be ſeen walking arm in arm with Stella — now, not half an hour ago — near farmer Cole's houſe?

Young Wood. I met her there by accident —.

Old Wood. Don't tell me — She was locked up in London on your account; and if you come here to interrupt the domeſtic happineſs of my niece and her huſband — Why, what do you ſmile at, Sir?

Young Wood. Sir, I beg your pardon, but —

Old Wood. I ſay their domeſtic happineſs — Mr. Scatter is now gone to purchaſe an eſtate for me — I've given him plenty of depoſit money; and had you ſeen the affectionate parting between him and his wife! — Oh, there was connubial love — there — [*Young* W. *laughs.*] What! again? — begone — leave the room, Sir.

Young Wood. Sir, I —

Old Wood. No reply — begone — and hark ye, Sir, — if you don't reform, I may chance to reward them with the bank and the eſtate; — no man of intrigue — no man of faſhion, ſhall be my heir — you comprehend — begone! [*Young* Woodland *exit*] yes — yes — Mr. Scatter underſtands buſineſs; — he is domeſtic, ſober, and induſtrious:

duſtrious: and ſince I am too old to manage the bank myſelf, and this rogue of a ſon is unfit for the office, I can't ſelect a better partner — [*ſits down to tea*] — ay — ay — Mr. Scatter may be truſted.

SPUNGE. [*without*] Dick's not come home, you ſay?

Old WOOD. Ha! who's this?

SPUNGE. [*without*] Don't mind me — I'll find my way — [*enters*] Ha! Squire! how are you, Squire — ? tea on the table! — the very thing! — after wine, nothing like ſouchong — [*ſits down — takes cup and ſaucer, &c.*]

Old WOOD. Amazing! — who can it be?

SPUNGE. [*putting ſugar into his tea-cup.*] Long wiſhed for the honour of your acquaintance, Squire — ſorry I couldn't come to dinner — now I've found my way — often pop in at pudding time — [*eating ſome bread and butter.*] — get better butter, though — don't like your butter — [*ſipping his tea*] — your tea too! — not half ſtrong enough! [*emptying the caniſter into the pot.*]

Old WOOD. Hollo! — what the devil are you about?

SPUNGE. So — Dick Scatter's not come home! — drunken raſcal!

Old WOOD. Drunken raſcal! — who? — what? — Mr. Scatter?

SPUNGE. We dined at the hotel — toſſed down four bottles of Burgundy — Dick reeled off an hour ago, and I came here to pay a ſhort viſit. — No cream! — now you're up, ring the bell. (*Old Woodland is ſeated at this time.*)

Old WOOD. Ring the bell! — why, what is all this? — Mr. Scatter dine at the hotel! — anſwer me, Sir! — do you ſay you know Mr. Scatter?

SPUNGE. Known him these twenty years — a right good fellow Dick is — lives fast, drinks hard, plays deep: — and then he told me a new mode of raising money.

Old WOOD. Did he? — what was it?

SPUNGE. Why, he told me — ring for some toast, will you?

Old WOOD. Psha! — I insist — what is his new mode of raising money?

SPUNGE. You shall hear — pay court to an old relation — get employed to purchase an estate — touch the deposit money, and spend it on women and Burgundy — [*Enter Mrs. Scatter.*] — How d'ye do? how d'ye do?

Mrs. SCAT. Sir — [*Unobserving.*] — Pray, uncle, who is this gentleman?

Old WOOD. Why, don't you know him? — he has been acquainted with your husband these twenty years — they dined together at the hotel, and drank Burgundy with my deposit money.

Mrs. SCAT. Impossible! — Mr. Scatter has no such acquaintance — [*Spunge nods to her*] what do you nod at me for? — I never saw you —

SPUNGE. Oh! what! you cut, do you? — You don't remember, I used to see you at Lady Redfigure's, punting and cocking, and — I say, Squire — you go halves, I suppose.

Old WOOD. Go halves, Sir!

SPUNGE. She keeps a faro bank, and you divide the profits — 'pon my soul, you've dressed your character admirably — you look more like a flat, than a sharp — ha! ha! — natural enough — but I can't stay — engaged to sup at Farmer Cole's, and never break an appointment — my

next viſit ſhall be longer — [*Puts ſome peaches in his pocket.*] — adieu!

Mrs. Scat. Sir, I inſiſt on your ſtaying —

Old Wood. And ſo do I — I inſiſt you don't leave my houſe, till —

Spunge. There — this is always the caſe — never go any where, they don't inſiſt on my ſtaying — don't deſpair — I'll give you enough of my company — To-morrow! — let me ſee — where do I dine to-morrow? oh — here! — I'll dine here.

Old Wood. Will you? — I ſhould like to ſee you.

Spunge. I know it. — I know you'll like to ſee me; and, therefore, I'll be here at four — punctually at four — and d'ye mind — Burgundy — I always drink Burgundy — and ſome trout — get ſome trout — the red trout — damn all others! — Squire, yours — Lady Redfigure, yours — ſhe may cut, but I'll come again — "Come, jolly Bacchus, &c." [*Exit.*]

Old Wood. I'm petrified — I'm — but I'll follow him, and ——

Mrs. Scat. Don't trouble yourſelf — I ſee through the whole trick — he is employed by your ſon.

Old Wood. My ſon!

Mrs. Scat. You heard him ſay he was going to Farmer Cole's — the very place where Mr. Woodland was ſeen with Stella; — and it is evidently a conſpiracy to ruin me and my dear huſband.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A letter for Miſs Stella, Madam.

Mrs. Scat. Oh! — this may, perhaps, give further information — [*Opens letter, and reads.*]

" Dear Stella,

" If you love me as you profeſs, meet me " at Farmer Cole's houſe directly—I have ſome- " thing particular to communicate."

There—they're all gone to hatch miſchief together.

Old Wood. [*Looking at the letter.*] Why, this is not Tom's hand!

Mrs. Scat. Very likely: but who elſe can it come from?—however, this is no time for parleying—in Mr. Scatter's abſence, I muſt go and look after his ward——

Old Wood. Stay—I'll go with you: and if I find Tom at the farm-houſe—if I find he is concerned in the conſpiracy, I'll diſinherit him; and, as for his companion——

Mrs. Scat. Oh, he is only an agent.

Old. Wood. No matter—in faſhionable life, it may be termed good breeding, to come uninvited to your houſe, and eat, drink, and pocket your property—but I'm a magiſtrate, and know what the law is—If a man ſteals your wife, you can only bring an action againſt him; but, if he ſnares your game, or robs your orchard—oh! thoſe are real, ſerious injuries! and his neck—his neck ought to anſwer for them! [*Exeunt.*

An apartment in Farmer Cole's Houſe, a door in flat ſcene—Table with candles on it.

Enter Elinor *and* Stella.

Stella. Yes—I had ſet out before your letter arrived—What were the contents, Elinor?

Elinor.

ELINOR. I wrote to you for advice, Stella — my brother promiſed to be here yeſterday; and when he knows, that, in conſequence of my ſervant's death, I am left alone and unprotected——

STELLA. Well — well — Yorkſhire is a long way off.

ELINOR. It is: but I fear, Stella—

STELLA. What, my friend?

ELINOR. That he is angry with me — that he will upbraid — abandon me.

STELLA. Abandon you! — for what? — hark! I hear a carriage! — perhaps it's he! — [*Looking out.*] — ſee! — a poſt-chaiſe and four — no — as I live, it's my guardian!

ELINOR. The very man that inſulted me — what can he want?

STELLA. What, indeed? — perhaps your letter has fallen into his hands, and he is come to take me away — here — let's ſtep into this room, and obſerve. [*They enter door in flat ſcene.*]

Enter SCATTER *drunk, and* FARMER COLE.

SCAT. Oh! I left him at the hotel, pouring down Burgundy — he's a drunken raſcal, and not fit company for a regular, ſteady, ſober banker.

FARM. Banker! — odratun! — what be'eſt thee a banker?

SCAT. No — not yet: but I ſhall be in a day or two; and then, Farmer, if you've any looſe money, I'll take care of it for you.

FARM. Will ye?

SCAT. I'll act fairly by you: and to prove it, if you'll be my cuſtomer, I'll be yours — put your

your money into my bank, and I'll buy all my hay and corn of you—you take me—that's mutual accommodation.

FARM. I fee—thee'll buy my corn, and pay me with my own money.

SCAT. No—you're wrong—I'll not pay for it with any body's money?—where's Miſs Bloomly?

FARM. Mum!—ſhe's in that room.

SCAT. Then ſhe's mine, and——

FARM. [*Stopping him.*] Hauld—hauld—you forgot one thing—in caſe ſhe's obſtropulous, hadn't you better bribe the poſt-boys?

SCAT. Right: we muſt have our charioteers in our intereſt, ſo we'll go inſtruct them—[*Takes out a purſe.*]—we'll go depoſit ſome more of Old Woodland's depoſit money—damme! I muſt buy the eſtate a bargain; at leaſt, I can't give much for it, becauſe I ſha'n't have much left to give!

FARM. I ſay, though, meaſter—I hope you'll bring my lodger ſafe home again.

SCAT. I will, as I'm a man of honour; and when ſhe knows who I am, Farmer?—oh! what woman will refuſe a banker?

FARM. Why, many—for in general your bankers be n't over young.

SCAT. What then?—Love has it's price, my boy:—and which is moſt able to buy the beſt commodity—a rich old banker, or a poor young man of faſhion?—the city is the great commercial market: and you may take your oath of this, Farmer—that while one heart is loſt in St. James's-ſtreet, there are fifty ſold in Lombard-ſtreet.—Come along—oh, this is life!—this is glorious! [*Exeunt.*

ELINOR

ELINOR *and* STELLA *come forward.*

ELINOR. What's to be done?—Dragged from my retreat!—forced away by villains!—Oh, my brother!—Why are you not near to protect me?

STELLA. Why, indeed?—Poor girl!—what will become of her?—Is there no way to escape?—Where does this door lead to?

ELINOR. It leads to the back gate, and there's our only hope.—Come, Stella.

SPUNGE [*Without.*] "Come, jolly Bacchus," &c. [*Singing.*

ELINOR. 'Tis in vain:—one of them is coming this way.

STELLA. So there is.—He's coming to force her into the carriage.—Don't be frightened, Elinor:—we'll ſtand or fall together.

Enter SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. Cole!—holloa, Cole!—What! no cloth laid?—no preparation for ſupper?—Here's treatment!—invite a man to his houſe, and provide nothing for him!—Ha! [*Sees Elinor and Stella.*]—A party, I ſuppoſe:—a rural rout!—and we're to ſup in the beſt room:—ſup in ſtyle.—How d'ye do?—How d'ye do? [*Advancing, and nodding.*

STELLA. Keep off, I inſiſt, Sir.

SPUNGE. Few people of rank in this part of the world—indeed not a ſoul but myſelf.—However I ſhall have a companion now.—Sir Edward Bloomly is arrived!—juſt 'lighted at the hotel.

STELLA. Sir Edward arrived!—There's joyful news, Elinor.

SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. Don't know him?—ſoon ſhall!—Then I'll introduce you.—Hem!—How we ſtare, and ſmile, and ogle!—Love at firſt ſight! natural enough!

STELLA. Nay, if we can but extricate ourſelves from this brute—Suppoſe we try to paſs him?—Sir, with your leave——

SPUNGE. And, Miſs, with your leave, I'll conduct you to the ſupper-room. [*Offering to take her hand.*]—Don't be alarmed—I'll be merciful.—I'll pity you:—by all that's tender, I'll pity you.

STELLA. Pity us!—Why, ſurely, we can't be miſtaken.—Perhaps he is n't one of the party.—I'll aſk him.—Sir, did you or did you not come here with Mr. Scatter?

SPUNGE. With Dick?—What! is Dick in this houſe?—Oh, the drunken raſcal!—This is where he reeled to!—I'll have him out.—Dick! [*Calling him.*

STELLA. Ay, call him, Sir!—Call him to complete your infamous deſigns:—to triumph o'er a poor defenceleſs woman!—Oh, Elinor!—he ſhall not force you from me.

SPUNGE. Force her?

STELLA. Yes, Sir; force her from this houſe. And you would join in the diſhonourable tranſaction?—You would aſſiſt——

SPUNGE. Oh, no!—not I.

STELLA. What! wo'n't you?—Wo'n't you take part againſt us?

SPUNGE. No:—came here to eat a good ſupper; and, curſe me, if I ſpoil my appetite!—I wiſh to live cheap, not unhappily.

STELLA. Indeed!—Will you befriend us, then?

SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. To be ſure I will.— Love the whole ſex.— If they've faults to others, they've none to me.— Men ſay they're expenſive:— I never found them ſo; for, though I can't always coax them out of their affections, I'm ſure to wheedle them out of good dinners!— and then, they laugh, and call me the pantry lover.— Ha! ha! the pantry lover!— natural enough.

STELLA. Generous man!— And now, if you will but conduct this lady to her brother, Sir Edward Bloomly——

SPUNGE. Sir Edward!— What! his ſiſter?

ELINOR. I am, Sir; and, if my brother's friendſhip can be of any ſervice to you, I'll anſwer for it, that his houſe, table, and purſe——

SPUNGE. Say no more.— "Come, jolly Bacchus!"— I'm ſnug for life— once in a baronet's houſe, the devil can't get me out again— come along.

SCAT. [*Without.*] Watch the back gate— mind ſhe don't eſcape that way.

STELLA. There— the houſe is ſurrounded; and he, though well inclined, can't fight againſt them all.

SPUNGE. No— that I can't— I can't fight— I diſpoſed of all my courage on one occaſion— I fought a duel; and my hair has ſtood on end ever ſince— however, we may manœuvre— let me ſee——

ELINOR. I hear them coming——oh, my friend!

SPUNGE. I have it— we will fight him: but it ſhall be with his own weapon— darkneſs— firſt, out go the candles,— and now each lay hold of an arm; and two to one but we all ſup with Sir Edward— No matter what he gives us—

I'd rather drink ſmall-beer with a gentleman, than Burgundy with a ſcoundrel.

[*Elinor has hold of one arm — Stella of the other.*] Huſh! — not a word!

Enter SCATTER. [*The ſtage is dark.*]

SCAT. In the dark!—what! afraid of ſhewing your bluſhes, my little moraliſt? — Soft! I hear her — [*Lays hold of Stella.*]—there—I have you.

SPUNGE. Natural enough. [*Exit with Elinor.*]

SCAT. There — I told you I never failed with a woman. — And now——

Enter Old WOODLAND, *Mrs.* SCATTER, *and two* SERVANTS *with Lights.*

Mrs. SCAT. Look! I knew I was right — there's Stella.

Old WOOD. And there's my ſon — Why Tom — You reprobate— [*Pulling Scatter round*] — Zounds! it's the banker.

Mrs. SCAT. Heavns! — Where's Young Woodland then?

SCAT. Where's little morality?

Old WOOD. And where's my depoſit money? —Look ye—where is it, Sir?

SCAT. It's here — it's there— [*putting his hand on each pocket*] — it's every where—But the girl — ſurely it was her I laid hold of—[*Sees Mrs. Scatter*] No, it was Kitty!—Damme! there's connubial love for you — I was going to elope with my own wife! — but mum—ſhe's in that room —ſteady—I'm off.

Mrs. SCAT. Stay, Sir—I inſiſt on an explanation.

Old WOOD. Ay, Sir — what we want is an underſtanding.

SCAT. Give me your hand — you're a d——d honeſt fellow — you do want an underſtanding — it's lucky for you, I've enough for both — enough to keep your accounts, manage your bank, and diſpoſe of your depoſit-money. — So good-night; and make yourſelf eaſy. — Look, here it is! — Here's the purchaſe-money. — [*Holding up a purſe.*] — I tell you what, though — if the auctioneer don't make haſte, I ſhall be beforehand with him. — Going — going — gone! [*Exit.*

Old WOOD. He's worſe than my ſon. — He ſhall never enter my doors again! — and for you, miſs Stella — anſwer me — who wrote you this letter?

STELLA. It was written by a young lady who lodges at this houſe.

Old WOOD. Girl — girl — you're as bad as your guardian — but come, let's leave him — let's go home —— [*Mrs. Scatter weeps*] Nay! I don't involve you in his crimes — I believe you're as much deceived as myſelf — only I beg we may hear no more of conjugal affection — I've had quite enough of that for my life time.

Mrs. SCAT. Nay, uncle — what motive can Mr. Scatter have?

Old WOOD. What motive! why, the love of faſhion, to be ſure — and, to do him juſtice, he'll ſucceed eminently — for faſhion is ever obtained by ſuch profligate conduct as his and my ſon's, and never by actions of virtue, generoſity, or humanity. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE—*Outside of Hotel in a Sea-port Town.*

SPUNGE *croſſes the ſtage, and rings at the bell.*

SPUNGE.

NOW for it — now to be introduced to Sir Edward. — [*William enters from the hotel.*] — Come, ſhew me to him — ſhew me to him.

WILLIAM. Sir, my maſter's not at home — he's gone to bathe.

SPUNGE. Hem! — next time he goes to bathe, bid him take his elbow with him — look — ſee it ſticking out of that window — Come — I'm his ſiſter's friend—ſaw her home laſt night — too late to be introduced then — ſo promiſed to call in the morning.

WILLIAM. Oh, if you're Miſs Elinor's friend, I'm ſure Sir Edward will be glad to ſee you — never was brother ſo fond of a ſiſter; and he would have been be here three days ago, if the gout hadn't attacked him on the road.

SPUNGE. The gout! oh, I'm glad he has the gout — that's a ſign he feeds high, and drinks Burgundy — pray now — between ourſelves — what ſort of a fellow is Sir Edward?

WIL-

WILLIAM. One of the beſt living — he is, perhaps, ſomewhat haſty in his temper :—but he is young——

SPUNGE. Young! — what! about thirty?

WILLIAM. Thirty! — he's not ſixteen.

SPUNGE. Not ſixteen!

WILLIAM. No: a ward in chancery, Sir — and what's very extraordinary, he now knows more of the world than any of his anceſtors did at three times his age—why, 'tis but a month ago he fought a duel.

SPUNGE. A duel! — zounds! — I knew the breed of boys was pretty forward, but never heard of ſuch a forced plant as this — a duel! — how was it?

WILLIAM. You ſhall hear, Sir — an old ſchoolfellow of his — a Mr. Woodland, having been ſwindled and arreſted by one of your ſtock-jobbing gentry, my maſter paid the debt; and Mr. Woodland was no ſooner gone abroad, than the ſtockjobber made more demands, which Sir Edward wouldn't pay — on this, words enſued — he ridiculed my maſter's youth — this he laughed at — but when the ſtockjobber called Mr. Woodland a ſcoundel, Sir Edward was ſo enraged, that he ſtruck him, and a challenge was the conſequence.

SPUNGE. Well! and did the boy fight?

WILLIAM. Did he? — ay: and the firſt ſhot lamed the ſtockjobber for life — hit him in the hip.

SPUNGE. What! made him a lame duck? — I'm glad of it: and if he'd often go and take a day's ſhooting at the Stock Exchange, it would be much for the health of the nation — but here he comes — here's the little hero.

Enter

Enter Sir EDWARD *and* ELINOR *from the Hotel.*

ELINOR. You are, indeed, much altered, brother, since I and my poor father went to Montpelier — 'tis three years ago; and you were then a school boy—

EDW. No: I was a man then — I've been a man these five years; and when men at sixty affect to be boys, why shouldn't boys at fifteen affect to be men? — besides, is wisdom confined to age? — mayn't I have seen as much of the world in one year, as a pedant has in twenty? oh! when you know all, Elinor, you'll find I'm a match for any man living.

ELINOR. Think not I complain — you are kind beyond my wishes: — and if I thought we should never part——

EDW. Part? — never! — unless either of us marry — and as for me — marriage is much too young a trick for a man of my experience — but you had a long journey, Elinor, after my poor father's death; and now I think on't — how came you to travel incog? — why change your name to Campbell?

ELINOR. Because I thought obscurity my best protection; and whilst the name of Bloomly might lead to enquiry, I thought that of Campbell — but we'll talk on't no more — I am happy now: and unless you are lured from me, by the charms of fashionable life——

EDW. Oh — that's quite gone by — I saw the folly of that, many — many years ago — yes: I saw the folly of fashionable life soon after I left my nursery — so don't be afraid of that rival, Elinor.

SPUNGE [*advancing.*] Can refrain no longer—

Sir

Sir Edward, you're right welcome, Sir Edward—always happy to take merit by the hand—on a firſt acquaintance, never ſaw a perſon I took ſuch a fancy to—ſo elegant—ſo generous—and then your hitting the ſtock-jobber—oh! I'll ſtick to you through life.

ELINOR. [*to Sir Edward, who is aſtoniſhed.*] 'Tis the gentleman I told you of—he was moſt friendly to me on an occaſion it is now unneceſſary to mention.

EDW. Oh—if that's the caſe—I ſhall be happy to be better acquainted.—When will you dine with me, Sir?

SPUNGE. When will I not dine with you?—to-day, to-morrow—in ſhort, death alone ſhall part us.—I'll go order dinner——

EDW. Stay—my ſiſter will take that trouble.—Go in, Elinor; and when I've viſited my friend, I'll return.—Oh—there is one thing I forgot to aſk after—a thing I value more than all my father's fortune—his picture.

ELINOR [*alarmed.*] His picture!

EDW. Ay: the one he took with him to Montpelier.—Why, what's the matter?—what agitates you?—is it loſt?

ELINOR. It is—and under ſuch circumſtances—oh! do not—do not upbraid me, brother.

EDW. Upbraid you! not for the world—I'm only ſorry that I aſked after it—upbraid you!—[*Kiſſes her*]—there—think on't no more. [*Elinor exit.*]

Enter WILLIAM.

WILLIAM. Sir, the curricle is ready.

SPUNGE. The curricle!—ſo it is!—come along—[*lays hold of Edward*]—I'll drive you.

EDW.

EDW. You drive me! — well! you ſhall, and to Woodland Grove, if you know the way——

SPUNGE. Know the way! — bleſs you! — I'm quite at home at Woodland Grove — drank tea there yeſterday — meant to dine there to-day — good fruit, but bad butter. — Come — I'll whip you along.—I ſay, though—you are young, and Dick Scatter and his wife are knowing hands—pigeon you at faro — caſſino.

EDW. Will they? — I wiſh they'd try.

SPUNGE. Don't — they'll coax you on — let you win at firſt.

EDW. I know it; and that's the way I win at laſt — that's the way I laſt winter broke two faro banks, ruined a ſcore of blacklegs, and paid the debts of a diſtreſſed and unfortunate relation.

SPUNGE. Oh — come along — you don't want my inſtructions, I ſee.

EDW. No—you may ſave yourſelf the trouble. —Why, at twelve years old, when I was a boy at Eton, I rode a ſweepſtakes at New-market—at thirteen I went the grand tour—at fourteen I came to London—was elected member of all the faſhionable clubs, and laid out for by all the notorious match-makers—but it wouldn't do—I was too old for them—ha! ha!—you grown-up people think yourſelves vaſtly clever: but you forget "Men are but children of a larger growth!"

[*Exeunt.*]

A Room in Old WOODLAND'*s Houſe—Glaſs Doors leading to a Garden — Pictures.*

Enter Mrs. SCATTER.

So — our affairs go on delightfully—Though my

my uncle hasn't forgot the farm-houſe adventure, or forgiven my huſband,—yet my influence is ſo great, that Young Woodland is about to undergo a cloſet lecture for having laughed at my nick-name of Shepherdeſs — the old gentleman vows he'll turn him out of doors, if he perſiſts in ridiculing my paſtoral diſpoſition. Ay — ay: his bank and eſtate will be ours ſtill.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT. Madam, here's a young gentleman who ſays his name is Sir Edward Bloomly.

Mrs. SCAT. Sir Edward! — oh the pretty chicken! — he's an old friend of my huſband's, ſo ſhew him up directly.—[*Servant exit*]—Dear, how unlucky, we muſtn't play at cards in this houſe! — however, I'll return the viſit, and then —— here he is!—I muſt go put myſelf in order to receive him — ſweet little innocence! — oh! I wouldn't take five thouſand for his feathers. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir EDWARD *and* SERVANT.

EDW. Ha! ha! — I ſhouldn't be ſurpriſed if I never ſee Mr. Spunge and my curricle again —he inſiſted on driving it five miles further, and I could hardly perſuade him to call for me in his way home—he is the ſtrangeſt creature—but where's my friend? where's Woodland?

SERVANT. Mr. Woodland! — Sir, I thought you wanted my miſtreſs.

EDW. No, Sir—I want Mr. Woodland—call him directly—[*Servant exit*]—in the mean time, as I'm a connoiſſeur in pictures — [*ſpying at pictures*]—um!—Portrait of a little boy!—pooh!—

a little girl too!—upon my word, very intellectual ſubjects—I ſuppoſe we've a doll or a cradle in the middle.—No—this ſeems ſomething in my own way—ſomething manly——heavens!—it can't be!—it is!—my father's portrait!—the ſame he took with him to Montpelier!—how came it here?—who brought it to this houſe?—here's Woodland!—I'll ſift this buſineſs to the bottom.

Enter Young WOODLAND.

Young WOOD. Edward!—my friend!—my youthful benefactor!—how, how am I to thank thee?—to give me liberty, and riſk your life—

EDW. Nay, that's all paſt, and I'm glad to ſee you, Woodland—[*ſhaking hands*]—but before we talk on other ſubjects, do tell me how that picture came in this houſe?

Young WOOD. [*much agitated.*] That picture!

EDW. Ay: that—that reverend head—I ſaw it in a gallery abroad——

Young WOOD. [*eagerly*] Do you know who it reſembles?

EDW. No—don't you, Woodland?

Young WOOD. Would to heaven I did!—if I could find him, he might reſtore a treaſure to me.—Oh, Edward!—I'm the verieſt wretch alive.

EDW. [*taking his hand.*] Woodland, what has happened?—tell me—confide in me—nay, nay—I would truſt you.

Young WOOD. You would, and therefore I'll diſcloſe a ſtory to you——ſit down—[*they ſit*]—One evening at Marſeilles—'sdeath! the recollection—[*Weeps.*]

EDW. Go on—if you love me, go on.

Young

Young Wood. Well then — one evening, while walking in a foreſt near Marſeilles, I ſaw two women in the hands of robbers; — one they had wounded, and were about to deſtroy the other, when I ſnatched a piſtol from the ruffian's hand, and in the end, fought and diſperſed them.

Edw. Well, that was very heroic; — but the picture — come to the picture.

Young Wood. Be patient: — they proved to be an Engliſh lady and her ſervant, travelling from Montpelier. —

Edw. From Montpelier, ſay you?

Young Wood. Ay — and now mark the deep villany of him you call your friend! the ſervant being wounded, and unable to travel, I propoſed conducting them to the neareſt inn, and there, after paſſing many days alone—Oh that the tale had ended there! but 'twas decreed — ſhe was betrayed, and I undone for ever.

Edw. You dared not!

Young Wood. It is too true — the time, the place, the circumſtance — ſhe grateful and unſuſpecting — I treacherous and deceiving — in ſhort, under a moſt ſolemn promiſe of marriage, ſhe fell a victim to my arts; and I reſcued her from aſſaſſins, only to give a deeper wound myſelf.

Edw. Her name — what was her name?

Young Wood. Elinor Campbell.

Edw. [*riſing.*] You are a villain! — the worſt of villains!

Young Wood. I grant I am a villain; but rather pity—

Edw. Pity! — no, Sir; — all the tears I have, will be ſhed for her, poor girl! — poor Elinor!

[*weeps*] — don't fancy this proceeds from weakneſs, Sir; for with the feelings of a boy, you know I have the ſpirit of a man!—but go on, Sir, — how came you by the picture?

Young Wood. In her hurry to eſcape from me, ſhe left it behind her; and not knowing her family or place of reſidence, I preſerved it as the only means of diſcovering her — I keep it as a talifman, Edward. —— [*Edw. weeps on.*] Kind ſympathizing boy! — Oh! had my uncle but poſſeſſed theſe feelings! had he, like him, thus felt compaſſion for an unknown ſufferer, ſhe had not been deſerted, nor I been ever wretched.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, your father deſires to ſee you in his ſtudy immediately: — he is now waiting.

Young Wood. I'll come to him: — you ſee we're interrupted; but wait till I return, and I'll convince you —

Edw. Convince me! — hark ye, Sir — take my advice — don't purſue her.

Young Wood. Not purſue her!

Edw. No, Sir — ſhe may have relations — ſhe may have a brother — an affectionate brother, Sir — who, to gratify his own reſentment, would not mind expoſing his ſiſter's ſhame — but I, Sir —

Young Wood. You! — why, how —

Edw. True — how does it concern me? — her name's Campbell — ſhe's not my ſiſter — no — if ſhe were, I'd blow your wicked brains out; but why ar'n't you gone, Sir? — don't you hear your father's waiting for you? — Go — go Woodland — I'll wait till you return.

[Woodland *exit.*] Edw.

EDW. [*alone.*] How I could have beat him! — with what pleaſure could I have broke every bone in his infamous compoſition! — what ſhall I do? — ſhall I, by the hackneyed mode of marriage! — marriage! — what! — ſacrifice her to a man ſhe muſt deteſt? — no — I diſdain ſuch paltry reparation — ſhall I then challenge him? or ſhall I conceal my ſiſter's ſhame, and triumph over my own animoſity? — that will be true courage — that will be acting like a man! and therefore — [*ſwallowing his anger.*] — away all puerile petty inclination — I'll ſmother my reſentment, if I burſt! — and yet — I ſhould like to touch him — juſt gently throttle him for half an hour! — Oh villain! villain!

Enter SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. So — here I am — ſafe and ſound — only one accident — only overturned once, and broke the mare's knees.——

EDW. [*not attending to him.*] He ſimply knows her by the name of Campbell: and if the picture were diſpoſed of —— but for that, he never may diſcover her — I'll conſider—

SPUNGE. Conſider! — what! when dinner's waiting! — come.

EDW. I have it — I'll employ him. — Look ye Sir — do you wiſh to do me a favour?

SPUNGE. There's a queſtion! — hav'n't I drove your curricle? — don't I mean to dine with you? — and hav'n't I promis'd to ſtick to you through life? — isn't that doing you a favour?

EDW. Well, Sir — if you wiſh to extend your civilities, take down that picture, and convey it ſecretly to my apartment.

SPUNGE. Secretly! — what, isn't it your own?

EDW.

EDW. Ask no questions — take it directly — how! — don't you understand me?

SPUNGE. I do — hanging costs nothing, to be sure; but I'd rather live at my own expense, than die at any body's else.

EDW. What do you mean, Sir?

SPUNGE. Mean! — that, while there's any other mode of living cheap, damme if I steal furniture.

EDW. Steal! — Look at me, Sir. — I'll answer for the robbery. [*Takes down picture.*] — There! — Now will you obey my orders? [*Spunge shakes his head.*] — Mighty well, Sir! — Our acquaintance ends.

SPUNGE. Don't — don't talk of it. — I would not lose your acquaintance for the world; you're so much of the gentleman! — you drive such horses, and give such dinners! — Oh, the man deserves to starve, that would not risk his neck for you! [*Takes picture from Edward.*] — But, mind, if it's felony, you're to be hanged — not I.

EDW. I'll answer for the consequences. — There! — run through that garden, and not a soul will see you! — Above all, my sister: — hide it from her, I charge you. — 'Slife! here's somebody coming! — I'll detain them in conversation, and cover your retreat.

Enter Mrs. SCATTER.

Mrs. SCAT. Oh, Sir Edward! — this is such an honour! — I'm only sorry my uncle is so gothic, that I can't even ask you to drink tea, and play cards. [*Spunge exit at glass door.*

EDW. Cards! — I've done with cards. — Chess is the game for people of our time of life, Mrs. Scatter.

Mrs.

Mrs. Scat. Our time of life! — Oh, very true! — for young people like you and I, Sir Edward. Bleſs me! — what are you looking at?

Edw. Nothing. He's gone! — he's ſafe! — and the ſtory will be kept ſecret even from my ſiſter! [*Aſide.*] — Oh, that's ſome comfort! — Good day, Madam: — other cares demand my attention now. Good day!

Mrs. Scat. Nay, Sir Edward, I wo'n't let you go, till you name ſome evening when I may return this viſit. — I do long for a game of caſſino — that is, in the family way — juſt for a trifle. — I never loſe much, you know. — Come, now; when ſhall we meet, and —— [*Fondling him.*

Edw. Fie! fie! Mrs. Scatter! — Conſider, you're a married woman! — There: this is always my luck! — the young women call me child, and turn up their noſes at me; but the old ones! — Ecod! they're all pulling caps and wigs for me! — But I can't ſtay now — ſo tell Scatter to call, and I'll name ſome evening ——

Mrs. Scat. Will you be ſo obliging? — Nay, allow me to ſee you to your carriage. — I have him: — the young pigeon's caught! — This way, Sir Edward. — Oh, I would n't take ten thouſand for his feathers! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. — *A Room in the Hotel.*

Enter Elinor *with a book in her hand.*

Elinor. Yes: — "all happineſs is mingled with alloy!" and even my brother's kindneſs — even that brings ſorrow with it; for, when I think how little I deſerve his friendſhip, and know

know that if a dark — dark tale ſhould be revealed to him, how he would ſhun, abandon, and deſpiſe me! — Cruel, dreadful recollection! — But, ſee! — he comes to comfort, not upbraid me.

Enter Sir EDWARD.

ELINOR. Oh, Edward! — I'm ſo happy you're returned! ——

EDW. Happy! — Are you happy, Elinor? — Well, well! — The fault was not yours.

ELINOR. The fault! — What fault?

EDW. [*Taking her hand.*] When I preſs her hand — when I look at her — and think that, but for him, ſhe had ſtill poſſeſſed her mother's virtue and her father's honour, I cannot brook it. I can't, nor I wo'n't choak myſelf. Here, William! — my piſtols! — Bring me my piſtols directly. [*William enters, and exit.*

ELINOR. Your piſtols! — for what, brother?

EDW. To ſhoot ——

ELINOR. Whom?

EDW. Why, him!

ELINOR. There's more in this than he reveals. Edward, what makes you talk ſo ſtrangely? and look ——

EDW. Nothing. — I never was in better ſpirits! — Ha! ha! — quite merry — quite cheerful! [*William re-enters — Edward ſnatches a piſtol out of his hand, and preſents it at ſtage doors.*] I ſhould hit him! — I know the firſt ſhot would exterminate the ſcoundrel. There, — he's dead! [*Snapping the piſtol.*

SPUNGE *enters haſtily with the picture, and ſees the piſtol preſented at him.*

SPUNGE. Holloa! — what are you about? — I'm

I'm frightened enough already; for the recollection, that the receiver of ſtolen goods was as bad as the thief, has ſo terrified me——[*Elinor looks at the picture with aſtoniſhment.*]

Edw. [*Aſide to Spunge.*] Fool! blockhead!—did n't I charge you not to let my ſiſter ſee the picture? begone—take it to my chamber—[*Elinor ſtops Spunge.*]—let him paſs, Elinor.

Elinor. [*Holding him, and looking at the picture.*] No—not till I am ſatisfied—it is! it is my father's portrait! and you got it—

Spunge. From Woodland Grove.

Elinor. Heavens!—is he in England, then?—have you ſeen him?

Edw. [*Collaring Spunge.*] Liar!—you know I bought it—did n't I purchaſe it of a Mr.—Mr. Talbot?

Spunge. You did—I'll take my oath you bought it of Mr. Talbot; and as to ſtealing it from Young Woodland—[*Sir Edward preſents a piſtol at him.*]—don't—don't waſte powder upon me!

Edw. Begone!—no reply—leave the room this inſtant. [*Spunge exit.*]

Elinor. 'Tis too plain—the ſtory is divulged, and he'll deſert me—I ſee by his looks he will deſert me—oh, brother! [*Falling at his feet.*]—I'm not deſerving of your pity: but I've no other friend or relation upon earth; and if you caſt me from you—Can you—can you forgive me?

Edw. What do you weep for, Elinor?—you don't ſee me ſo childiſh—no—I'm more manly—more—[*Weeps.*]—oh, my poor ſiſter! [*Falls on her neck.*]

Elinor. He weeps!—he pities me!

EDW. My heart bleeds for you—pity is ſo mingled with affection, that I love you more than ever—but why do I ſtand blubbering here, whilſt the wretch lives?—I'll load my piſtols—I'll take ſuch cool aim!—oh! your tears ſhall be revenged.

ELINOR. Hold—conſider your youth—you are only a boy——

EDW. A boy! 'Slife!—I'm more of a man than he is—would I have taken advantage of a woman in my power!—would I have ſaved an innocent girl's life, only to make it a burthen to her?—oh! if this is being a man,—if this be arriving at years of diſcretion,—may I remain a boy—a weak inexperienced boy, as long as I live!

ELINOR. Well! but for my ſake—if the ſtory be made public, I ſhall be diſgraced, expoſed—

EDW. Ay: there it is—I muſt e'en gulp down my reſentment, and be a philoſopher.—Come—to-morrow we'll ſet off for Yorkſhire; and if you never meet this falſe, betraying—I ſhould hit him—I know I ſhould hit him.

ELINOR. If we ſhould meet, he'll hardly recollect me—his own conduct has ſo impaired my health, that I'm quite an altered woman ſince he ſaw me—beſides, I can ſo change my dreſs——

Enter WILLIAM.

WILLIAM. Sir, dinner's on the table.

EDW. Very well! Come, Elinor—the dark tale ſhall die with you, and a brother's attention atone for a lover's falſehood!

ELINOR. Ah! if our parents had been living—

EDW.

EDW. They would have acted as I have done — protected, not deserted — reclaimed, not exposed: — and by the fostering hand of a parent, many an unfortunate victim, that is now reduced to shame and desperation, might have been restored to happiness and honour. — [*Spunge peeps in.*] — Come you, Mr. receiver of *stolen goods* — why, what are you afraid of?—come and drown your cares in wine.

SPUNGE. What wine? Burgundy?

EDW. Ay! in Burgundy.—"Come, jolly Bacchus, &c." — [*Exit with Elinor.*]

SPUNGE. Drown my cares in Burgundy! — ha! ha! we swim again — I'm an independent man — from this hour, I'll be expensive — grateful — hospitable — Sir Edward's house to me is open, and I'll take care it shall be open house — I'll invite all those rich fingers that have lent me half guineas — all those poor actors that have sent me orders — and all those very poor members that have given me franks — oh! I'm an independent man! [*Exit.*

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*A View in the Sea-port Town.*

Enter WOODLAND *and* HARRY.

WOODLAND.

WELL! — what ſucceſs, Harry? — have you heard any thing of the picture?

HARRY. No, Sir— I can't find the picture any where; and I'm ſure it muſt have been taken away from ſome ſecret miſchievous motive.

WOOD. 'Sdeath! who can be ſo malignant? — ſo ——

HARRY. What do you think of your old friends Mr. and Mrs. Scatter! — wouldn't they commit any mean action to torment and diſtreſs you? — but cheer up, Sir — here's a kind letter from your father.

WOOD. How! does he relent? — does he recal me, Harry? — [*reads.*]

" Sir,

" When you reflect on your own conduct, you " cannot condemn mine. — Your profligate beha- " viour at Marſeilles — your refuſal of the wife I " ſelected for you — and, above all, your continued " inſolence to Mrs. Scatter, to that moſt amiable " woman — are ſufficient motives for bidding you " quit my houſe; — but to ſhew you I ſtill take

" an intereſt in your welfare, encloſed is a bill for
" three hundred pounds; and if you conduct your-
" ſelf with propriety, you ſhall never want ſupport
" from your

" Neglected father!"

HARRY. There, Sir!—oh!—one day or other the old gentleman will find out Mrs. Scatter's real character, and then—but ſomebody's coming!—I'll proceed in my ſearch of the picture.

WOOD. Do, Harry, and ſpare no pains to recover it. [*Harry exit.*] Yes: they have triumphed! and I could yield up the fortune without complaining; but to loſe the affections of a father, that, ſpite of his unkindneſs, I ſtill honour and revere!—and to ſee him duped!—perhaps ruined—beggared!—'sdeath! I can't bear the thought of it—I'll return and warn him!—No—no—though his doors are open to Mr. Scatter, they are ſhut againſt me. At the interceſſion of this amiable woman, his crimes are forgotten; and I've for ever loſt the kindeſt parent and the beſt of friends!—

Enter SCATTER *and* SIR EDWARD BLOOMLY.

SCAT. I tell you, my wife inſiſts on coming to play caſſino with you—Nay, nay, we have known one another a long time.

EDW. We have: and therefore we wont't play at caſſino for a long time. Woodland here! Scoundrel!—what can he want!—I ſuppoſe he has miſſed the picture, and comes—well—let him—I'd rather he'd pick a quarrel—I ſhould like juſt to—[*Clenches his fiſt—Wood'and turns round.*]—ah, Woodland!—How d'ye do, Woodland?

WOOD. My friend! [*ſhaking hands with Edward.*]

EDW.

EDW. I griped him—I ſqueezed him hard, however.

SCAT. [*to Woodland.*] So, Sir — I underſtand it has been kindly whiſpered that I and my wife have purloined a favourite picture from you — did you ever hear any thing ſo ſcurrilous or contemptible?— [*to Edward.*] — as if a gentleman would thieve an old trumpery piece of canvas!

EDW. Very true — as if a gentleman would thieve an old trumpery piece of canvas — and particularly you, whoſe time is ſo much better employed in playing caſſino — why I ſhould n't be ſurpriſed if he accuſed me next.

SCAT. Oh, no — he won't accuſe you — he's too fond of your ſiſter, as he calls her.

EDW. My ſiſter!

SCAT. Ay; do you know he had the impudence laſt night to give Miſs Bloomly for a toaſt.

WOOD. Have a care, Sir; or you'll again enrage me —

EDW. Speak on, Sir — what Miſs Bloomly?

SCAT. Ay: that was my queſtion — "what "Miſs Bloomly?" ſays I — "Sir Edward's ſiſ-"ter," ſays he — "Oh ho!" ſays I—"you'd make "my wife drink a kept miſtreſs, would you?" — ay — ay — I knew the ſtory of the farm-houſe — ſo I explained it to his father; and the old gentleman very properly reſented the inſult by ſhewing him out of the room.

EDW. Is this true, Woodland?

WOOD. It is: and to you I've to apologize, for naming a ſiſter whom I have not the honour of knowing — but for him — mark me, Sir — [*taking Scatter aſide*] — though a ſtranger to Miſs Bloomly, regarding her for her brother's ſake, I am ready to vindicate her character in any way you pleaſe.

SCAT.

Scat. I dare say you are: and when I was as poor as you, I was as ready to fight as you — but now I'll fight no man that isn't my equal — that isn't heir to five thousand a year — and you — you are disinherited!

Edw. Disinherited, Woodland!

Wood. Even so — the dispute of last night confirmed my father's resentment; and my enemies have supplanted me in his fortune and affection. 'Sdeath! was it not enough to lose the object of my love, but I must also be deserted by my father? — Oh, Edward! I've now no friend but you! — and if you abandon me! — but you will not! — no — thank Heaven! — I have not injured you — farewell! we shall meet again.

Edw. Where are you going, Woodland?

Wood. In search of the picture; and whoe'er is the purloiner, [*looking at Scatter*] his punishment shall be exemplary. — Farewell! and pray entreat your sister to forgive me; for I don't know why, I feel such strong and brotherly affection towards her, that if I thought she were in danger ——

Edw. [*shaking hands with him.*] What — would you protect her, Woodland?

Wood. Ay: I would protect her with my life, Edward; and prove, that though I once felt gratification at reducing a woman to distress, I can still feel greater at relieving one from it! [*Exit.*]

Scat. Upon my word, I'm under great obligations to you and Miss Bloomly — that toast was the climax that completed his disgrace — kicked a mean fellow out of a hundred thousand pounds, and seated a gentleman in his place.

Edw. William! — my curricle directly.

[*William exit.*]

Scat. Your curricle! — why, where are you going?

Edw.

EDW. To Woodland grove — to reſtore Woodland to his father — to kick a mean fellow out of a hundred thouſand pounds, and ſeat a gentleman in his place.

SCAT. 'Sdeath! — are you mad? — Stay where you are, I inſiſt ——

EDW. No, Sir — Woodland is the laſt man on earth I would owe an obligation to; and when I compare him to you and Mrs. Caſſino —— Oh! his father wants inſtruction — ſo I'll go give the old gentleman a few leſſons.

SCAT. You give him leſſons! Hark'ye — if you utter one word againſt me or my wife — but pſha! — what am I afraid of? — a boy, an urchin, an half-finiſhed compoſition!

EDW. Half-finiſhed compoſition! — zounds! be cautious in your language, or elſe —

SCAT. Elſe, what?

EDW. Nothing—your age protects you.

SCAT. Age protects me!—why, you young jackanapes, I'm not —

EDW. Lord! I know what you're going to ſay —you're not thirty — what then? — you're of the Bond-ſtreet, the full-grown baby breed; and at twenty comes decrepitude — at thirty dotage — and at forty ſecond childhood. Oh! I'd fight a dozen of you!

SCAT. You fight!—I've a great mind to treat you as you deſerve — put you in my pocket, and drown you in the next puddle. — But go your ways — go meet the fate of Woodland — get turned out of doors for impertinence.—I have buſineſs elſewhere — ſo your ſervant, ſtripling.

Re-enter WILLIAM.

WILL. Sir! yonder is the curricle.

EDW.

EDW. So I see; — and, as usual, Mr. Spunge performing the office of coachman. — Well — his company may be useful. — I say, Mr. Scatter — in the words of Homer let me advise you — Homer! — nay, I beg pardon: — it's so long since you left school, that it's insulting you to talk learnedly to you.

SCAT. Insulting me!

EDW. Yes; boys are the only scholars: — indeed, we're the only clever fellows — and in love or in literature — at cards or at cricket — in short, from a battledore to a bullet, you'll find the young one is a match for the old ones! So farewell, most ancient, perfect, finished composition! [*Exit.*

SCAT. I defy him — my wife is a match for him, or the devil's in it; and the bank and estate are as certainly ours. — Oh! how I long to be in possession! — A man without money is nothing — if he's witty, nobody understands him — if he's impudent, he's turned out of society — but, backed by a hundred thousand — oh! impudence becomes pleasantry and wit — damme! people laugh at the jokes before they hear them. — Aye; only see me in possession — that's all — only see me in possession. [*Exit.*

An Apartment in Old Woodland's House — a Table and Chairs — Glass Doors in the flat — Backgammon board on the Table, and a Side-board, with Variety of Plate on it.

Enter Old WOODLAND *in his Night-gown, and* STELLA *with a bottle in her hand.*

WOOD. Thank ye, Stella — put down my physic — put down my bottle of medicine, and I'll go to-bed. [*She puts the bottle on the table — a wine glass is near it.*] There — good night.

STELLA. Good night, Sir! but, before I go, mayn't I once more intercede for your ſon?

Old WOOD. Go along with you — and, inſtead of talking about that libertine, go and imitate Mrs. Scatter — copy my ſhepherdeſs.

STELLA. Your ſhepherdeſs! — dear Sir, will you never ſee that you are impoſed upon? — why, 'tis but yeſterday I heard her tell my guardian, ſhe was glad the ſun ſhone ſo brightly, becauſe —

Old WOOD. Becauſe what now — heh?

STELLA. Becauſe doctor Fallible had told her, that a fortnight's hot weather would kill you to a certainty.

Old WOOD. Indeed! — now, that's a lie on the face on't; for the doctor knows it's no ſuch eaſy matter to kill me — no — no — he has preſcribed for me theſe twenty years; and yet here I am alive and merry, and not likely to ride in one of his carriages for ſome time.

STELLA. One of the doctor's carriages! — why, he keeps none — he always walks.

Old WOOD. I know it; but he takes care his patients ſhall ride in carriages; — apply to him, and you'll be in a hearſe in a fortnight — hearſes I call doctors' carriages — but go — go — I want to take my compoſing draught — good night. [Stella *exit.*] Ah Tom! Tom! [*ſitting down*] this is all owing to you — your undutiful behaviour has thrown me into ſuch an agitation, that I can't eat or ſleep without — [*takes the phyſic*] ſo — it muſt be wholeſome, it's ſo naſty — and now to-bed.

SPUNGE [*without.*] Follow me — I'm quite at home, Sir Edward. [Spunge *and* Sir Edward *enter.*]

Old WOOD. Heh! — who have we now?

SPUNGE. Here I am, Squire — better than my word, you ſee — not only come myſelf, but brought a friend

a friend along with me — Sir Edward, the ſquire — Squire, Sir Edward — mum! — aſk him to ſupper — he'll ſtay [*aſide to Old* Woodland]. You'll ſtay ſupper, won't you, Sir Edward?

Sir Edw. With the greateſt pleaſure, Sir — I came to give you a few leſſons — I'm told you know nothing of the world — and, as I know a great deal — *Experientia docet*, Sir.

Spunge [*at the table, pouring out a glaſs of phyſic.*] With all my heart. — *Experientia docet.* [*Drinks, and ſpits it out again.*] — ha! ha! damnation! — your wine's worſe than your butter!

Old Wood. That's juſtice — that will be a leſſon to you; and I wiſh it had been poiſon inſtead of phyſic — but look ye — hear me, you two marauders — inſtantly account for your coming to my houſe at this hour of night, or —

Edw. None of the angry boy, old gentleman — none of the angry boy, I beſeech you — in the firſt place, I underſtand you have deſerted your ſon, and adopted a female faro banker.

Old Wood. What! reflect on my ſhepherdeſs!

Edw. Shepherdeſs! — oh — aye — true — ſheep have always rooks about them! Come, that's very well.

Spunge. Bleſs you! he knows all about it — he goes halves.

Old Wood. [*aſide.*] I will. I'll go make out a warrant, and commit them both directly. — Gentlemen — I muſt keep them in the dark, leſt they eſcape — Gentlemen, I've conſidered what you've ſaid, and I'll go conſult with a friend.

Edw. Aye; I thought I ſhould correct you.

Old Wood. You have — and now I'll correct you [*aſide*] I'll ſoon return — in the mean time, as there are no cards in the houſe, will you amuſe

yourſelves with a game of backgammon? — your ſervant, Gentlemen. — They're two houſebreakers — father and ſon — and I'll have them both ſnug in the county gaol. [*Exit.*

SPUNGE. Bravo! he's gone to order ſupper — and now what ſay you? Shall we take his advice? play at backgammon?

EDW. No; don't degrade the box: if you muſt play, throw a generous main [*ſits down, and takes hold of the dice-box.*] Come, where's your ſtake?

SPUNGE [*in a melancholy tone.*] My ſtake!

EDW. What! you've no caſh? — well, never mind; we play on truſt

SPUNGE Don't — I hate truſt — lend me thoſe five guineas [*Takes them from Sir* Edward.] There — there's my guinea.

EDW. Seven's the main! — ſeven! — ha, ha! I win. Come, — your ſtake.

SPUNGE. Well, there — I'll be deſperate: there's another guinea.

EDW. Seven! — ha, ha! — nick. Come — again.

SPUNGE. No — never loſe more than two guineas at a time. Pocket the other three. [*aſide.*]

Enter Mrs. SCATTER.

Mrs. SCAT. Mercy on me! that wretch here again! you, too, Sir Edward! and gaming ſo near my uncle's chamber!

EDW. [*holding up the dice-box, and rattling it*] I ſay, Mrs. Scatter, don't you hear the glorious ſound? — don't the muſic thrill through every vein? — ſeven! [*throwing, and looking, and laughing at Mrs.* Scatter.]

Mrs. SCAT. For ſhame! you'll wake my uncle.

EDW. Come, you know you can't reſiſt; you may

may as well play at once. — Seven! you never loſe, you ſay [*ſtill ſhaking the box at her.*]

Mrs. Scat. I ſhould like to pigeon the young reprobate; my fingers itch for it; and if I thought my uncle wouldn't wake —

Edw. Spunge, I'll bet you five ſhe plays.

Spunge. Done. — I'll bet you five ſhe don't.

Mrs. Scat. Then I will play, on purpoſe that you may loſe. Come, give me the box; and, that we may make no noiſe, let us throw on a doiley. Oh, this is charming! — delicious! — there — there's all I have — ten guineas.

Edw. Very well. Seven! nick; ha, ha! I win.

Enter, from the Door in the flat, Old Woodland, *and two Servants.*

Old Wood. Softly; tread ſoftly. We'll ſteal upon them by ſurpriſe. Hallo! what's there! [*He pauſes, and obſerves behind.*]

Mrs. Scat. Was there ever ſuch luck? — I've no more caſh.

Edw. Hav'n't you? — Well — you've what's as good — as miſtreſs of this houſe, you are in poſſeſſion of jewels, plate — [*Looks at the ſide-board*] — there now — that ſilver cup — I'll ſet you twenty againſt that ſilver cup.

Mrs. Scat. Will you? — Oh, that's very kind of you. —

[*Goes to ſide-board and brings away the ſilver cup.*

Old Wood. Very kind, upon my ſoul. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Scat. Now for it — here it is. —

[*Putting the cup on the table.*

Edw. I ſay — if the 'ſquire was to ſee us playing at hazard for his own plate!

Mrs. Scat. Never mind — now I've once begun,

gun, I'd ſooner loſe all the furniture in the houſe than leave off: — here — I'll throw this time — [*Takes the box*] — Five's the main, and at all in the ring. [*As ſhe raiſes her arm to throw, Old* Woodland *lays hold of it.— She lets the box fall.*

EDW. Ha! ha! — look at the ſhepherdeſs now!

SPUNGE. Ha! ha! — natural enough.

EDW. [*Picking up the dice-box.*] Look at her Arcadian crook.— Oh! I ſaid the young one would be a match for the old ones.

SPUNGE. Why, 'Squire, you juſt came in time.

Old WOOD. So it ſeems — if I had ſtaid ten minutes longer, I ſhould have loſt the coat off my back.— Oh, I ſee it all — I've been a credulous old fool, and you, Madam ——

Mrs. SCAT. Nay, uncle, it was no fault of mine — I was decoyed by that young hypocrite —

Old WOOD. Decoyed by a boy! — more ſhame for you; and if you have no better excuſe, prepare to quit my houſe directly — and your huſband — take your fond ſhepherd along with you.— I've been too long a dupe to your arts; but henceforth I'll behave as a father ought to do — I'll be a friend to my ſon, and an enemy to all Burgundy-drinkers and faro-bankers.

EDW. Well ſaid! — I knew my leſſons would improve you — you're a fine boy; and in time I ſhall make a man of you — but for you, Mrs. Scatter — Ha! ha! — why what a ſap you muſt be! — at your time of life to be beat by an urchin, a child, a half-finiſhed compoſition! — Upon my word, you and your fond ſhepherd are the two greateſt flats I ever met with.

Mrs. SCAT. For ſhame! What right has a boy to affect manhood?

EDW. A better right than a woman has to affect manhood.

manhood. Which is beſt qualified to rattle a dice-box — a boy or a woman? — Oh, man! man! — you'd better look about you! for if children grow ſo experienced, and women ſo maſculine, you'll certainly meet your deſerts — be deemed a ſuperfluity, and ſhoved out of the creation! — but ſee — yonder's Mr. Scatter — go, go, and conſole the old gentleman.

Mrs. Scat. I will: and he ſhall reſent my injuries.— Don't fancy I'm mortified or vexed, or — no — I'm quite content — quite content! quite happy! Oh! oh! oh! [*Burſts into tears.*] — I'll be revenged, you may depend on't. [*Exit.*

Spunge. Hallo! — won't you take a back hand for ſome ſilver ſpoons?

Old Wood. And now, my little ſchoolmaſter, how ſhall I thank you? to open my eyes — reſtore my ſon to me — inſtruct — adviſe! — Why, if you grow wiſer as you grow older, Solomon will be a Cymon to you — but come — let's ſend for Tom, and all ſit down to ſupper together.

Spunge. So we will — get better wine, though, damme! — get better wine — treat the little hero like a gentleman. — Come along — is n't he a noble youth?

Old Wood. He is — only, he'll excuſe me — were I a boy like him, I wouldn't be ſo fond of playing hazard and faro.

Edw. And were I a magiſtrate like you, there ſhould be no hazard or faro at all: — i'd enforce the law, and not commit one poor culprit for decoying game, till I had deſtroyed all thoſe rich ones, who enſnare unſuſpecting youth, and annihilate domeſtic happineſs.

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

ACT V.

SCENE — *A Street in the Town, and View of the Sea.*

Enter Sir EDWARD BLOOMLY.

EDWARD.

SO — I've only to blot the ſtory from my memory — I've taken leave of Woodland; and he and Elinor will never meet again.

Enter SPUNGE *in a travelling great coat, cap, &c.*

EDW. What! you perſiſt in going to Yorkſhire, do you?

SPUNGE. Certainly — ſaid I'd ſtick to you — look — got on my travelling dreſs.

EDW. Your travelling dreſs! — I rather think it mine — I'll ſwear to this box great-coat.

SPUNGE. So it is — it is yours: — ha! ha! — miſtook it for my own. — Now it's on, I'll wear it for your ſake — come — hey for Yorkſhire! — this is what I like — jolly party — pleaſant journey, and travelling at other people's expenſe.

EDW. Natural enough: — pray, Spunge, how long is it ſince you paid for a dinner?

SPUNGE. How long! — let me ſee — oh — three years ago — remember it well — dined at the

Bedford — bill, fourteen ſhillings — I not one in my pocket.

EDW. Well! and what did you do?

SPUNGE. Borrowed a guinea of the landlord — paid my reckoning, and pocketed ſeven ſhillings by the dinner — that's the way to live cheap.

Enter STELLA. [*haſtily.*]

STELLA. Oh, gentlemen — if you have any pity, protect me from my guardian — I have juſt eſcaped from him — he is in purſuit of me; and if he ſhould overtake me ——

EDW. Your guardian! — what, Mr. Scatter?

STELLA. Yes — he ſays, now he has loſt Mr. Woodland's fortune, he has no hope but from mine; and though I ſome time ago accepted bills for twelve hundred pounds, which are now due and unpaid — yet he ſwears he'll ſhoot himſelf, if I don't ſign a bond for two thouſand more.

SPUNGE. Two thouſand pounds! — never heard of ſuch a ſum — don't believe there was ever ſuch a ſum.

STELLA. I ran out of the houſe; and now —

EDW. We'll protect you — but how to avoid your guardian? —

STELLA. Aye, there's the difficulty — I know he is in purſuit; and if he catches me — look — heavens! — there's Mrs. Scatter!

EDW. So there is — come this way.

SCATTER [*without.*] You take that road — I'll take this — ſhe can't eſcape then.

STELLA. There! it's all over — Oh, I'd rather live in a priſon, than with ſuch unfeeling, perſecuting ——

EDW. Live in a priſon! — faith! — that ſug-

geſts a thought — did'n't you ſay you had accepted notes that are unpaid?

STELLA. I did.

EDW. Then mind, Spunge, and do as I order you — muffle up your coat — flap your hat, and hold your handkerchief before your mouth, and keep cloſe to Stella — I'll try if I can't be a match for them a ſecond time.

[Spunge *and* Stella *go up the ſtage.*

Enter SCATTER.

SCAT. Plague on the girl! — in attempting to lay hold of her, I ſhall be laid hold of myſelf — every ſhabby fellow I meet, I think has a writ againſt me — Ha! — who's here? —— Oh, it's you, you little half-finiſhed compoſition, is it?

EDW. I ſay, how's the ſhepherdeſs?

SCAT. No more inſolence, or, by heaven —

EDW. You'll put me in your pocket, and drown me in the next puddle — come, now — I'll make you amends — I will! — I'll ſhew you what you're looking for.

SCAT. You!

EDW. Aye: I'll tell you where your ward is — look — [*pointing her out to him*] — isn't that friendly?

SCAT. It is indeed — and thus I ſeize her —— Zounds! — what ill-looking fellow's that? —

[*ſeeing* Spunge.

EDW. Come here — don't you know him?

SCAT. No — who is he?

EDW. A bailiff.

SCAT. A bailiff!

EDW. Yes: — he has arreſted her for twelve hundred pounds, and has a writ againſt you.

SCAT.

SCAT. The devil! — I'm off —— yet hold — if I loſe my ward —

EDW. Loſe her! — why ſhe's ſafe enough, isn't ſhe? — She's not going to Gretna Green with a lover — no — ſhe's going to a ſpunging-houſe with a bailiff.

SCAT. True: and there I have her ſnug under lock and key — why, what an amazing clever little fellow you are!

EDW. What! — you've found it out, have you? — why, your wife found it out laſt night — [*Enter Mrs.* SCATTER] — didn't you, ſhepherdeſs?

Mrs. SCAT. Stand out of the way, Sir — I'm in ſearch of — Ha! have I recovered you, Miſs Stella?

[*Laying hold of* Stella.

SCAT. [*taking Mrs.* Scatter *aſide*] Be quiet — don't you ſee that fellow? — he's a bailiff — has arreſted her, and got a writ againſt me — let him take her to his houſe — ſhe'll be ſafe enough there —— you underſtand.

Mrs. SCAT. I do — paſs on, Sir — [*to* Spunge] — I beg I mayn't interrupt you.

[Spunge *bows reſpectfully.*

SCAT. Civil fellow! — he ſees, and don't moleſt me — I muſt reward him for his tenderneſs — here — give him theſe two guineas — they're the laſt of the family: — but —

Mrs. SCAT. Sir! —

[*to* Spunge, *offering him the two guineas.*

SPUNGE. [*Snatching them from her*] Natural enough. [*Exit with* Stella.

SCAT. What was it he ſaid?

EDW. He ſaid it was quite enough — Ha! ha! he! he!

SCAT. Why, what are you laughing at?

EDW. I was laughing at your calling me a cle-

ver little fellow — ha! ha! — I am one, that's the truth on't — he! he! — I ſay, Mr. Scatter — ſhe's ſafe enough now. [*Exit.*

Scat. Yes — yes — ſhe's out of danger; and that I may be ſafe too, let's get out of the way as faſt as we can — Come — in an hour you ſhall wait upon Stella—

Mrs. Scat. Ah! I'm afraid it's too late — our diſtreſſes are paſt redemption; but never mind — we're uſed to them — and after all, when you think of the trouble of paying and receiving money — the fatigue of keeping accounts —

Scat. Very true: and then, when you think of the comfort of never dining without hearing duns ſerenading in the hall — never ſleeping without knowing that there are bailiffs to protect our property from fire and robbery — why, when you think of theſe luxuries, Kitty, money — money is a more troubleſome commodity than you imagine.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE — *A Wood.*

Enter Sir Edward *and* Stella.

Edw. Yes, yes: I thought you would be ſafer under my protection; therefore I ordered Mr. Spunge to accompany my ſiſter — they are already ſet off, and now we'll follow.

Stella. Sir Edward, what is the matter with Elinor? — when I ſpoke to her in the poſt-chaiſe, ſhe ſeemed much dejected; and when by accident I mentioned the name of Woodland, ſhe was ſo agitated —

Edw. Indeed! — I'm glad ſhe's gone then — ſhe will never ſee him more.

Enter

Enter WILLIAM *haſtily.*

WILLIAM. Oh, Sir Edward — ſuch a misfortune — your ſiſter —

EDW. My ſiſter!

WILLIAM. Paſſing by Mr. Woodland's park-gate, the carriage broke down, and —

EDW. How! — is ſhe hurt?

WILLIAM. No — but Mr. Woodland's ſervants coming to our aſſiſtance, and ſeeing the picture — my old maſter's portrait in the carriage, they ſaid — indeed, Sir — I cannot ſpeak it.

EDW. What did they ſay, Sir?

WILLIAM. They ſaid, the thief is found — charged my miſtreſs with the robbery; and, notwithſtanding we told them ſhe was your ſiſter, they ſeized her and her companion as common malefactors, and carried them before the magiſtrate.

EDW. What magiſtrate?

WILLIAM. Old Mr. Woodland, Sir.

EDW. 'Tis falſe —'tis impoſſible!

WILLIAM. 'Tis too true: and if you don't go directly, Sir —

EDW. Oh — if I forgive him this — Stella, this faithful ſervant will take care of you till I return — treated as a thief! — a malefactor, and by the man who betrayed — who — I can't ſupport it — I feel I am a boy, and unequal to bear up againſt ſuch complicated evils — but I forget my ſiſter — follow me — I'm a man again. [*Exeunt.*

An Apartment in Old WOODLAND'*s Houſe.*

Old WOODLAND *diſcovered ſitting in his armed Chair — Clock and Table before him — on one Side Young* WOODLAND *and two Servants, on the other,* ELINOR, SPUNGE, *and two Conſtables* — ELINOR

— ELINOR *is veiled, and one of the Servants holds the Picture.*

Old WOOD. Silence! — the magiſtrate ſpeaks — You, Tom, ſwear that the picture belonged to you?

Young WOOD. I do, Sir.

Old WOOD. And you both ſwear [*to ſervants*] that you found the picture in the priſoner's poſſeſſion?

SERVANTS. We do, Sir.

Old WOOD. Then bring them forward: let me have a look at them. [Elinor *and* Spunge *are brought forward, ſhe veiled, and he in a travelling dreſs.*] Firſt, who are you, Sir?

SPUNGE. Oh, Squire! don't you know me?

Old WOOD. Know you!

SPUNGE. Supt with you laſt night — drank tea with you the day before — and meant to dine with you to-morrow!

Old WOOD. What! it's come home to you, is it? Oh, this is an old offender. Make out a warrant for him directly.

SPUNGE. An old offender! Lord! lord! when I lived at other people's expenſe, little did I dream of being hanged for it! — but if you puniſh me, pray ſpare her — pray ſpare Sir Edward's ſiſter.

Young WOOD. Sir Edward's ſiſter! Sir, not for the value of the picture do I ſuſpect them of purloining it; but from ſome ſecret, ſome vindictive motive: and [*to Old* Woodland] ſince they perſiſt in uſing and degrading an innocent lady's name, I beg they may both be committed inſtantly.

Sir EDW. [*without.*] Where is ſhe? where is my ſiſter?

SPUNGE. A reprieve! a reprieve!

Sir EDW. [*who enters.*] Does Woodland know you, Elinor? [*taking her aſide.*]

ELINOR. No. [*Aſide.*]

EDW.

Edw. So, pupil! [*to Old* W.] much good my leſſons have done you — but I hav'n't time to finiſh your education — ſo, to ſchool! to ſchool, at once.

Old Wood. I go to ſchool?

Edw. To be ſure.

Spunge. Aye, go to ſchool. — Adieu.

Young Wood. [*ſtopping him*] Hold, Sir — where are you going?

Spunge. What's that to you, Sir?

Edw. Aye; what's that to you, Sir?

Young Wood. Edward, think me not ungrateful: but I have ſet ſuch a value on that picture — my hopes and fears are ſo involved in it — that I muſt beg your ſiſter to inform me, by what ſtrange means it came in her poſſeſſion.

Edw. She ſhall not anſwer you.

Young Wood. Not anſwer me!

Edw. No — ſhall not. Let that ſuffice, Sir.

Young Wood. Have a care — on any other ſubject I could bear much with patience: but on this — not e'en from you —

Edw. What! it galls you, does it?

Young Wood. You know it does. If ſhe came fairly by the picture, there is no harm in anſwering the queſtion — but if ſhe purloined it — no matter what the motive — were ſhe my ſiſter — and being yours, I do eſteem her as my own — I would not — nor I could not ſhew her mercy.

Edw. Indeed! [*Ironically.*]

Young Wood. No — the law muſt take its courſe.

Old Wood. To be ſure it muſt — and is juſtice to be delayed, becauſe ſhe's your ſiſter? — No; my young ſchoolmaſter — the priſoners are found guilty.

Edw.

EDW. Priſoners, Sir!

Old WOOD. Aye, priſoners. They are convicted on the evidence of my ſon and my ſervants; and were they the firſt people in the land, it is my duty, as an honeſt magiſtrate, to ſend them to priſon: therefore away with them.

EDW. [*To conſtables who are ſeizing* Elinor.] Let her go! the firſt man that touches her, dies. Hear me, Sir! hear me, you —— [*taking Young* Woodland *aſide.*]

Young WOOD. Well, Sir.

EDW. You remember that you ſtole that picture.

Young WOOD. Stole it!

EDW. Aye, ſtole it from a lady in France, Sir! —there's an act of robbery! — then you've ſworn it is your own — there's an act of perjury! — then you would take away an innocent girl's life — there's an act of murder — therefore let her go — let her purſue her journey; or the rope you deſign for their necks ſhall be twiſted round your own — I'll expoſe you — I'll expoſe you, Mr. Woodland!

Young WOOD. Hold your licentious tongue — isn't ſhe próved guilty of the theft?

EDW. Theft! well, if ſhe is — is ſhe to ſuffer for purloining a piece of canvaſs, and you go unpuniſhed for ſtealing the deareſt jewels in a woman's poſſeſſion—honour, innocence, happineſs?—is that law — is that juſtice? Look ye, Sir [*to Old* Woodland] — if you are the honeſt magiſtrate you deſcribe yourſelf, let him be committed. I accuſe him of the very robbery with which he charges her.

Old WOOD. Him! — whom?

EDW. Him — that ſcoundrel!

Young WOOD. Scoundrel!

EDW. As I wiſh to ſhew I've ſtill ſome friendſhip

ſhip for you, I wiſh to ſave you from an ignominious death. Come — follow me, and I'll be your executioner.

Old Wood. You! — why, you young profligate, you would not fight a man, would you?

Edw. No— and yet I would fight him. Come, Sir! will you come? [*beckoning Young* Woodland *to follow him.*]

Young Wood. Lead on, Sir — yet ſtay — 'tis in a ſiſter's cauſe, and he is young and headſtrong. I forgive you, Edward, I forgive you.

Edw. That wo'n t do — we'll have no boys' play now [Elinor *appeals to Sir* Edward] — nay Elinor, when you were wronged before, I wasn't near to protect you, but now — come out, Sir! what, afraid, are you — then ſomebody lend me a cane, and I'll convince him I'm old enough to chaſtiſe a coward.

Young Wood. Coward! — thus, then [*ruſhing to ſeize* Edward] — follow me, Sir, — follow me.

Elinor. Oh, my brother, do not terrify me — [*Young* Woodland *breaks from his father*, Elinor *ſtops him*] let me entreat you, Sir [*he croſſes her, ſhe holds him*] — nay then — if miſs Bloomly cannot detain you, perhaps Elinor Campbell can! — look! — *ſhe throws up her veil,* Woodland *is aſtoniſhed.*] Oh, Woodland! if you've any pity, do not deprive me of the only conſolation you have left me — ſpare but my brother, and I will kneel! — I will bleſs you!

Young Wood. Her brother! — the ſiſter of my friend! — and I — Oh, villain! — villain!

Edw. Ay, look at the man now! — you call me profligate, Sir [*to Old* Woodland.] — no wonder if I am one, for when men ſet ſuch opprobious examples, is it ſtrange that boys grow up to infamy and ruin?

Old Wood. I ſee it all — this is the lady he betrayed in France.

Edw. It is, Sir: and I conveyed away the picture to keep the ſtory ſecret: but ſince it is divulged — will you fight, Mr. Woodland? If you've one remaining ſpark of friendſhip for him you have ſo injured, do pray — pray fight me. Scoundrel! — I ſhould hit him — oh! — I know I ſhould hit him.

Old Wood. Oh, Tom! Tom! — you're no ſon of mine — and if your mother were alive I'd tell her ſo to her face. Sir, — [*to* Edward] can an unhappy old father make you any amends?

Edw. None. Come, Elinor.

Young Wood. Stay — I only aſk before we part for ever, that lady may be witneſs to my love and my remorſe! — that I have wronged her my breaking heart can witneſs — for, from the day my uncle tore me from her — Oh! but for him, I had not known theſe agonies!

Old Wood. Pſha! — it's too late now — what motive had you for accuſing her?

Young Wood. Love! — I thought that it might lead to a diſcovery of all I held moſt dear, and it has! — I ſee her now before me! — I once again behold her! — yet in a moment I muſt loſe them! — for ever loſe all that I prize in friendſhip and in love! — Oh, Edward! — you uſed to call me brother!

Edw. Come away, Elinor — I don't half like it — I begin to be boyiſh again. — He has uſed us both ſhamefully, and yet —— bleſs me! — how miſerable he looks! — poor fellow! — I don't think he'll live long! — If you've any thing to ſay, Elinor — Why don't you ſpeak? — don't ſtand ſhaking here, but ſpeak out.

Elinor.

ELINOR. I have nothing to ſay — only if his uncle cauſed our ſeparation ——

EDW. He did: and therefore——Sir!—Woodland!

Young WOOD. My friend!

EDW. I did not ſpeak, Sir — it was my ſiſter.

Old WOOD. Come—come—I ſee you're half inclined to forgive him, and ſo am I — and if you will but make me father of ſuch a daughter, Tom ſhall have one-half of my eſtate now, and the other at my death;—and it isn't far off; for if the match takes place, I ſhall die with joy!—Will you — will you conſent?

SPUNGE. Do—love a wedding!—leads to at leaſt one jolly party.

EDW. Well: ſince it muſt be ſo —— there, Woodland — we are brothers in reality.

Old WOOD. Here! — order dinner — egad! we'll have a day of it.

SPUNGE. A day! we'll have a year of it! — Spread a table — lay a hundred covers — ſend to London for turtle, turbot, fidlers, ſingers, and Burgundy. Don't you trouble yourſelf—[*to Old* Woodland]—henceforward I'll be maſter of this houſe!

Old WOOD. Egad! — I believe yours is the beſt mode of living cheap after all — other people only ſave by retail ——

SPUNGE. And I by wholeſale! — what ſignifies ſaving and ſtinting yourſelf at home?—never have any home at all — live on the flats — they are always glad enough of your company.

Old WOOD. Are they?

SPUNGE. To be ſure — man and wife — Mr. and Mrs. Woodland for inſtance — after the honey-moon, glad when a friend pops in to in-

terrupt the tête-à-tête—"My dear, I am ſo diſtrè" —"and I ſo annoyed—aw! aw!"—[*yawning*]—in I come—as I ſhall often—very—very often.—"Ah, Spunge! glad to ſee you, Spunge!—ſtay and eat mutton, my honeſt fellow!"—they devour my diſcourſe—I devour their dinner—all parties are pleaſed;—and there's the true mode of living cheap.

EDW. Well: for your kindneſs to my ſiſter, the more you honour me with your company, the happier you'll make me—this is your reward!—Elinor is your's, Woodland; and you—[*to Old* Woodland]—in getting rid of two impoſtors, are made happy.—But what will be my fate?—I aſk not reward—I only hope to eſcape puniſhment.

If I have been too forward and too bold,
Conſider, I may mend before I'm old;
But man or boy, believe me this is true—
My chief, ſole pleaſure is—in pleaſing you!

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

Written by JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

SPOKEN by Miss De CAMP.

WELL! how d'ye like the way of living cheap?—
What others ſow with care with eaſe to reap.
Our friendly Bard has ſhewn you all the way
To ſhare in ev'ry thing, yet nothing pay.
This Spunge is really an ingenious man—
Yet he but practices a modiſh plan;
Yes—he but repreſents a num'rous kind—
For ev'ry family its Spunge may find.
What are to them the burthens of the ſtate!
Let grov'ling induſtry ſuſtain the weight.
What is to them the mean parochial tax,
Who bear, like ſnails, their manſions on their backs
Should tradeſmen clamour, and ſhould writs aſſail,
The remedy's at hand—a friend muſt bail;
A friend, whoſe liberty is oft the price
That gives new ſcope to folly and to vice.
In ſhort, at once the ſhifting tribe to draw,
A race of robbers, not proſcrib'd by law.
Yet while our Bard would laſh theſe men of prey,
Who live by ſhuffling arts from day to day;
Who, merely for ſome manual calling made,
Pretend to genius, and diſdain a trade;
Ah! ne'er can he attempt, with wanton mirth,
To wound the man of real wit and worth;
To him, if fate the glitt'ring ore deny,
Wealth ſhould with gen'rous pride the want ſupply;
For he, allur'd by fancy's dazzling rays,
Like ſummer myriads by the ſolar blaze;
Like them, too, thoughtleſs of the winter's cold,
The while ſurrounding ſweets their charms unfold;
The world regarding as a tranſient toy,
And the true aim, the preſent to enjoy;

Fondly

Fondly relies on Fortune's future care,
And leaves the dull her laſting gifts to ſhare.
* " He gives the feſtive board its higheſt zeſt,
" Amid the pride of rank, a nobler gueſt.
" In his bright noon of life careſs'd by all,
" Till for new fav'rites Faſhion dooms his fall.
" A chequer'd fate his waning years endure,
" Rever'd, yet ſlighted, fam'd, and yet obſcure;
" At length diſtreſs o'erwhelms him, friendſhip flies,
" He droops unnotic'd, and forgotten dies!"
And now, ye moral cenſors, ſpare the play,
That ſtrives to rout the locuſts of the day.
So may the Spunges live no more on ſpoil,
But uſeful prove, and thrive by honeſt toil.

* The lines marked thus " were not ſpoken.

LIFE.

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

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PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

NATURE's a worn-out coat—her comic vein
Bards following bards have turn'd and turn'd again—
Can you expect it as bran new—as when
'Twas firſt cut out by Shakſpeare and Old Ben?
They had, in aid of their ſuperior art,
The nap of novelty on every part.
Would we a braggart paint, abſurd and vain,
We can but dreſs up Piſtol o'er again;
And change, like variations to old tunes,
His old flaſh'd breeches into pantaloons:
Or would we reſtleſs jealouſy attack,
Kitely's turn'd coat muſt fit a modern back.
Will you not therefore ſpare us, who, tho' loth,
Muſt cut our coat according to our cloth.
Full fifteen years has your reſponſive ſmile
And cheering roar repaid our author's toil.
Think what laborious pangs, what loſs of reſt
To furniſh out an annual crop of jeſt—
"If jeſt it can be call'd, which jeſt is none,"
Till your kind hands its dubious merits own.
But ſhould, perchance, one year of dreary dearth
To dullneſs turn our author's wiſh'd for mirth;
Tho' now condemn'd by your impartial laws,
His grateful homage own your paſt applauſe.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Harry Torpid,	Meſſrs. Lewis.
Gabriel Lackbrain,	Fawcett.
Primitive,	Munden.
Marchmont,	Murray.
Craftly,	Emery.
Clifford,	Farley.
Waiter,	Simmons.
William,	Curties.
Jenkins,	Atkins.
Jonathan,	Thompson.
James,	Abbot.
Servant,	Lee.

Mrs. Belford,	Miſs Chapman.
Roſa Marchmont,	Miſs Murray.
Mrs. Decoy,	Mrs. St. Ledger.
Betty,	Miſs Cox.

SCENE—*A Sea-Port Town, and the Neighbourhood.*

LIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Outside of* CRAFTLY'*s Library*; *View of the Town, the Sea, &c.*

Enter MARCHMONT (*with a Manuscript in his Hand*) *and* ROSA.

ROSA.

CHEER up, cheer up, my father! surely this should be a day of joy.

March. It should; but 'twill not be; I have out-toil'd my strength.

Rosa. You have. For ten long years the produce of your pen has been our sole support; and for these six months past the labour of the brain has been unceasing; night after night has been devoted to that one composition (*pointing to the manuscript in* MARCHMONT'*s hand*). But now the book is finished, and yonder lives the gentleman who by the purchase of it will recompence you amply. Look, there's the library; will not that revive you, father?

March. It will; for thence will come forth gold; and, oh! my child, you know too well how much we ſtand in need of it.

Roſa. I do indeed; and, if I dare adviſe, out of the little profit that produces, ſtore up a part, my father.

March. No; 'tis already all diſpoſed of—all devoted; and to the beſt of purpoſes—to make you happy, Roſa; to place you far above the frowns of fortune. There (*giving her a newſpaper*), read; read that advertiſement; 'tis of my inſerting.

Roſa (*reading*). "Wanted, as teacher to a "young perſon of the age of ſixteen, a lady who "will inſtruct her in muſic and drawing, on mo-"derate terms. Apply at the Priory, near Aſh-"down."—How! this for me, my father?

March. Yes; 'tis for you I have encountered ſuch unuſual toil. Think not that vanity's my motive: but conſider, child, my health's precarious; and when I am gone, what will become of thee?

Roſa. O! ceaſe, Sir, ceaſe to talk thus.

March. Nay, we are now prepared: for miſtreſs once of theſe fine arts, you may inſure a livelihood by inſtructing others: as tutoreſs, you may procure an honeſt, ample income; and your father—yes, my Roſa, death will loſe half its terrors at recollection that my child's provided for.

Roſa. Death!—oh! in pity, Sir—I can't exiſt without you—what, what will money yield me?—remember, when I've loſt you I am bereft of all that's dear to me on earth—I have no mother to—

March. Mother!—have a care!—have I not charged you on your life never to breathe that deadly, harrowing word?

Roſa,

Roſa. You have; but the occaſion called it forth; and 'tis indeed moſt hard that I'm to know no more, than that ſhe's in her grave. Oh! let me once again entreat you to impart her hiſtory; give me each circumſtance; or, if you will not tell me how ſhe lived, inform me how ſhe died.

March. (ſternly.) Well then, ſhe died of a broken heart.

Roſa. What! ſhe was wronged?

March. She was; by a villain, a moſt abandoned villain.

Roſa. Oh! may Heaven pour down its choiceſt vengeance—

March. (*laying hold of her hand.*) Hold! his puniſhment is equal to his crimes—'tis in his head! his heart!—it gnaws, it maddens, it conſumes him! —Fear not, my girl, I—I can anſwer for his ſufferings; hell knows no torments like them.

Roſa. What! you avenged her wrongs?—noble, virtuous man!

March. Virtuous!—death and ſhame!—Hear me, Roſa; hitherto I have commanded ſilence on this ſubject, now I implore it; if you've one ſpark of pity for your diſtracted father, never, never name your mother.—Virtuous!—oh! my child (*weeps, and lays his head on her neck*).

Roſa. Well, well, compoſe yourſelf: from this hour depend upon my ſilence.

Enter CRAFTLY *and* JENKINS, *from the Library.*

Craft. Come along, Jenkins; come from the crowd in the library, and I'll tell you ſuch a ſecret. —Heh! that ſcribbler Marchmont; what brings him here?

March. Mr. Craftly, may I entreat a word with you?—I muſt inform you, Sir, that hitherto I have maintained myſelf and this unequalled child, by what my publications have produced from men of your profeſſion in the capital.

Craft. Well, Sir, and what's this to me?

March. You ſhall hear, Sir. This day I have completed a new work, which, from the nature and locality of the ſubject, I offer firſt to you. It is a Satire on Extortioners; and is intended to expoſe that ſelfiſh, ravenous ſet, who, pirate-like, plunder each ſtranger that frequents our coaſt.

Craft. And you want me to buy it?—ha! ha! ha!—Do you hear him, Jenkins? he ſuppoſes I deal in books.

March. Why, don't you keep a library, Sir!

Craft. To be ſure I do; but there's every thing going forward in it but reading. Look, take a peep at them. One half of the company, you ſee, are making love, or talking ſcandal; and the other buying trinkets, or ſhaking the dice-box. Books indeed! why one would be enough for your frequenters of a watering-place; firſt, becauſe moſt of them never read at all; ſecondly, becauſe I doubt whether many of them can read; and thirdly, becauſe thoſe who do, ſo ſoon forget every line of the author, that one volume is a library to them.

March. Nay, Sir, but when you reflect on the tendency of the production—

Craft. Pſha; hang the tendency: write a panegyric on the glorious art of raffling, and then perhaps I'll talk to you. See! ſee how the flats bite! —all pulling out their caſh, all putting down their names:—that's the manuſcript, that's the real productive writing; and I'll bet, I get more by my evening raffles than ever bookſeller got by Milton

or Shakſpeare. Beſides, you are alive: if you want your book to ſell, you ſhould ſhoot yourſelf. An author never lives till he dies. So, to London —ſend your works back to London.

March. I will; for there (thank Heaven!) a library is ſtill the ſeat of ſtudy and of learning, and never yet was proſtituted to gaming and chicanery. —Come, Roſa, let us return to the Priory.

Craft. Take care, Sir; remember that Priory belongs to my ward, Gabriel; that the rent is ſmall, in conſideration of its ruinous ſtate; recollect there are arrears.

March. I know; but he's too liberal—

Craft. He! what has he to do with it? don't I turn him round my finger? So be on your guard, Sir; and inſtead of ſatirizing extortioners, extol raffling.

March. Never, Sir; for though my toil's inceſſant, and my gains ſmall, I will not profit by corrupting morals; and I would rather welcome beggary or famine, than pen a line to injure virtue, or degrade myſelf. Come, my child; we've been perhaps too ſanguine; but we will not deſpair.

[*Exit with* ROSA.

Craft. Inſolent gazetteer!—but I'll humble him; yes, yes, I've already laid a train for him. —And now for the ſecret; what new maſter-ſtroke do you think this clever little octavo (*pointing to his head*) has atchieved this morning? Mrs. Decoy, a widow of family and faſhion, firſt couſin to a baronet of ten thouſand a year, has conſented to marry Gabriel.

Jenk. What, your ward?

Craft. Aye: Mr. Primitive, his rich uncle in Jamaica, deſired me to ſelect a wife for him, and I've done it: the widow has conſented, and Ga-

briel is at this moment paying his firſt addreſſes to her.

Jenk. Impoſſible: a woman of family and expectations marry ſuch a ruſtic!

Craft. That's it—that's the very reaſon. She ſays ſhe is tired of town life, and town lovers; and therefore ſelects Gabriel, for his rural ſimplicity. But I don't care about the motive; ſhe's to give me twelve hundred pounds for my conſent, and a third of what Mr. Primitive ſettles on her into the bargain: now that's what I call a good morning's raffle.

Gabr. (*without.*) "Come, let us dance and "ſing—"

Craft. He comes, the enamoured ſwain appears. Now we ſhall hear how the courtſhip went on.

Enter GABRIEL, *ſinging.*

Gabr. "While all the village bells ſhall ring."—It's a match, guardy!—the great lady conſents: I'm a great man, you're another; and you ſhall be another, Jenkins.

Craft. Bravo! excellent!—What, and you like the thoughts of matrimony now?

Gabr. Hugely.—I thought at firſt it would lead to wrangling and quarrelling; but—he! he! he!—I find that's all a miſtake; for the moment we are united, that moment we are divided.

Craft. Divided!

Gabr. Yes: a huſband muſtn't ſit next to his wife at table, nor hand her out of a room, nor dance with her. In ſhort, he muſtn't be ſeen with her:—"So," ſays ſhe, "we can't quarrel if we don't "meet, you know."—"No," ſays I; "and, at "that rate, if a man wiſhes never to ſee a woman,

"ecod!

"ecod! he can't do better than marry her: ſo, ſend "for the parſon, become Mrs. Gabriel Lackbrain; "and then, you know, I bid you good-bye for life."

Craft. Well, and what did ſhe ſay then?

Gabr. Why, ſhe laughed, and talked of her accompliſhments; reminded me of her finiſhed education, and ſpoke a good deal of one Meters and one Taſio.

Craft. Pſha! it's the ſame perſon—Metaſtaſio. —Dolt! blockhead!

Gabr. Blockhead! how could I help it? didn't you bring me up among the mountains? And ſo, I told her—ſays I—"I know nothing of either of "theſe Roman warriors, and I don't ſee why I "ſhould: Latin won't teach me to ſow barley; or "Greek, to fatten a pig."—Says I, "I'm no ſo- "reigner; I can write and read my native lan- "guage; and I wiſh, with all my ſoul, your great "ſcholars could ſay the ſame."

Craft. You did, did you?—then ſhe laughed again, I ſuppoſe?

Gabr. She did, conſumedly. But, to conclude, ſhe told me, though ſhe preferred the country, I might viſit London; and that her couſin, the rich baronet, would introduce me to all the firſt circles. This, you may be ſure, won my heart; for I had always a buckiſh turn, you know. So we ſtruck the match; ſhe ſent for the clergyman—

Craft. Sent for the clergyman!—We'll go directly, and, by way of ſettlement, read the letter of Mr. Primitive. Odſheart! ſhe's the very woman he'd ſelect; ſo diſguſted with London! ſo devoted to the country!—Oh! ſhe'll have thouſand charms for him;—and, what's better, ſhe'll have more than twelve hundred for me (*aſide*).—So, come, you rogue, come and be married.

Gabr. Aye, the ſooner the merrier, I ſay; for I do ſo long to ſee the baronet, and viſit London: and when get I there, dang it, how I'll aſtoniſh theſe cocknies! I know they look upon us country-men, as a parcel of comeys and doeyes, that can only clap our hands upon our hearts and talk of conſcience, innocence, and nature: but they ſhan't wrong us in that manner; they ſhan't ſuppoſe us ſo much behindhand; for I'll convince them there's more love-making in our woods than in their ſquares; more drinking in our alehouſes than in their taverns; and for ſpeculating, and ſhaking a dice-box, you can ſatisfy them about that, you know, guardy.—But now for the great lady.—"Come, let us dance and ſing, &c."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Room in the Hotel.*

Enter CLIFFORD *and* WAITER.

Clif. You're ſure there's no ſuch perſon juſt arrived?

Wait. I'm ſure there's no lady in the houſe of that deſcription: but if ſuch a one ſhould arrive, you may depend on the earlieſt intelligence from the beſt of waiters in the beſt of hotels in the beſt of watering-places.

Clif. That's right; and here's an earneſt of my future bounty (*giving him money*). Be wary now, for my exiſtence depends upon recovering her. I came from London in purſuit of her, and ſhe certainly took this very road. But, in the mean time, lay the cloth in the dining-room (*opens door in back ſcene*).—Why, here's company.—(SIR HARRY TORPID

TORPID *discovered sitting in a Chair, with a Newspaper in his Hand, fast asleep. A Table close to him, with Wine and Glasses on it.*)

Wait. No, Sir, the gentleman's just going. He came here about two hours ago, intending to enjoy our sea-breezes for a fortnight; but, as usual, he is already tired, and will be off again in a moment.

Clif. Indeed!—Why, 'tis Sir Harry Torpid.

Wait. It is, Sir: and, between ourselves, I fancy he is a little tired of himself; for he bribes the postboys to drive like madmen till he gets to a place; and, when there, behold how it ends!—in snoring over a newspaper, whilst the same boys are preparing to drive him equally fast back again.

Clif. Yes, I've known him long; and the cause of all this is, his having nothing to do.—But he wakes; I'll talk to him; leave us.

[*Exit* WAITER.

Sir H. (*yawning and stretching out his arms.*) Aw! aw!—still in this infernal place! still alone! still—(*rises*)—Dâmnie! I'll be off. I'll try Tunbridge again: to be sure I've been there already twice this summer: however, anywhere but where I am. Here, waiter, a chaise and four again.

Clif. What, Sir Harry, have you forgotten—

Sir H. What, Jack! Jack Clifford!—my dear fellow, you're just come in time; I was reduced to the last extremity; had taken my after-dinner snooze, read the advertisements twice over; and, except paying the bill and wrangling with the waiter, hadn't a single hope on earth.—But now! sit down and finish the bottle, my boy.

Clif. Why, you're a strange creature, Sir Harry! but yesterday I saw you in Pall Mall.

Sir H. Yes, and very likely there you may see me again to-morrow. I'm sick to death of these sea-

ſea-port towns. One goes to the libraries, the card-rooms, and the tea-rooms; and nothing intereſts, nobody ſeems alive.—Upon my ſoul, Jack, if theſe ſea cormorants didn't continually compel me to put my hands in my pockets, I ſhouldn't know that I was alive myſelf. But you, what is your purſuit here?

Clif. The moſt tormenting one in the world—love, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Love! Oh, how I envy you! what would I give to be in love!

Cliff. Don't, don't think of it; it has made me miſerable.

Sir H. So much the better; that's what I want: and if I could but work myſelf into a moſt unhappy paſſion—no matter with whom—were ſhe ever ſo ugly or ill-tempered, it would ſtill anſwer my purpoſe.

Cliff. What! would a ſcolding wife anſwer your purpoſe?

Sir H. To be ſure: inſtead of ſitting alone in a coffee-room, picking my teeth, or yawning over a newſpaper; think of having a fine, active, cheerful companion, who will ſcowl at me, ſnarl at me, and ſet my whole ſoul in a delicious ferment!—then, Jack, after an hour of delightful quarrelling, what ſay you to the reconciliation, to the kiſſing and making up again?—And, to complete the charming fire-ſide, call to mind half a dozen little Sir Harries; think of their noiſe, their nurſing, their expence.—Oh! all this muſt produce agitation; and, were I as miſerable as you are, I ſhould be the happieſt dog in England.

Clif. Pſha! you know not what you talk of. Do you call it happineſs to loſe the object you are attached to?

Sir

Sir H. Loſe her!

Clif. Yes, that is my caſe. My aunt, Mrs. Clifford, lately brought with her, from Switzerland, a lady of the name of Belford. At firſt ſight I loved her; but, on declaring my affection, ſhe treated me with ſcorn: however, I perſiſted; and, aided by my aunt's entreaties, hoped for ſucceſs; when ſuddenly ſhe left the houſe, and fled I know not whither.

Sir H. What, and you purſued her?

Clif. Yes; but hitherto in vain: curſed chance! I can gain no tidings of her.

Sir H. All the better again: the purſuit, my boy, the purſuit is every thing; and I only wiſh ſomebody would run away from me.

Clif. 'Sdeath! this trifling is ridiculous: were I as weary of myſelf, would I not ſeek out ſome employment?

Sir H. I have; I've tried every thing; devoted half my life, and nearly all my fortune, to racing, hunting, drinking, gaming, volunteering; in ſhort, at the age of thirty, I've ſo outlived every enjoyment, that if I can't contrive to fall deſperately in love, that I may run after ſomebody—to be ſure, there's one other proſpect—my creditors grow ſo preſſing, that probably I ſhall have to run away from ſomebody; and then, you know, I'm comfortable; for, next to love, certainly debt is moſt likely to keep a man in hot water.

Enter WILLIAM.

Clif. Well, Sir, have you been more fortunate than your maſter? have you any news of the runaway?

Will.

Will. Yes, Sir; a lady, anſwering Mrs. Belford's deſcription, was ſeen this morning at a farm-houſe about eight miles off.

Clif. Indeed!—my hopes revive, and ſhe ſhall anſwer for her haughty conduct. Come, ſhew me the way.

Sir H. What, will you leave me alone, Jack?

Clif. You! why I thought you were going to Tunbridge.

Sir H. Yes; but I'd rather go with you. It will be luxury to the ſolitude of a poſt-chaiſe; and, beſides, who knows but this is the very woman I'm to fall in love with.

Clif. Have a care, Sir; croſs me in my paſſion, and—

Sir H. You'll blow my brains out?—There I defy you; for, if I thought I had any, I ſhould have done them that honour many years ago. But come now, a friend may be uſeful; you may want his advice, his aſſiſtance.

Clif. Well, I don't like to part with you; ſo allons.

Sir H. Allons: and now I ſtart fair again.—But hold, hold—all right and honourable, I hope?—One had better do nothing, than do badly: and, to fight againſt time, a man muſt ſleep of nights—aye, and of days too: ſo remember, Jack, you found me ſleeping; and don't, by drawing me into a bad action, deprive me of the beſt friend I have in the world. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Room at Mrs.* DECOY'*s.*

Enter MRS. DECOY *and* BETTY.

Mrs. D. Ha! ha! the day's our own:—they're ſnar'd, they're caught; and your ruin'd miſtreſs will once more roll in wealth and ſplendour.

Betty. She will, Madam; and all owing to your coming to this town on a matrimonial ſpeculation.

Mrs. D. Matrimonial ſpeculation indeed, Betty!—Yes, when a run of luck had reduced me to the laſt ſhilling, didn't I tell you I would go to a watering-place, and ſave myſelf by catching a golden calf?—And I've ſucceeded; and how?—ſimply, by telling Mr. Craftly I was heireſs to a rich baronet; devoted to retirement; and would give him twelve hundred pounds, and a third of what's ſettled on me, merely for his trouble in conſenting.

Betty. I know. But are you ſure of your huſband's wealth?

Mrs. D. Oh, there you may truſt me. His uncle, now in Jamaica, lately changed his name to Primitive, for a fortune of two hundred thouſand pounds; and, in conſequence of his daughter's death, adopted his nephew Gabriel, and appointed Mr. Craftly his guardian—and a rare guardian he is! While he is nightly picking up a few pounds at his library, here have I, at one throw, raffled myſelf into a proviſion for life.

Betty. You have, Ma'am; and I'm ſure Mr. Gabriel's a lucky man.

Mrs. D. That's more than I know: he's but the huſband of neceſſity: my couſin, my dear Sir Harry Torpid is the object of my choice.—But ſilence!

ſilence! here are the two Gabies: I muſt ſupport my character. [*Exit* BETTY.

Enter CRAFTLY *and* GABRIEL.

Craft. (*bowing all reſpect, &c.*) Madam, my ward has told me of your condeſcenſion; and though you laughed at him about Meters and Taſſo—

Gabr. Laughed at me! Lord help you! why Mrs. Decoy isn't ſingular there; and, if it wou'dn't make her jealous, I could tell her that all the women do the ſame:—yes, other young bucks may boaſt that the dear creatures ſmile upon them; but, icod! I never look them in the face that they ar'n't in an abſolute roar, he! he!

Craft. True; Gaby's an eternal ſource of good-humour. And now, if you've nothing further to propoſe—

Mrs. D. Nothing, Sir: only, to prevent the poſſibility of any miſunderſtanding, I hope Mr. Gabriel has no objections to ſeparate ſervants, ſeparate incomes,—in ſhort, a ſeparate eſtabliſhment?

Gabr. None at all, Ma'am: if you wiſh it, I'll ſign articles of ſeparation firſt, and marry you afterwards; I will, with all my heart and ſoul; that is, if Guardy approves, for I always obey him.

Craft. Good boy! and this marriage is a reward for your obedience. But now to read Mr. Primitive's letter, in lieu of ſettlement. Liſten, for 'tis moſt important.—(*Reads*) "Dear couſin "Craftly, Although I diſapprove of early mar- "riages, (having in the perſon of my unfortunate "daughter ſeen the fatal effects of them,) yet, as I "intend ſhortly to return to England, I beg you "will ſelect for Gabriel a wife of a quiet, retired "diſpoſition;

" diſpoſition; and if, after reſiding with them at the " cottage one twelvemonth, I approve of their con- " duct, I hereby pledge myſelf to ſettle on them " two thouſand a year during my life, and the bulk " of my fortune after my deceaſe."

Gabr. Bravo, nunky! Dang it, we ſhall be up to our chins in clover, Ma'am.

Craft. Stop; here's an awful proviſo.—(*Reads*) " But if, on the contrary, I find them unworthy " my eſteem, I ſhall not only revoke this promiſe, " but conſider myſelf at liberty to adopt whoever " I think proper. Paul Primitive."

Gabr. That awful! rot it, it's main hard if we can't keep worthy for a twelvemonth. Beſides, who elſe is he to adopt?

Craft. Who! why, the child of this unfortunate daughter he ſpeaks of. Though he deſerted her in conſequence of her marrying Marchmont, he was ſtill doatingly fond of her; and if Roſa ſhould throw herſelf in her grandfather's way—

Mrs. D. True; the ſight of her might revive ſenſations—

Craft. Never fear; I've been aware of all that; and Marchmont and his daughter ſhall be kept out of the way. There are arrears of rent—and neither of them ſhall ſee Mr. Primitive.—Mum!

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, the clergyman is this moment arrived.

Mrs. D. The clergyman! Lord! I'm ſo em- barraſſed:—ar'n't you, Mr. Gabriel?

Gabr. Why, I do feel ſomewhat flurried; but it's becauſe I'm not uſed to it; if I was like you, I ſhould not mind it. Lord bleſs you, I ſhall be

quite bold and comfortable the next time I marry. But come, firſt for the ceremony, then for the cottage.

Mrs. D. Ay, then for the cottage; and when we get there, I hope Mr. Craftly will recollect that we ſhall want ſeveral new and additional articles of furniture.

Craft. I know; and, as it will give me a conſequence in the town, I beg you'll ſo far indulge me, that whatever either of you want I may beſpeak of my own tradeſman in my own name.

Gabr. Icod, we'll indulge you; and to begin, beſpeak us a ſet of high horſes and low carriages.

Mrs. D. Ay; a daſhing curricle, and a gay ſociable.

Gabr. No, not that; becauſe, if we've a ſeparate eſtabliſhment, any thing ſociable will knock all up, you know. No, if we muſt travel together, we'll have ſuch a carriage as Mr. and Mrs. Jar have —a wide poſtchaiſe, with a fine thick partition between us; that's the way to prevent wrangling. But now for it; now for the clergyman; and then, Gaby, receive the reward of thy youth, thy beauty, and thy accompliſhed manners.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—*Outside of the Priory; distant View of the Sea; Garden Chair.*

Enter CLIFFORD *and* SIR HARRY TORPID, *hastily.*

Clif. Well, but I insist—listen—hear me, Sir Harry.

Sir H. I tell you I'm not Sir Harry—I'm another person—new born—just come into the world; and, till this moment, never was alive.

Clif. Nay, but what has occasioned it? is it because you've found the object I'm in search of?

Sir H. No; 'tis because I've found the object I'm in search of—the thing I've been looking for all my life—a woman—a lovely, agitating, tormenting woman. My dear fellow, give me joy; I'm as miserable as yourself.

Clif. Psha! I almost wish you were.

Sir H. Why I am—I tell you I am. But you shall hear whence my good fortune arose. After we had searched in vain for your runaway, I went to Craftly's library; and, as usual, was sitting in that listless, lifeless state, when yawning fill'd each pause the tooth-pick left; when (lucky chance!) I was awakened from my torpor by the voice of a distressed female: I looked up, and saw the most divine, fascinating, attracting little angel! tears were starting from her eyes; and, with supplicating

hands, ſhe was entreating that raſcal Craftly not to ſend her father to priſon.

Clif. What! and you became intereſted for her?

Sir H. Yes: how could I help it? She told him, he was a poor author; wrote for his bread; and if he arreſted him for the rent he owed, in his preſent infirm ſtate, he muſt periſh. At this, my heart, which had hitherto been a ſleeping partner, began bounding about like a tennis-ball; and at the ſame moment, before ſhe could raiſe her handkerchief to her eyes, one of her tears fell on my hand: I looked at it, and ſoon ſaw another—it was my own! the firſt I had ever ſhed. I hailed the ſight; and only curſed my unlucky ſtars, I had never before known the luxury of weeping.

Clif. Why, heyday! this is indeed a transformation!—And did you ſpeak to her?

Sir H. I did; and to that ſavage Craftly; but he was inexorable. On which, I fairly told her, I had nothing to do; my time was entirely on my hands; and if ſhe'd give me leave, I'd horſewhip him through the world. To this ſhe objected; and not daring to offer her money—and indeed the ſum I had in this little gentleman (*producing a pocket-book*) being too inſignificant to be uſeful—ſhe went away hopeleſs and diſconſolate. I inſtantly inquired all about her; and there ſhe lives, and here I'll live; and let her treat me with indifference, I ſhall ſtill be grateful.

Clif. What! if ſhe don't return your paſſion?

Sir H. To be ſure. She has made me a moſt unhappy, agitated being; and that's conferring an obligation I never can repay.

Clif. Pſha! I'll leave you to indulge your folly. And now, mark the difference between us: I have reſources within myſelf; and if I fail in obtaining

the object I'm in ſearch of, I ſhall fly to ſolitude for conſolation.

Sir H. Don't, Jack, don't think of it; I've tried it.

Clif. You tried ſolitude!

Sir H. Yes; it won't do at all. For once, when I found nothing elſe would anſwer, I went alone to a remote part of the Iſle of Wight, hired a ſort of hermitage, let my beard grow, and determined to dig my own grave, and howl if any body came near me. Well, I couldn't dreſs my meat, or make my bed, you know; ſo I was obliged to hire a kind of a laundreſs; and though ſhe was both old and ugly, ſo tired was I of myſelf, that the ſound of her feet was muſic to me, the ſight of her face tranſporting to me, and her converſation—Oh! I uſed to liſten to her infernal nonſenſe with ſuch rapture!—Ah! Jack, Jack, you may talk of Petrarch and other anchorets living alone; but it's all an impoſition; they never got on without a Laura, or ſome other ſnug thing in their hermitages, you may depend on't.

Clif. Well, you're incurable; ſo adieu. When I want you, I ſhall know where to find you.

Sir H. You will; for here I ſit for life (*ſitting in garden chair*). [*Exit* CLIFFORD. And, thank Heaven! now I can ſit ſtill a little; for hitherto I have been ſo confoundedly fidgetty, that, except when ſleeping, I could never bring myſelf to an anchor for two minutes together.—Gad! I wonder whether ſhe's got home: I ſuppoſe not; for I made ſo much haſte from the library.—(*Riſes, and gets behind a tree.*) No, ſhe comes! the lovely, agonizing angel comes!

Enter Rosa.

Rosa. My poor father! how shall I tell him that the interview has failed; that the unfeeling man rejects my supplications, and the reward of all his labours is a prison? Alas! I dread to impart it.

Sir H. (*advancing and bowing.*) Then let me do it for you, Ma'am.

Rosa. The gentleman who was so kind to me at the library!

Sir H. Yes, Ma'am; and who from this hour begs to be employed by you; who will go to London for letters for you, to India for muslins for you, to the north pole for furs for you.

Rosa. Sir, you're very good; but I cannot think of troubling—

Sir H. I like trouble, Ma'am; and if your father want assistance, if he want an amanuensis—to be sure I can't give him thoughts or jokes—but I'll copy for him till I'm as black in the face as his own ink, Ma'am.

Rosa. Sir, this kindness from a stranger, from one on whom we have no claim—

Sir H. You have the strongest claim, you gave me life, Ma'am; you found me in a state of apathy, inanity; but now! think of my enviable situation; instead of coffee-rooms, club-rooms, and card-rooms, I shall live in the open air, kneel all night under your window, and rend the sky with my despair and rapture!

Rosa. How! what mean you?

Sir H. Mean! that, doating as I do, I shall love every thing around you; reverence the woods that shade you, worship the winds that blow upon you, and idolize the little lap-dog that barks at you.

Rosa. Sir, I don't exactly understand you:—but my father expects me—good day.

Sir H. What! you cast me from you?—Well, no matter; you've done my business, and I'm equally obliged to you.

Rosa. Sir, the obligation is on my part: the interest you have shewn for a most unhappy parent deserves my warmest gratitude; and though, from our different situations, it is too probable we may never meet again, yet be assured, Sir, I shall often think of him, who, in the hour of affliction, mingled his tears with mine. Farewell, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sir H. (*taking out his handkerchief, and weeping.*) Farewell! Farewell!—I'm choaked with grief, and yet never was so happy in all my life.—But what shall I do? how employ myself to serve her?—Suppose I try to pay her father's debts?—Well, no bad beginning. But how? I've only these few notes (*taking out a small pocket-book*); and if I offer them, it may perhaps offend.—Distress—suppose—I have it—she's returning, she's coming this way; I'll drop it purposely that she may find it. My friend (*to the pocket-book*), I filled you to lay out in pleasure; half's already gone in taverns and in travelling, and you've procured me not one atom; but if the other half snatches a needy author from a prison, you will have done your duty nobly—yes, that will indeed give pleasure. But she comes (*drops the book*): I'll to the woods, and give a loose to sighs and tears, and happiness unequalled. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Rosa.

Rosa. Not there! my father not in the Priory!—where, where can he have gone? Surely they hav'n't already—(*treads on pocket-book*)—What's

this?—a pocket-book, and open, and bank notes! —Heavens! how came it here?—Oh! no doubt it belongs to the ſtranger; he has loſt it; dropt it by accident; and perhaps already feels diſtreſs from wanting it. Where ſhall I find him? for, after what has paſſed, it would be gratifying to make even this ſmall return. Ha! he comes—no, 'tis my father—and in ſuch haſte! and looking ſo diſordered!—

Enter MARCHMONT, *haſtily.*

Speak, ſpeak, Sir!—what has happened?

March. So—I have outrun—eſcaped them—Oh! (*faint and overcome.*)

Roſa. Merciful powers! how pale, how wan you look!

March. I have cauſe: for, even now, waiting in yonder path for your return, two men approached, and ſeized me. They ſaid, I was their priſoner, and for rent due from the Priory; and, what is moſt perplexing and myſterious, they offered inſtant freedom, provided I would ſail with you to ſome far-diſtant land. This ſtaggered and enraged me; I ſtruggled with them, and, in the conflict, I eſcaped. But, oh! my child, my feeble frame, already worn with labour and with ſorrow—your hand, your hand, ſweet girl.

Roſa (*leading him towards the chair*). Oh! is there no way to ſatisfy theſe moſt unfeeling men? the debt is but a trifle.

March. No; but, poor and friendleſs as I am, 'tis more than—ſoft!—aſſiſt me—I can go no further (*falls into the garden chair*).

Roſa. And muſt I ſee you periſh?—Oh, my father! live, for my ſake live! Conſider now our hopes

hopes are vaniſhed, and I left alone, no friend, no mother—Oh! pardon, pardon! I forgot, I forgot.

March. (*wildly.*) No mother, ſaid you?—and why, why, at this moment, is ſhe not here to ſuccour and conſole you?—But ſhe's revenged; for could ſhe ſee me thus reduced, thus on the eve of being torn from the ſole pledge of our affection—

Roſa (*flying into his arms*). You ſhall not; we will fall together.—(*Turns from him.*) Heavens! when money could reſtore him, is there no mode?—no.—Ha! what have I here? (*looking at the pocket-book, which has been all the time in her hand.*) Enough; more than ſufficient for the purpoſe.—Bleſſed ſight! I—I can ſave him (*going haſtily towards* MARCHMONT).—And yet—(*pauſes and recollects*)—what am I doing? this money is another's; and I muſt not—Oh! no, I dare not touch it.

March. Hark! they are coming!—Roſa, raiſe me; help, help me to avoid them. (*She tries to raiſe him, he falls back in the chair.*)—No, it will not be; I am their victim.

Roſa (*kneeling*). Oh! Thou who watcheſt over trembling innocence! inſtruct, direct me.—There, is a parent periſhing from ſickneſs and diſtreſs; here, is the remedy to ſave him. Am I, his child, to ſee him ſuffer on; or am I, by diſhoneſt means, to ſnatch him from the grave!—(MARCHMONT *ſighs, ſhe flies to him.*) My father, ſpeak—ſpeak to me, my father!

March. I do, I do.—(*Takes her hand.*) Ha! what agitates you? what makes you tremble thus?

Roſa. Guilt, father, guilt. I have the power to preſerve you—look, here is the money—but it is not mine, father, it is not mine.

March. Not yours!

Roſa. No; I found it—nay, worſe, I know whom it belongs to. Pity me—ſpare me—I could with joy lay down my life to ſerve you; but I cannot—no, not e'en to ſave a father, can I deſcend to actions robber-like and baſe.

March. What! this is your reſolution? (*riſes.*)

Roſa. It is: and do not blame me, Sir; I act but from the leſſon you have taught me. You bade me die, rather than live diſhonoured; and I've to thank you for the precept; for though the ſure reſult be fatal to us both, ſomething within aſſures me I am right, and that the father will applaud the child who welcomes death in preference to diſhonour.

March. (*runs and embraces her.*) Come to my arms—you have revived, reſtored me! Now I can meet impriſonment, or death; my daughter's virtue will atone for all.

Roſa. You can forgive me then?

March. More—I can worſhip you! and ſince returning ſtrength invigorates my frame, let us not ſink beneath misfortune.—

Enter SIR HARRY TORPID *behind.*

No, though the agent is our foe, the principal may ſtill befriend us. What ſay you, Roſa, ſhall we go inſtantly and apply to Mr. Lackbrain?

Roſa. Moſt willingly: but, alas! he's guided by his guardian.

March. True; but he oft has ſerved me, I am his debtor for more than rent. Come, come, let us not deſpond.—(*As they are going*)—

SIR HARRY *advances.*

Sir H. Sir, I beg pardon; I hope I don't intrude; but, as you ſeem ſomewhat fatigued and unwell,

unwell, ſuppoſe you let me apply to this Mr. What's-his-name; upon my ſoul, I've nothing better to do.

March. Sir!

Roſa. It is the gentleman who dropt the pocket-book, and I'm moſt happy to reſtore it. Sir, on my return I found this—

Sir H. It's not mine, Ma'am; by all that's ſerious, it's not mine.

Roſa, Nay, I'm convinced that it is yours; and I requeſt—

March. And ſo do I, Sir; my daughter muſt not profit by any ſuch accident.

Sir H. Well, as you pleaſe, Sir:—but it's of no uſe to me; it gives me no pleaſure; and therefore I ſhall only drop it again, you may depend on it.

March. That concerns not me, Sir.—Come, my child, you ſee how you've reſtored me. And thus it ever is; let honour triumph, and, like the morning ſun, it will diſpel the miſts of ſorrow and deſpair. [*Exit with* Rosa.

Sir H. So! as proud as Luciſer, I ſee that.—But I'll lay him under an obligation, I'm determined I will—if I ſet his houſe on fire, only to put it out again.—Who can he be? where can he come from?—I know my old flame, Mrs. Decoy, is in the town; and I'll go inquire of her directly.—And here the chace begins; yes, now I perceive why every thing was tedious and unintereſting—I never hunted out the unfortunate—there is the ſecret. Let a man make virtue his purſuit, and he'll find life a very pleaſant ſport, I promiſe him.

[*Exit.*

SCENE—*An Apartment at Mrs.* DECOY*'s.*

Enter GABRIEL, *dreſſed in White.*

Gabr. Ha! ha! ha! what a rare jolly thing matrimony is!—If I had known it had been half ſo comical, to be ſure I wouldn't have had a ſlice of it many years ago.—And then, to get ſuch a wife! Oh, I'm the luckieſt fellow!—I muſt remember I'm married though; for my guardian has ſo hurried me into it, and I've ſo ſeldom ſeen my ſpouſe, that, after a glaſs or two at dinner, I didn't recollect her—no, icod! and I trod on the toe of another man's wife inſtead of my own.—I muſt alſo mind on another account; no longer, Gaby, muſt you be a gay deceiver; no more with killing glances murder every heart.

Enter Mrs. GAB. LACKBRAIN (*late Mrs.* DECOY).

Mrs. L. Come, my adorable, the curricle's waiting; and as the Cottage muſt be our place of reſidence, the ſooner we get there the better. But you muſt invite the baronet; poſitively Sir Harry is the friend of all others to paſs the honey-moon with us.

Gabr. No doubt; and if ſo great a man will condeſcend—I tell you what—ſuppoſe you get pen and ink, and write to him directly?

Mrs. L. I get pen and ink! I write! do you imagine a perſon of my accompliſhed education ever devotes a moment to writing?

Gabr. Nan!

Mrs. L. No, Sir, that is your department; and whilſt you are keeping accounts, managing the houſe,

houſe, and looking after the ſervants, I ſhall be employed in more important matters—in dancing, ſinging, playing—in ſhort, in gratifying my huſband's vanity, by making myſelf adored by all mankind.

Gabr. What! ſo when I want my dinner, you'll be making yourſelf adored by all mankind! upon my word!—However, you know beſt; and if you are ſo accompliſhed that you can't write a letter, why I muſt do it for you. So come to the Cottage, and then—

Enter a SERVANT *with a Letter.*

Serv. From Mr. Craftly, Sir: he ſays it is of the utmoſt conſequence.

Gabr. Indeed! (*opens it, and reads.*)—"Dear "Gabriel, Marchmont having eſcaped from the "bailiffs, and being now in ſearch of you to entreat "lenity, it is abſolutely neceſſary you ſhould ſee "him, and confirm what I have done: therefore "let Mrs. Gabriel go alone to the Cottage, and "you may follow in a few hours: for, before "Mr. Primitive arrives, both Marchmont and his "daughter muſt be diſpoſed of. P. S. I have "ordered all the new furniture you and your "wife deſired."——Go alone! what! part already?

Mrs. L. Nay, you never diſobey your guardian, you know; and 'tis but for a few hours. So, ſhew me to the curricle, Sir (*to the Servant*).—And don't now, pray don't hurry yourſelf.—Heigho! I'll ſupport your abſence as well as I can.

Gabr. And ſo will I yours.—Heigho! (*in imitation.*)—Don't be uneaſy, I won't be long.

Mrs.

Mrs. L. Adieu!

Gabr. Adieu! (*again in imitation, and kiſſing her hand.*)

[*Exeunt* MRS. LACKBRAIN *and* SERVANT.

Gabr. Oh! Gaby, Gaby, if marriage be a lottery, for certain you've drawn the thirty thouſand pound prize. Dang it! how all the neighbouring ſquires will burſt with envy, to know that the "country put," as they pleaſe to call me, is heir to a baronet of ten thouſand a year! and to hear him call me couſin, dear couſin!—Oh, how I will ſtrut, and cut them!—I'll ſpeak to nobody but the mayor, and to him only becauſe he has a chance of being knighted.

Enter SIR HARRY TORPID.

Sir H. Not here either! why they certainly told me this was her houſe.

Gabr. (*ſtrutting, and not ſeeing him.*) Room, room for Sir Harry's couſin (*coming againſt* SIR HARRY).

Sir H. Sir, I beg pardon; but pray does Mrs. Decoy live in this houſe?

Gabr. (*pompouſly.*) Decoy! there's no ſuch perſon.

Sir H. No!

Gabr. No.—Aſk for Mrs. Lackbrain—Mrs. Gaby Lackbrain.

Sir H. Ha! ha! ha!

Gabr. Why, what do you grin at? have you any objection, Sir?

Sir H. None, none on earth; I am very glad to hear it. I knew ſhe came down here on a fortune-hunting ſcheme, but I little thought any body would be fool enough to be taken in by her.

Gabr.

Gabr. Taken in! why, do you know who you're talking of? do you know she's cousin to a baronet?

Sir H. I do.

Gabr. That he means to leave her ten thousand a year? that he's soon coming to visit her? and what with hard drinking, keeping him up all night, and making him ride break-neck fox-chaces, it's main hard if they don't bury him in a fortnight? and then, you know, Mr. Gaby touches every shilling.

Sir H. No he don't.

Gabr. Why?

Sir H. Because there's no shilling to touch, ha! ha!—The baronet's as poor as she is; and Mr. Gaby may bury him, but, egad! he must pay for the funeral.

Gabr. Impossible. Odratten! who told you this?

Sir H. Himself: and, what's better, now he tells you so. Sir Harry Torpid in person informs you, that the late Mrs. Decoy's over head and ears in debt; and that whoever is her husband, instead of possessing ten thousand a year, he'll be soon peeping through the iron bars of the county gaol.

Gabr. (*half crying.*) County ga—ol!

Sir H. Yes, 'tis too true, But where is he? where is the poor devil? Before he's caged, I should like to have a peep at him.

Gabr. Sir—Sir Harry—I—I am he (*crying*).

Sir H. You!

Gabr. (*crying louder.*) Yes, I'm Gaby; I'm the poor devil that's to peep through the iron bars. Rot it! only think now, she talk'd of her family and fortune; said she'd introduce me to fashionable life, and promised to make a buck of me.

Sir H. Well, and she will make a buck of you. But don't take it so to heart—don't cry so, there's a little

a little dear—I dare say you won't be arrested these two hours.

Gabr. It's all my guardian's fault, all owing to his precious octavo.—And see, here he is (*looking out*). Odrabit you! how I should like to be even with you.

Sir H. So he is—and as I live, the poor author and his daughter with him!—Why, what brings him here?

Gabr. Why, Mr. Marchmont owes me for rent, and money lent, about two hundred pounds; and so, by my guardian's orders, he's also to peep through the iron bars.—Zounds! if I wasn't afraid—but there it is, Sir—he rules me with a rod of iron; and, at the age of twenty-four, here am I, a full grown baby in leading strings.

Sir H. Psha! rouse, exert yourself; and, if you wish to be revenged, liberate this poor gentleman, release him from the debt he owes you, and you'll not only be even with your guardian, but feel what I never felt till this morning, the pleasure of being in good humour with yourself.

Gabr. I've a great mind—but will you stand by me?

Sir H. That I will; and, moreover, go with you to your wife, and accommodate and arrange—

Gabr. Say you so? then I'll work myself up, and pay you off old scores, you old—

Craft. (*without.*) Gabriel! where are you, Gabriel?

Gabr. There, it's all over! his voice plumps me down like a thunderbolt.

Sir H. Nonsense! I'll be at your elbow. Come, come, I saw wine in the next room; a glass or two may rouse, inspire—come, this way, this way.

[*Exeunt at door in flat.*

Enter CRAFTLY, MARCHMONT, *and* ROSA.

March. What, what can be the motive for this perſecution?

Craft. No matter, Sir; you know the terms: inſtantly go abroad with your daughter, or hope not to eſcape a ſecond time.

March. Abroad! what can a foreign country yield me?—Without friends, without money, and dependent on the labour of the brain, how can I ſupport myſelf?

Roſa. Aye; conſider, Sir, to leave the Priory would be parting with the only friend we have; the garden we have reared with our own hands, the trees we have planted to ſhade us in old age.

Craft. Pſha! ſtuff! decide inſtantly, or the bailiffs that are now in the houſe—

Roſa. Oh, for mercy!—look at him, behold his pallid countenance, his languid form—is that an object of reſentment?—(CRAFTLY *turns from her.*)—Nay then, I will appeal for pity to another, the principal ſhall anſwer me.

[SIR HARRY *and* GABRIEL *appear at the door in flat.*—SIR HARRY *has a bottle of wine in his hand, and is filling a glaſs for* GABRIEL.]

Sir H. Bravo! capital! another glaſs, and you'll do wonders.—(GABRIEL *drinks it off.*)

Craft. Ay, ay, aſk Gabriel; he'll give you an anſwer, I warrant.

Roſa (*to* GABRIEL, *who has now come forward with* SIR HARRY). Oh! on my knees let me entreat you, Sir, have compaſſion on a moſt unhappy parent; and if you are not ſo far ruled by that unfeeling man—

Sir

Sir H. (*the bottle and glaſs ſtill in his hand.*)—He ruled! pooh! he's his own maſter now—an't you, Gabriel?

Gabr. (*who has hold of* SIR HARRY'*s arm.*)—Yes, I'm no longer a full grown baby, or in leading-ſtrings, or—(*Leaves* SIR HARRY *and advances,* CRAFTLY *comes up to him and frowns*)—Yes, I am though.—(*Returns to* SIR HARRY.)—Another bumper, or it's all over again.—(SIR HARRY *fills,* GABRIEL *drinks.*)

Craft. (*following* GABRIEL.) What do you mean, Sir? dare you for a moment diſpute my authority?

Sir H. (*to* GABRIEL, *who finiſhes the glaſs.*)—And now, inſtead of ſending Mr. Marchmont abroad, or to priſon, he bids me ſay, That he not only releaſes him from the debt he owes him; but as to his guardian and his authority—Oh! damme, he don't care that for him (*ſnapping his fingers*).

Gabr. (*ſnapping his.*) No, I don't care that for you, old octavo.—(CRAFTLY *advancing in a menacing attitude,* GABRIEL *runs behind* SIR HARRY, *and ſpeaks over his ſhoulder.*)—I don't; I tell you I don't; and Mr. Marchmont is free; and now you're raffled in your turn.

Craft. Hear me, hear me, I command. Inſtantly call up the bailiffs that are below ſtairs, and order them to ſeize him, or by heaven—

Sir H. Bailiffs below ſtairs!—Come along, friend Gabriel: you lay hold of Mr. Marchmont's arm, and conduct him through the myrmidons, and I'll take care of the lady: and, d'ye hear, bring the bottle along with you; and, once arrived at the Priory, we'll drink ſucceſs to the ſons of genius, and confuſion to thoſe who oppreſs them.

Gabr.

Gabr. With all my heart. Here goes (*fills a glaſs, and drinks*); Succeſs to myſelf, and confuſion to thoſe who oppreſs me.

Craft. Death and fire! I'll go directly to Mrs. Lackbrain; I'll—

Enter JENKINS.

Jenk. I'm ſorry to be the bearer of unwelcome news; but ſeveral tradeſmen are below, who have ſent in large lots of furniture to the Cottage, and they inſiſt on receiving their money directly.

Craft. Ay! I'm glad of that; now comes my triumph. Pay, huſband, pay for your wife's furniture.

Jenk. No, Sir: they ſay Mrs. Lackbrain is conſiderably in debt; that ſhe came down here on a matrimonial ſpeculation; and therefore, as you ordered in the furniture in your own name, they look to you, and you alone, for payment.

Gabr. (*ſpitting out wine he had been drinking.*) Icod! he'll peep through the iron bars before me, ha! ha!

Sir H. Yes, and he may call up the bailiffs to arreſt himſelf now, ha! ha! ha!—But lead on, and don't deſpond, friend Gabriel.

Gabr. Not I: if I've got one troubleſome companion by the bargain, I'm ſure he has got a couple; and a man may by accident get rid of a wife, but the devil himſelf can't ſhake off John Doe and Richard Roe; icod! they'll ſtick to you. —And ſo, thank ye kindly for the furniture, guardy. —And now, brother genius, now for freedom and the Priory. [*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE—*Outside of Hotel and View of the Town.*

Enter CRAFTLY *and* JONATHAN.

Craft. Arrived! my couſin Primitive, now in the hotel. Why, zounds! we didn't expect him home theſe ſix weeks.

Jon. No, Sir; but the fleet ſailing ſooner than was intended, and the wind being peculiarly favourable—

Craft. Well, but how is he? and how are you, Jonathan? I'm heartily ſorry—that is, glad—that is—Death and fire! that he ſhould arrive when one's ſo perplexed and embarraſſed!

Jon. My maſter is all joy and expectation, Sir—ſo anxious to behold the new married couple, and the cottage, and the farm—he has talked of nothing elſe all the voyage—but you'll excuſe me, Sir, I have a meſſage to Mr. Clifford.

Craft. Clifford! why, what has your maſter to do with Clifford?

Jon. Why, Sir, his father, who reſides in Jamaica, has appointed Mr. Primitive his guardian—the young gentleman is already apprized of the circumſtance by letter, and I'm now going to requeſt an interview—but ſee—there is my maſter, after an abſence of thirty years, you behold him come home to ſhare his fortune with the young couple.

Craft. So I do. [*Exit* JONATHAN.

And

And as I mean to touch a third of his fortune, I muſt keep him in the dark about the young couple—yes; much as I deteſt, I muſt not expoſe them—for, as the joke goes, if we don't hang together, by Heavens we ſhall hang ſeparately.

Enter PRIMITIVE *from the Hotel.*

Welcome, my dear couſin—once more welcome to your native town. Why! you made haſte to get here. You did not ſtay long in London.

Prim. London! plague on the place, it's worſe than ever.—In point of heat, Jamaica's cool to it—in point of noiſe, a hurricane is ſilence to it—and for company and converſation, certainly the crew of the ſhip I came in, runs it very hard indeed, couſin.

Craft. Ha! ha! ha! ſtill devoted to a country life I ſee.

Prim. Oh, yes—I think of nothing elſe—for there's the ſeat of purity and peace; and now for it, coz—now for the darling theme—Gabriel's married I find.

Craft. Yes, he's married. (*ſighs aſide*).

Prim. And to a woman of your chuſing—to a ſweet innocent ſoul, that's as much attached to rural life as her huſband is.

Craft, Yes, as much as he is.

Prim. And they're now at the cottage—and I am come in time for the honey-moon.—Oh, my dear couſin, this is all your doing!—you gave him a country education—you taught him to manage the farm I purchaſed—and now if I can but get rid of my old malady—If I can but forget my poor, poor daughter!—

Craft. What! grieve for her when ſhe has been dead theſe twelve years? and conſider you ſcarcely

recollect her, for she was but a child—only eight years old when you sent her from Jamaica to a London boarding-school.

Prim. That's it—sending her to London was the cause of all—There Marchmont saw her, eloped with her! Oh! if I had but brought her up in the country—But come—I'll do my best—only in the midst of my happiness, if now and then you see a tear trickle down my cheek, you'll know it is for my lost, my wronged Louisa.

Enter JONATHAN *and* CLIFFORD.

Jon. Here's Mr. Clifford, Sir.

Prim. Well, Sir, have you read your good father's letter?

Clif. I have, Sir, and I find my income is not only to pass through your hands; but in case of my neglecting my studies, you have the power to withhold it altogether.

Prim. Even so, Sir—your father has heard a bad account of you; he has been informed that instead of studying Law in your chambers, you are always idling and raking. And here—here's a proof of it—what brings you to this gay, dissipated place, Sir?

Clif. My physicians prescribed it, Sir.

Prim. Your physicians, Sir?

Clif. Yes, Sir,—fatigue from study, and the bad air of London, produced such a pain in my chest.

Prim. Pain in!—well come, that's not unlikely; for by the advertisements in the newspapers, the bad air of London affects every body's health. Faith, there is nothing going forward but lumbagos, nervosities, catarrhs, and imbecilities.

Craft. Psha, that's all an imposition—a trick of the quack doctors.

Prim.

Prim. Nay, don't tell me, couſin; for paſſing through the weſt end of the town, every young man I met was debilitated, or ſhort-ſighted, or ricketty, or had a defect in his voice. Poor fellows, you can't think how ſincerely I pitied them! I did indeed; and if I had not reſerved all my fortune for Gabriel, I'd build an hoſpital for the benefit of the infirm and decayed beaux of Bond-ſtreet.—But come, the more I talk on't, the more I ſigh for the cottage—ſo we'll juſt go viſit a few old friends and relations, return and reſt in the hotel, and betimes in the morning ſet off, and ſurprize the innocent, the Arcadian couple.

Craft. So we will; and as to the ſettlement, couſin—

Prim. Oh! if they behave as I expect—I ſhan't wait till the year's out—and d'ye hear, Mr. Clifford, do nothing diſhonorable, and I ſhall neither controul you in your pleaſures, or your expences; and if you delight in rural ſcenery and innocent mirth, come and paſs a few weeks at the cottage—I'll warrant 'twill cure your pain in the cheſt.—Now, couſin! oddſheart! I'm ſo pleaſed and ſo gratified, that if it were not for ſome ſecret gnawings about my poor daughter—but s'life! why do I think of her? as you ſay ſhe was but a child when I laſt ſaw her, and ſhe's gone, and I'm the happieſt (*half crying*), merrieſt old fellow living.

[*Exit with* JONATHAN *and* CRAFTLY.

Clif. S'death! what can my father mean by making me dependent on the caprice of an old dotard!—However, I ſee I can eaſily dupe him, and in the end, I ſhall not only get my own income, but part of his into the bargain; and now once more for the object of my ſearch, the diſ-

dainful Mrs. Belford—zounds! ſhall I never recover her?

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Joy, Sir! ſhe's found—the runaway's found!—not half an hour ago, I ſaw her enter the Priory.

Clif. What, Mrs Belford!

Will. Yes, Sir; ſhe's gone there as a teacher of muſic and drawing to Mr. Marchmont's daughter,—and knowing he was a ſtrange character, and might prevent your gaining poſſeſſion of her—I have already ſeen him, and ſecured him in our intereſt.

Clif. That's well, then ſhe's for ever mine; but how—how did you contrive to deceive Marchmont?

Will. Why, Sir, I met him on the road, and told him a perſon of very ſuſpicious character was now with his daughter—and if he'd wait on you—you'd give him information and advice; and ſee here he is, Sir.

Enter MARCHMONT *haſtily.*

March. Mr. Clifford, am I to believe—

Clif. 'Tis too true, Sir; the perſon now with your daughter may not only corrupt her young and inexperienced mind, but abſolutely decoy her from your protection.

March. Aſtoniſhing! who is ſhe?

Clif. To ſpeak the truth, a lady who has eloped from a moſt affectionate huſband; and as ſhe is a diſtant relation of mine, I'm purſuing her to reſtore her to her family.

March. And being loſt herſelf—ſhe would reduce all others to her level—Oh! ſhe is the agent of ſome villain! and now I recollect—the pocket-

book my daughter found, no doubt was dropped by her, to aid their dark intentions.

Clif. Pocket-book! ha! that muſt have been Sir Harry's—I'll work on this and turn it to account (*aſide*). Now you mention it—I ſaw in her poſſeſſion a pocket-book of curious workmanſhip;—ſilver'd—blue.

March. The ſame—the ſame—Oh! that is ample confirmation; and this is the reſult of my too ſanguine folly; for, on a falſe and moſt precarious proſpect, I advertiſed for a teacher for my child; and now, ſhe who has nurſed me, toil'd for me—nay, whoſe very thoughts have ſaved me hours of labor, ſhe's to be corrupted and taken from me! Come let us loſe no time in haſtening to her—

Clif. No, but I hope you will not truſt her ſtory—we've been too long acquainted, I preſume—

March. We have, and you've no motive for deceiving me—No—No—ſhe is employed by ſome ſeducer—and I would rather truſt my daughter with an hoſt of men, than with one woman of ſuſpicious fame. But ſhe's in danger, and let me fly to ſave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Gothic Apartment in the Priory.*

Enter ROSA *and* MRS. BELFORD—MRS. B. *in a Hat and Veil.*

Roſa. Oh! you do not know how deeply you have intereſted me. Pray proceed with your ſtory—you lately came from Switzerland you ſay?

Mrs. B. I did: under the protection of a moſt kind and liberal lady—but on my arrival, being

perſecuted by the artful addreſſes of her nephew; and ſhe, innocently becoming his advocate; I was compelled to leave her.

Roſa. And have you no other friend?

Mrs. B. None, none on earth; and am reduced to ſuch an abject ſtate of poverty—that reading your advertiſement for a teacher in muſic, I thought I would apply for the ſituation, as the laſt hope of ſaving me from want.

Roſa. And I'm ſo glad you read it! My father will ſoon return, and then I hope he will perſuade you to live with us for ever.—He is moſt tender and affectionate; but, as he tells me, I want a female monitor, for, alas! I never had a mother to inſtruct me.

Mrs. B. No!—

Roſa. No! ſhe died when I was yet an infant; poor woman! I often ſhed tears to her memory. I'd give the world were ſhe alive—

Mrs. B. Would you? good girl! I have been —nay, perhaps, am ſtill a mother; and could I even hope, my child e'er thought, or talked of me as you do—but no more of this—let us to the theme on which we meet—and before I venture to inſtruct you, give me a ſpecimen of my ſcholar's talents.

Roſa. Moſt willingly—I'll ſing my favorite ballad.

SONG.

Sweetly in Life's jocund morning,
Beam'd on me a father's ſmile;
Joy with livelier charms adorning,
Cheering grave inſtruction's toil.
Cruel memory, too ſeverely,
Tells me thoſe bleſt hours are gone,
Which with him I priz'd ſo dearly,
He has frown'd, and they are flown!

Love

Love, which drew theſe ſorrows on me,
Love alone can yield relief;
The pitying power that has undone me,
Pours the balm that heals my grief.
What though memory ſo ſeverely,
Tells me that my joys are gone;
Let but him I love ſo dearly
Smile, and all my cares are flown.

Mrs. B. Merciful pow'rs!—who taught you this?

Roſa. My father!

Mrs. B. Your father!—ſpeak—his name?

Roſa. Marchmont.

Mrs. B. And you!—Oh, yes: I ſee it now—'tis ſhe!—'tis ſhe herſelf! (*weeps, and kiſſes* Roſa's *hand violently.*)

Roſa. Bleſs me! what agitates you?

Mrs. B. Nothing! pardon me—it is your likeneſs to your mother that diſtracts me!—then theſe words—they were your mother's, Roſa.

Roſa. Did you know her? Oh! ſpeak of her—inform me quick, tell me every thing about her—I would walk barefoot through the world, and think each pang that wrung my weary feet were joy! were ecſtacy! could I but learn ſome tidings of my mother.

Mrs. B. What! has your father never told you?

Roſa. Never: the ſubject is forbidden me; and if, perchance, I name her, he ſhews ſuch anger, and ſuch ſecret horror!

Mrs. B. Oh! If I dared to reveal—but no, ſtill—I muſt ſtill be mute (*aſide*).

March. (*without*) Roſa! Roſa Marchmont!

Mrs. B. (*trembling*) Heavens! that voice (*aſide*).

Roſa. It is my father.

Mrs. B. I know—I recollect the ſound—and like the knell of death it ſtrikes upon my heart!

what

what can I do? where go? I'll fly—and—alas! my limbs will not ſupport me.

Roſa. Nay, ſtay. Why—why be afraid to ſee him?

Mrs. B. True; why ſhould innocence deſcend to fear—and yet 'tis moſt awful to encounter—(*trembling and looking towards the door*). Ha! he comes—hide, hide me from his ſight (*pulls down her veil, and gets behind* ROSA).

Enter MARCHMONT *and* CLIFFORD.

March. Look! look were ſhe ſtands, infuſing poiſon into the breaſt of innocence!

Clif. Ay, that's ſhe; and if you value your own or your daughter's honor, part them this inſtant.

March. Roſa, ſhame on you, girl, to countenance, and be corrupted by a ſtranger.

Mrs. B. Corrupted! I corrupt her! (*aſide.*)

March. (*to Mrs.* BELFORD, *who is ſtill behind* ROSA, *with her veil down.*) Mark me, Madam—You ſee before you one who, though oppreſſed by fortune, ſcorns to infringe the laws of hoſpitality, and willingly would ſhare his laſt ſad pittance with the poor:—but when he's told by him whom he reſpects—that you have ſtolen to his houſe to ſpoil and rob him of his only treaſure, he muſt, and will be anſwered. I am above condemning you unheard, therefore explain—(*Mrs.* BELFORD *ſhews great agitation.*) What! not a word? (*pauſes*). Again I do entreat you—ſtill ſilent! Nay, then we part—this is no fit aſylum for you.

Mrs. B. Oh, mercy! mercy! [*Exit.*

Clif. I'll follow her, and take this opportunity to bear her quietly to her home.

March.

March. Be it ſo,—but obſerve me, Clifford—as I have done my duty, you do yours:—though guilty, ſhe is ſtill an object of compaſſion; and therefore, rather pity than reproach her. [*Exit* CLIFFORD. My daughter! (*reſting his head on her ſhoulder.*)

Roſa. My father! what have you done?

March. What I ought to do—ſaved my Roſa from diſgrace;—and yet I know not why—poor woman! I feel as if I'd acted harſhly towards her.

Roſa. And well you may, Sir; for, if I dare impart it, ſhe was my mother's friend.

March. How!

Roſa. She knew her, loved her, and expreſſed ſuch admiration—

March. Peace, I command you:—vile impoſtreſs! this was an artifice ſo baſe, that I no longer pity, but deſpiſe her. Nay: not a word—Attend me to my ſtudy.—She your mother's friend! Oh, ſhe was all innocence and truth! And at this moment I ſee her in thoſe eyes—that form—that—but what am I converſing on? where wandering?—to my ſtudy—lead to my ſtudy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Room in the Hotel.*

Enter PRIMITIVE, JONATHAN, *and* WAITER.

Prim. There, there—this room will do, waiter, this room will do.

Wait. But I tell you, Sir, it is beſpoken—and the hotel is ſo cramm'd with company, I can't offer you another.

Prim. Call the landlord then; he'll find room for an old acquaintance, I warrant.

Wait.

Wait. Sir, my master's not at home—just gone to the sailing match, in his own yacht, with Miss Laura Maria and Miss Anna Matilda.

Prim. Miss Laura Maria and Miss Anna Matilda! and pray who the deuce are they?

Wait. My master's own daughters, Sir; as accomplished young ladies as any in the county,—just come down from Rantipole-house Academy, near London, Sir.—But, Sir, this room belongs to Mr. Clifford.

Prim. Mr. Clifford—Oh, then you may go—he is my most intimate friend, and I'll answer for the consequences. [*Exit* WAITER. Why, Jonathan, this town is Londonized, quite turned upside down;—when I left England, this hotel was an alehouse, and the landlord here a post-boy—and now he goes to sailing matches in his own yacht; sends his daughters to Rantipole-house, and calls them Miss Laura Maria and Miss Anna Matilda! mercy on me! mercy on me!

Jon. Strange alterations, indeed, Sir:—but about your cousins. After so long an absence, I warrant they were all glad to see you.

Prim. Why, there again we are all metamorphosed, Jonathan. I found the alderman, who is now in his sixtieth year, learning to dance; and on my expressing my astonishment, he told me the dancing master owed him thirty pounds for soap and candles; and the debt being a bad one, his wife insisted he should take it out in lessons; and there he was—sa, sa, (*mimicking*) ha! ha!

Jon. Ha! ha!

Prim. Then young Shiftly, whom I left a plodding lawyer, is now a snug apothecary:—he says physic is by far the finest trade going; for the women, blessings on them! wear such thin dresses,

that, what with friendly ſhowers and propitious eaſt winds, the whole medical tribe get cloath'd by their nakedneſs! And I'm ſure he ſpeaks truth; for, when we landed, don't you remember, I was aſhamed to look about me? Says I, "Fie, "Jonathan, don't you ſee the ladies are all in their "bathing dreſſes; and if you peep at them, you'll" ——But, however, 'tis a curſed delicate ſubject; and, upon my ſoul, ſhocks my modeſty only to talk on it.—Oh! would I were ſafely perched at the fire-ſide of the cottage.

Jon. Aye, that will make you amends; there you will witneſs no folly nor diſſipation.—And what ſay you, Sir? Suppoſe I go and prepare for the morning?

Prim. Do, Jonathan; and d'ye hear, be ſtirring as early as five—but don't trouble yourſelf to call me. Joy and expectation will keep me awake—

[*Exit* JONATHAN.

Yes, there I ſhall ſit down content for life, and with the two unſophiſticated cottagers, looking up to me as a father—Father! Pſha! I can't bear the word—it reminds me of my poor dead—s'life! I can't bear that word either—Plague on't, why did ſhe die? What right had ſhe to leave me, who never wrong'd her—didn't I tho'? Becauſe ſhe married the man of her heart, didn't I, like an old worldly ſavage, deſert, abandon—I'll tell you what—don't you talk of the vices of mankind, Mr. Primitive; by Heaven, you're as great a profligate as any of them (*ſtamping of feet is heard without*). Heh! what's that noiſe? (*looks out*) As I live, a man bearing a woman in his arms! another couſin, I ſuppoſe.—I'll obſerve (*retires up ſtage*).

Enter

Enter CLIFFORD *with Mrs.* BELFORD.

Clif. There—reſt there awhile (*placing her in a chair*). Nay, nay; reſiſtance is in vain, the landlord and all his ſervants are at my diſpoſal; (*locks door, and puts the key into his pocket*;) and in the morning we'll take a pleaſant ſail to Liſbon.

Mrs. B. Oh! for mercy! you know not whom you force me from!

Clif. Nay, nay; 'tis all for your advantage: but as 'tis neceſſary to make inſtant preparations for our voyage, I muſt to my chamber, and get money and other articles; now don't be uneaſy, 'tis all for your happineſs, I aſſure you. [*Exit.*

Prim. (*advances, not ſeen by Mrs. B.*) So this is one way of curing the pain in the cheſt!

Mrs. B. Heavens! but a few ſhort minutes paſt I was in ſight of all that's dear to me on earth—of Roſa, and—yes, I am weak enough to own it—of Roſa and her father. Where am I now?—impriſoned by a villain! on the point of being forced to a foreign country! without hope, without friends!

Prim. No, not without friends—you ſee one before you.

Mrs. B. Away—you're a confederate with this vile ſeducer.

Prim. I a confederate! I a ſeducer! Bleſs you, only look at theſe wrinkles (*pointing to his face*); and if that does not ſatisfy you, feel if a ſeducer ever poſſeſſed this, a heart that beats and ſympathizes for the diſtreſſes of a woman.

Mrs. B. It does.—And now I look again, I think, oh, yes! I'm ſure you will not add to my afflictions.

Prim

Prim. No; and to prove it, without aſking, or knowing who this Roſa is, I'll inſtantly conduct you to her.

Mrs. B. No, not to her; for kingdoms not to her.

Prim. Why? has ſhe too been unkind to you?

Mrs. B. No, ſhe never could—but her father! He who ſhould protect me with his life—he baniſhed me his houſe—he—Oh! my brain cannot ſupport the recollection! But I will ſhew him—Yes, if I deign to think of him again, 'twill be with ſcorn—with fixed determined ſcorn.

Prim. That's right, I applaud your ſpirit; let him and Clifford cut each other's throats, and do you go with me.—Harkye! are you fond of retirement? do you love paſtoral life?

Mrs. B. Oh, yes! that is what I ſigh for—retirement's all that's left me.

Prim. Say you ſo: then I'll conduct you to ſuch an Arcadian ſcene! You muſt know, my nephew and niece have a cottage about four miles off, and I'm going to live with them; and you ſhall be of the party—and we'll plant, ſow, and feed the pigs and poultry together—and then—for ſociety! to be ſure, our live ſtock can't be ſo witty as the pleaſant Mr. Clifford and his friend. However, there is this conſolation—ſheep can't betray us, nor cows tell lies of us—ſo, come, let us be gone (*trying to open the door, finds it lock'd*). S'life! I forgot we are priſoners here.

Mrs. B. We are; and ſo ſurrounded by enemies, that tho' you have the wiſh, alas! you've not the power to ſerve me; and look, here he comes again.

Re-enter

Re-enter CLIFFORD.

Clif. My mind is alter'd.—There may be danger in remaining here to-night—therefore we'll to the ſhip directly—and for old Primitive——

Prim. Well, Sir; and what of Old Primitive? Your ſervant, Mr. Studious—I'm glad your pain in the cheſt is better.

Clif. (*much confuſed.*) Better—Sir: I don't underſtand—I aſſure you, at this moment I don't feel very well, Sir.

Prim. No! How ſhould you, Sir? I never heard that ill treating a woman was for the good of a man's health—but, come, Sir—favor me with the key of that room.

Clif. Certainly, Sir.—You may depart when you pleaſe: but for this lady (*taking hold of her*), ſhe muſt ſtay with me.

Prim. Muſt, Sir!

Clif. Aye, *muſt*, Sir: we never part again.

Prim. So, you'd detain her (*Clifford nods aſſent*). Pray, Sir, give me leave to aſk you—What is your income?

Clif. My income, Sir?

Prim. Aye: Have you any thing in houſes, lands, or the funds? or, ſimply nothing more than what your father allows you?

Clif. Nothing, Sir.

Prim. Then I give you joy—perſiſt in your gentlemanly intentions, and your father will diſinherit you; or, if that will not content you, I will annihilate you. Yes, Sir, tho' I never betrayed innocence—I know too well what it is to deſert it! And the goadings I feel at this inſtant for having abandoned my own child——I'll tell you what—

what—rather than undergo the agony of forſaking another female, I'd march up to the mouth of a cannon, be ſhot at by a whole regiment, or, what's more, ſubmit to be hanged for ridding the world of the decayed, the honorable Mr. Clifford.

Mrs. B. Nay, conſider, Sir, we are in his power.

Prim. Pſha! what ſhould I be afraid of? Tho' older than he is by 40 years—I'm ſtill the youngeſt of the two. My ſtamina is not undermined by diſſipation—I've got no pain in the cheſt—and if exchanging ſhots isn't the modern mode of fighting, I'll go a ſtep lower and condeſcend to box him.—Yes, I will—I'll box him—

Clif. Well, Sir, I acknowledge my dependence; and if you will but liſten—

Prim. Not a word, Sir—Firſt open the door; and next, in perſon, conduct us ſafely out of this houſe. Nay, no demurring—do it: I inſiſt.

Clif. And if I do, I hope——

Prim. Sir, I ſhall make no promiſes (CLIFFORD *opens door and exit*). Come, Madam; in my time gallantry was a very different ſort of buſineſs. Tho' we were cowardly enough to avoid the dangers of ſeduction, we were ſtill bold enough, and I hope ever will be, to protect innocence and puniſh villany. [*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*A ſmall Room in the Cottage, folding Doors thrown open in the back Scene and variegated Lamps hung round them; alſo, Feſtoons of Flowers—a ſhort Dance—Voices are heard ſinging,*

" Come, come, one and all,
" Attend to my call,
" And revel in pleaſures that never can cloy;
" Come ſee rural felicity,
" Which love and innocence ever enjoy."

Enter SIR HARRY TORPID *from Ball Room.*

Sir H. This retirement! this paſtoral life! Gad, inſtead of being inſide of my friend Gabriel's cottage, one might fancy one's-ſelf in the purlieus of Covent Garden—for not an hour ago, talking with Mrs. Lackbrain at the paddock gate, I ſuddenly received a blow on my head, which I as ſuddenly returned; and, I fancy, laid my adverſary low: but it being quite dark, and the lady wiſhing to be gone, I havn't the honor of knowing to whom I am indebted.—However, it was a glorious bang! it rouſed me! 'tis life! agitation! And whoever the gentleman is, I've to thank him for bringing me into a fine whirligig ſtate.

Enter BETTY.

Ha! Betty, what brings you here?

Betty. My miſtreſs, Sir, deſired me to give you this note the moment I found you alone.

Sir H.

Sir H. Indeed! (*taking letter, opening it, and reading.*) "Dear coz, I haven't yet been able to "find out who the ſavage was that interrupted "our little *tête-a-tête* at the paddock gate: but, "if you wiſh to renew the converſation relative to "providing for Marchmont, meet me in my "dreſſing-room in half an hour; and I'll do all in "power to ſerve him. LYDIA LACKBRAIN." So, more cottage diverſion! However, if, without injuring my honor, I can reſtore Marchmont and the lovely Roſa to independence, my time cannot be paſſed better. Tell your miſtreſs I'll be punctual!

Betty. Yes, Sir.

Sir H. And for this affair at the paddock gate, bid her huſh it up, if ſhe can. As I could not diſtinguiſh my antagoniſt, I hope he won't know me—for fighting to a man in love is—but, go; for here's my friend Gabriel. [*Exit* BETTY.

Enter GABRIEL, *half-drunk from Ball Room.*

Gabr. Oh! my dear, dear friend—you're the very man I have been looking for.—Come—come with me this moment.

Sir H. With you! Where?

Gabr. Where! Why, in ſearch of the moſt obſtropulous, infernal—Dang it, would you believe it, Couſin Baronet? Mrs. Gaby's faithleſs; and now, in the very middle of our honey-moon—I do actually think that real downright *nem. con.* is going forward.

Sir H. Fie! impoſſible!

Gabr. Harkee! You know Miſs Sally Safafras, the apothecary's heart-breaking daughter—who, if poſſible, kills more people than her father:—well, I had pierced her to the ſoul with one of my murder-

ing glances; and after putting on her hat and cloak, had perſuaded her to walk with me, when, as the devil would have it, I overheard my wife whiſpering with a man—Ay, and though it was too dark to ſee him, ecod, I felt him. For, thinks I, if you'll plant lumps on my head, I'd better plant bumps on yours; ſo I gave him ſuch a douce—

Sir H. (eagerly.) My dear fellow, where—where did this happen?

Gabr. Where! Why, at the paddock gate, now, not an hour ago. (SIR HARRY *looks confuſed.*) Good ſoul! I knew you'd feel for me conſumedly.

Sir H. I do!—and for myſelf too conſumedly (*aſide*).

Gabr. I ſaid he would take on as much as if the caſe were his own:—but don't you, now—don't be down-hearted.—You'll ſee that I'll ſerve him juſt as I ſerved Jemmy Swagger.

Sir H. And, pray, how did you ſerve Jemmy Swagger?

Gabr. Why, I behaved very ill to Jemmy Swagger, and he ſent me a challenge; ſo I took my friend with me—this young gentleman (*pulling his ſtick from under his coat*); and ſo I thumpt him till he aſk'd pardon: and in like manner I'll ſerve this paddock hero, and you ſhall be by all the time. Ha! ha! you like fun—you like life, you know.

Sir H. Yes! but I don't like death, you know—give it up, for your own ſake—Theſe ſort of rencontres alway get into the public prints. People juſt catch the names of the parties, huddle the innocent with the guilty, and coolly remark, a blackguard buſineſs, and a damned ſet of ſcoundrels altogether—give it up therefore.

Gabr.

Gabr. No, I won't—you have been very kind to me, and I'll break his bones, if it is only to amuſe you, Couſin.—(*loud knocking at the door*)—What's that?—(*more knocking*)—Again! and ſo early in the morning!

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Oh, Sir, my miſtreſs is terrified out of her ſenſes! Mr. Craftly is below, telling her that Mr. Primitive is unexpectedly arrived from Jamaica, and will be here in half an hour.

Gabr. My uncle here in half an hour! Od dang it—I'm ſorry to diſappoint you—but you ſee I muſt poſtpone the operation.

Sir H. My dear Sir, don't mention it; if you poſtpone it for ever, it will be no diſappointment to me, I promiſe you. Adieu! Now for the dreſſing-room; and having ſerved Marchmont, then for the Priory! Gad, this is buſtle! this is Life! while it laſts, or the devil's in it! [*Exit.*

Gabr. My uncle ſo near—ſo—

Enter CRAFTLY *and* MRS. LACKBRAIN.

Mrs. L. So, ſo! Here's a pretty buſineſs—Mr. Primitive not half a mile off, and you're in a fine ſtate to receive him—with a head full of wine at this time in the morning.

Gabr. And what are you? with a houſe full of dancers and whiſperers at this time in the morning.

Craft. Pſha! wrangling won't help us. I fancy we are none of us over fond of each other.—Indeed, for my part, I candidly acknowledge, I'd rather do you both a miſchief than a—ſervice.

Mrs. L. I am ſure you're very kind, Sir!

Craft. But as the old pigeon is arrived, we muſt combine to pluck him; and, firſt, we muſt undermine this favorite he has brought with him.

Mrs. L. What favorite?

Craft. Why, a lady he met with laſt night at the hotel. He has already conceived a great regard for her: but, as he acknowledges he knows nothing of her, and Clifford aſſures me ſhe is a woman of ſuſpicious character, you'll give hints on her introduction.

Mrs. L. Never fear, leave me alone—I'll ſay I know her.

Gabr. That's enough—if ſhe ſays ſhe is one of her acquaintances, 'tis all over with her—or if that fails, I'll ſay ſhe is one of mine.

Craft. Good! and now, while Mrs. Lackbrain diſpoſes of the company, and puts on a more plain and appropriate dreſs, you and I will go and receive the old gentleman.—And remember, from this hour you are plain ſimple cottagers; and, hard and irkſome as it is, you muſt henceforth appear a fond, loving couple.

Mrs. L. (ſighing.) 'Tis very irkſome! but we muſt do it: but, go, go, and impoſe on your credulous uncle.

Gabr. I'll do what my head will let me, for at this moment there's more dancing in it than in your ball-room. However, if there's any danger, guardy here will lend me his little octavo; and, now I think on't, we muſt take pains on his account, becauſe he paid for all this pretty furniture, you know. Ha! ha! ha!—

Craft. Pſha! nonſenſe; come along and try, try to diſguiſe your ſituation.

Gabr. Pooh! don't my ſituation diſguiſe me? Beſides, what are you afraid of—remember the ſons of genius. Didn't I, by drinking a few generous bumpers, make a fool of him who has made a fool of thouſands?—but now for it—now let me recollect—I am a fond, ſteady—u--u--h! (*hiccuping*) That's it, I'm the exact thing already. [*Exit with* CRAFTLY,—MRS. LACKBRAIN *at folding doors.*

SCENE—*Outſide of a Cottage, ſtanding in a romantic Vale ſurrounded by Mountains.*

Enter PRIMITIVE *and* MRS. BELFORD.

Prim. Huzza, there! there it is, the end of all my hopes and all my wiſhes! Delightful, innocent, romantic ſight!

Mrs. B. This is, indeed, a ſpot more lovely than e'en my fancy pictured.

Prim. Oh! 'tis Arcadia! Paradiſe! And, to make my joys unbearable, think that Nature does not alone confine herſelf to the outſide; no, ſhe alſo dwells within. And the young cottagers—the dear, the darling pair! but repreſent the ſpot around them.

Mrs. B. No doubt: for here is no temptation to be guilty. (*ſinging in cottage*—"*Come, come one* "*and all,*" &c.) Liſten, what ſinging's that?

Prim. Don't you know? It is the plowman as he trudges to his morning's work, carolling his ſimple ditty! Sweet faſcinating ſound! (*Muſic in cottage.*) And, hark again! Do you hear that muſic?

Mrs. B. I do: to me it ſounded like a flute.

Prim. Flute! bleſs you—it is the ſhepherd's pipe—it is the muſic of Arcadia! Oh! if this laſts, I ſhan't live to ſee the inſide.

Enter JAMES *from the Cottage.*

Heh! who comes here? One of the ſervants—mum! He won't know me, ſo I'll be cunning and ſift him—now mind—Good morning, Sir.

James. The ſame to you, Sir.

Prim. I wiſh to ſpeak with Mr. or Mrs. Lackbrain; but 'tis too early, I ſuppoſe, they are neither of them out of bed yet.

James. Yes, Sir, they are both up.

Prim. Up! what, at five in the morning?

James. Yes; and, what's more extraordinary, they are up every morning at the ſame hour.

Prim. There now, in London, who ever hears of ſuch early riſing? One queſtion more, if you pleaſe—Pray where may you be going?

James. Why, if you muſt know, Sir, I am going to leave theſe cards of invitation at ſome great houſes about twelve miles off (*produces them*).

Prim. Cards of invitation! I don't like that; it ſmacks of the ſquares—the city—the—give me leave (*takes one and reads.*) "Mrs. Gabriel Lack-"brain at home every evening this week:" you may go—I'm ſatisfied!—never—never was ſuch an inſtance of domeſtic and connubial happineſs!—at home every evening! come let us enter and behold. [*Exit* JAMES.

Enter CRAFTLY *and* GABRIEL, *ſtill drunk.*

Craft. (*ſpeaking as he enters.*) This way, Gabriel—this way—

Gab. Softly, the air makes me worſe—your arm, lend me your arm—(*lays hold of* CRAFTLY's *arm.*)

Prim. There he is! there's the true, genuine, and unadulterated child of nature—Come to thy uncle's arms (GAB. *is afraid to leave* CRAFTLY'*s arm*). S'life, what are you afraid of, Gabriel? come to thy uncle's arms, I ſay! (GAB. *leaves* CRAFTLY'*s arm, but finding he can't ſupport himſelf, ſtaggers and reels back to* CRAFTLY) look! now, look at that rural embarraſſment! don't be aſhamed, boy, it is worth all the eaſe and impudence of town-bred puppies.

Gabr. I'm quite overcome, I aſſure you, uncle.

Prim. Delightful diffidence! you rogue, I've heard of your pranks, of your early riſing every morning, and of your being at home every evening; and if I hadn't, your countenance would have betrayed you:—look at that fluſh of health (GABR. *ſmiles*)—look at that roſy hue (GABR. *burſts out laughing*)—ha, ha! there again! now that's the true broad laugh of innocence and nature.

Gabr. (*aſide to* CRAFT.) I ſay, guardy, there's no fear of his finding me out—for ecod! he's as drunk as Chloe.

Prim. But come, where is your other half? If ſhe prove as uncorrupted as yourſelf, I ſhan't wait till the year's out, no—I'll ſign the ſettlement to-morrow.

Enter MRS. LACKBRAIN *in a plain Chip Hat, Cloak, &c.*

Craft. That's well, that's a neat cottage dreſs.

Gabr. Ah! here ſhe is, uncle, here's the ſweet ſource of connubial joy.

Mrs. L. Dear Gabriel!

Gabr. Divine Lydia! (*taking her hand and kiſſing it.*)

Prim.

Prim. Fond pair! the Golden Age is returned, and I see—(*taking out his handkerchief and half crying*)—I see they were born to make me the happiest of middle-aged gentlemen.—But now for it, now for the inside.—Odsheart! I forgot though—I must particularly recommend this lady to the attention of you both; she is an object of compassion (*taking* Mrs. B. *by the hand,*); and, as such, I'm sure must be welcome. (Gabr. *and* Mrs. L. *both draw back.*)—Why, what d'ye stare at?—She deserves it, believe me, she deserves it.

Mrs. L. No doubt: but pray, Sir, have you known the lady long?

Prim. Till yesterday I never saw her.

Mrs. L. So I thought:—but this is not a proper place for explanation; pray walk in, and we'll talk further.—This way, Ma'am, this way.

Prim. Aye, this way.—And now, as the song says,

Henceforth I'll lead a village life,
In cottage most obscure-a;
For, with this loving man and wife,
My joys are quite secure-a.

[*Exeunt* Primitive, Mrs B. *and* Mrs. L.

Craft. Well, Gabriel, what do you think?

Gabr. Think! that he beats me hollow:—I'm only a child of nature; but, damme! he's a natural. And now, if spouse undermines the stranger—

Craft. Aye, once get her out of the house, and Clifford will instantly take her abroad. You see that vessel yonder—he's waiting for me to bring him information.

Gabr. Indeed!

Craft. Yes: and Marchmont and his daughter are for ever cut out of their chance. So now all's safe;

safe; and while I go to Clifford, do you send for a lawyer to prepare the settlement; and then we'll say the Golden Age is returned.

Gabr. We will; and I'll go send for a lawyer directly.—[*Exit* CRAFT.]—But now, first for my paddock gentleman: by this time I hope my servants have found him out, and—dang it! nothing shall make me forget my promise to cousin baronet—and then, let nunky once sign the settlement, and I'll also say, as the song says—

The scene is chang'd, 'tis alter'd quite,
No more I'm simple Gaby;
I'll learn to dance, to sing, and fight,
And ogle every lady. [*Exit.*

SCENE—*A small Room in the Cottage; a Door in the Flat, a Chair placed near it. Enter* SIR HARRY TORPID *from Door in Flat.*

Sir H. 'Sdeath! this will never do: I have been alone in that dressing-room these two hours; and though I'm in love, I still can't support solitude—no, I shall certainly relapse, if somebody don't come and rattle me into an agreeable state of vexation. I feel all the symptoms, the doze, the stupor, the numbness.—Egad! I almost long for my friend Gabriel, and his lumps and bumps; any thing in preference to this dying style of living.—Ha! a reprieve! I see the thing of all others likely to produce agitation—a petticoat! and, no doubt, Mrs. Gabriel. I'll return to the dressing-room.—[*Re-enters.*]

Enter

Enter PRIMITIVE *and* MRS. BELFORD.

Prim. Now do, for my ſake, pray, pray juſtify yourſelf.

Mrs. B. Sir, I have told you I am ſlandered.

Prim. Well but conſider, what Mrs. Gabriel ſays is perfectly true; I know nothing of your hiſtory, ſhe does; and if I ſhould defile this innocent abode, by introducing to it a perſon of ſuſpicious character—

Mrs. B. Suſpicious!

Prim. Pardon me; theſe were my niece's words, not mine: and when ſhe added, her huſband's conſtancy might be corrupted—

Mrs. B. Corrupted! and by me!—Sir, I can only anſwer, I am innocent; and if this be doubted, let me be gone. I know, by loſing you, I've loſt my beſt, my only friend; but if you think I'd be indebted for my ſafety to thoſe who ſay I would diſgrace my benefactor, and mar connubial and domeſtic love, you know but little of me. I cannot gueſs the motive for their cruelty; nor ſhould I, by accuſing others, vindicate myſelf; but let me tell you, Sir, ſlander is a rank and poiſonous weed, and never yet took root in pure unſullied ground.

Prim. Well then, why don't you explain yourſelf?—Plague on't! why not tell me your name, your family, your hiſtory?—Come now do, do be good-natured.

Mrs. B. Alas! I dare not.

Prim. Dare not!

Mrs. B. No; my pride won't ſuffer me: and my ſtory would but expoſe one, whom, ſpite of all my wrongs, I ſtill am weak enough to—(*pulls out her handkerchief and weeps.*)—Aſk me no more—pity me, and let me begone.

Prim.

Prim. (*half crying.*) 'Tis all over—I see 'tis all over.—Farewell!

Mrs. B. Farewell! and, for the service you have rendered me, my gratitude shall only die with me. —(*Going, she returns and kisses his hand.*)—Oh! I did hope you would have proved a father to me.

Prim. Did you? (*weeps.*) My poor daughter hoped the same—but I deserted her. I—go; since you won't communicate, I entreat you go: for pity's sake, don't let us be bidding farewell all night.—(*Takes out a purse, and puts it in her hand*) There, you know where to apply when you want more; you understand me; whilst I have a guinea, you shall never want a part of it.

Mrs. B. Bless you! bless you, Sir!—But I forgot; I have left some drawings and manuscripts in the next room, may I venture to return for them?

Prim. You may: but if you see me when you come back, don't speak to me; we've had enough of leave-taking—damn it! another farewell would choak me.—[*Exit* MRS. BELFORD.]—Poor soul! I hope 'tis no crime to pity her.—And, spite of the chaste society of the Cottage, I've a great mind to call her back, and—no, no, I mustn't risk defiling so spotless and immaculate a scene.—Heigho! I'll sit down and compose myself.—(*Looks round.*)—Ay, ay, in that chair I may rest unseen by her while she passes.—(*Pointing to the chair near the flat.*)—Yes, here I may be quiet.—(*Sits in it.*)—And if I can but sleep and forget her.—Poor soul! she hoped I might have proved a father to her.—Poor soul!—(*falls back and dozes.*)

(SIR HARRY *opens door, which is exactly behind the chair, but don't push it far enough to hit the chair.*)

Sir H.

Sir H. (*peeping out.*) No Mrs. Gabriel yet—ſurely I heard ſomebody—ſoft, I'll peep further.—(*Puſhes the door further open, and hits againſt the back of the chair.*)—Not a ſoul. Damme! I'll bear it no longer.—(*Bangs open the door, and it hits violently againſt chair.*—PRIMITIVE *jumps out, and, unſeen by* SIR HARRY, *gets behind the door to watch.*)—Rather than be left alone, and endure this tedium, this inanity, I'll plunge into any ſociety.—(*As he is going*)—

Enter MRS. LACKBRAIN *haſtily.*

Mrs. L. O, my dear Sir Harry! I've run myſelf out of breath; and I'm ſo frightened, and ſo faint—ſo—I ſhall be able to ſpeak in a moment—there.

Sir H. What's the matter?

Mrs. L. Why, Gabriel was the perſon at the paddock-gate; knows I've an aſſignation in that dreſſing-room: he's coming here to ſearch; and if you're diſcovered, he'll find out that you were his aſſailant, and inſtantly fight you.

(PRIMITIVE *watching all the time.*)

Sir H. Well, let him: damme! employment is the very thing I wanted.

Mrs. L. Nay, think of my reputation—my hopes with Mr. Primitive.—And, look! ſee what a tremendous cudgel he wields over his head.

Sir H. Gad! ſo he does; and that may produce more employment than is neceſſary: and ſince I am unarmed, and your reputation is in danger, I tell you what—I was before going; and, if you'll promiſe to befriend Marchmont, I'll fly ſo faſt that time itſelf ſhan't overtake me. [*Exit.*

GABRIEL, *ſinging and ſhaking cudgel.*

Mrs. L. So, Sir, you think I've a lover here? but it's all a falſehood, Sir: and I ſhould like to know if this is a return for ſecuring Mr. Primitive's fortune, by my ſcandalizing this Mrs. Belford?

Prim. (*looking over door.*) Scandalize her!

Gabr. You ſecured! why 'twas I—'twas the ſweet child of nature that—

Mrs. L. Don't tell me, Sir; I ſay it was my doing.

Gabr. And I ſay it was mine: wasn't it my ſervant that made him believe cards of invitation ſigns of domeſtic comfort; being up all night, a proof of early riſing? And didn't I convince old Hurlo-Thumbo that reeling was rural awkwardneſs; and the fluſh of claret, the roſy hue of health? —But enough of old Hurlo-Thumbo.

Prim. Hurlo-Thumbo!

Gabr. Now for the dreſſing-room.

Mrs. L. O, pray do, Sir, pray ſearch the dreſſing-room.

Gabr. I will; and Jemmy Swagger ſhall be nothing to it.—But firſt I'll lock the door, and then go bring couſin baronet to ſee me perform ſuch an operation.—(*Locks the door, leaving* PRIMITIVE *ſtanding up in the chair; who taps him on the head.*—GABRIEL *turns round, and they meet face to face.*)

Enter MRS. BELFORD.

Prim. Your ſervant, rural innocence!—your moſt obedient, connubial love!

Gabr. What! is it you, uncle?

Prim. Yes, it's old Hurlo-Thumbo.—For you, wronged, injured lady, (*to* MRS. B.) without prying

ing

ing further into your hiſtory, henceforth accept thoſe favours I deſigned for them; henceforth let me be a father to you.—And, d'ye hear, Sir? (*to* GABR.) if you expect to profit by my future bounty, retire—retire, and repent.

Gabr. Well, we'll go, uncle.—And I begin to think I ſhall repent; for I'm ſtill ſo much a child of nature as to feel ſorry for my behaviour to that lady: I am indeed; for though my education has made me a fool, I think I'm not quite a knave:—though my head is wrong, my heart is right; and I dare ſay, when we're all ſober, we ſhall ſtill be friends. [*Exeunt* GABR. *and* MRS. L.

Prim. Pſha! away with you!—Odſheart! town manners are to me unbearable, even in their proper ſphere: but brought into the country; introduced into the calm, ſequeſtered vale!—Though I hope and truſt the caſe is ſingular; and that the Engliſh cottage is, and ever will be, the ſeat of peace, induſtry, and virtue. [*Exit with* MRS. B.

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE—*The Inside of* CRAFTLY's *Library, filled with Toys, Jewellery, &c. as Libraries are at Watering Places—a Raffling Table in the Centre.*

Enter SIR HARRY *from Door in Flat.*

Sir H. So—'tis as poor Rosa expected. Craftly has the appointment of the new steward, and her father is again at his mercy. What's to be done? There is no way but to expose him to Mr. Primitive. Gad, I'll try hard for it—I don't mind trouble. That *(snapping his fingers)* for content, and the placid streams of life! give me love, and a little agreeable hot-water.

Enter PRIMITIVE *and* MRS. BELFORD.

Mrs. B. Alas! that is his situation—a distressed author. By his pen he earns a scanty pittance for himself and daughter; and for her sake I thus presume to recommend him to the stewardship.

Sir H. (*advancing to Prim.*) And I presume to back that recommendation? The gentleman at the Priory is a worthy man.

Prim. Why, that's true—and I certainly am much indebted to you for bumping me out of that chair, and I can't bear to deny my dear adopted any thing. But you should consider, my worthy friend, Craftly is the only person who, from his experience, can select a proper steward for me;

and, therefore, he muſt have the nomination.—Nay, I am peremptory, Sir.—And now (*to Mrs.* BELFORD) let me congratulate you on your arrival from the the dens of Arcadia at the ſeat of learning and rationality.

Sir H. Learning and rationality!

Prim. To be ſure, Sir. What, with the works of deceaſed authors, and the ſociety of living ones, I know no place more amuſing and inſtructing than the houſe of a reſpectable bookſeller—and ſuch a one is Craftly! But let me look about me (*puts on his ſpectacles*). I'm told he has made great improvements ſince I went abroad. Bleſs me, what a noble room! And here (*going towards the counters*), what's here? Children's riding-horſes, cricket bats, powder, pomatum, candleſticks, and tea-pots! Pſha! we've made a miſtake. Come along—this is a toy-ſhop—this can't be a library.

Sir H. Not a library! ha! ha!—that's good!—What, I ſuppoſe, you thought Craftly dealt in books?

Prim. To be ſure. What elſe ſhould he deal in?

Sir H. What? why, in raffling.

Prim. Now, what the devil is raffling?

Sir H. Ha! ha! ha! He dont know what raffling is (*goes up to the table*). Look, look at this gaming-table. Behold this dice-box. Here! here's the ſeat of learning and rationality (*throws dice*).

Prim. Heaven defend me! And you call this raffling, do you?

Sir H. Yes; and trifling and inſignificant as the ſport may appear, I know no ſpecies of gaming more fatal or pernicious. Mrs. Lackbrain is at once an inſtance. She told me herſelf, that when only

only nine years old, Mr. Craftly perſuaded her mother to let pretty Miſs throw for a pocket-book. —She graſp'd the dice box in her little hand, and being ſucceſsful, her paſſion for play became ſo uncontroulable, that ſhe was never eaſy till ſhe loſt every ſhilling of her fortune.

Prim. I won't believe a word on't—He is too honorable—too prudent.

Sir H. Won't you? then bet me a hundred pounds, and he ſhall confeſs it to your face.

Prim. I bet—I commit the very crime!—

Sir H. Nay, then humour me ſo far as to ſay 'tis a bet. See! here he comes—and to ſecure his confeſſion, ſay you have betted that raffling is a more productive trade than bookſelling. Come now—do—do indulge me.

Prim. Well, in order to convince you of your error, I will humour you.

Enter CRAFTLY.

Couſin, I rejoice to ſee you; but before I ſay a word on other ſubjects, you muſt decide a wager between me and this gentleman. Ha! ha! What do you think? I have laid a hundred pounds that you get more money by raffling than bookſelling.

Craft. Indeed! and has he taken the bet?

Sir H. I have—and be cautious—a hundred pounds is an object to a poor Baronet; and remember, I am on the ſide of bookſelling.

Prim. And I on raffling, and I'm moſt anxious to win.

Sir H. And ſo am I.

Craft. You are, are you? Then, in addition to gratifying the old gentleman, I'll work you for the furniture (*aſide*). Joy, Couſin! the wager's yours! I know no more of books than he or any other man of faſhion does. So, I ſay (*aſide to* SIR

HARRY), who'll peep through the iron bars firſt, now?

Sir H. Pſha! I'll have ſtronger demonſtration—prove it—prove it, Sir.

Prim. Aye, prove it, Sir.

Craft. (*elbowing* PRIM. *and winking*). Don't be afraid—I'll ſatisfy him (*takes out a paper*). Look here now—here are twelve names to raffle for that ſilver tea-caddee at half a guinea a-piece.

Sir H. Well, where's your profit? It coſts you ſix guineas.

Craft. No, it don't—it only coſts me three—ſo there you ſee (*elbowing* PRIM. *again*)—'Tis two to one in our favour already; ha! ha!

[PRIMITIVE *tries to laugh with him, but cannot.*]

Sir H. Ay: but another thing—All the names are not paid for.

Craft. I know—Mr. Wilkins iſn't paid for—and why? Becauſe I'm Mr. Wilkins.

Prim. You Mr. Wilkins?

Craft. To be ſure. The higheſt throw, you ſee, wins the prize, and the filling a raffle is the work of time.—Then one comes—throws "thirty-"five," and goes to town—another "forty," and follows—another "forty-five," and he goes too. Very well! Then, I'm to inform them by letter who's the winner—then, of courſe, you know I'm the winner, for I throw "forty-ſeven," and write word, Mr. Wilkins has won the tea caddee. There—now—now are you ſatisfied, or will you hear more, ſimpleton? ha! ha! ha! (*laughing and ſtill elbowing Prim.*)

Sir H. No—I'm quite ſatisfied—ar'n't you, Mr. Primitive?

Prim. Quite—I never was more ſatisfied in all my life, ha! ha! ha! And, as I don't wiſh to be raffled

raffled out of my property; take notice, that inſtead of accepting a perſon of your nomination, I appoint the gentleman at the Priory ſole ſteward to all my eſtates.

Craft. Hem! appoint him ſteward?

Sir. H. Ay; would you have him appoint Mr. Wilkins?

Prim. Yes; would you have me appoint Mr. Wilkins?

Sir. H. I ſay, who'll peep through the iron bars firſt now?

Prim. But come—let us go inſtantly, and acquaint your friend with his appointment.

Craft. Nay, couſin, but hear me, upon my word I meant no harm—I thought all was fair in gaming.

Prim. More ſhame for you—and thank Heaven, I'm too old faſhioned to countenance ſuch practices; ſo preferring the diſtreſſed author to the raffling bookſeller, I take my leave of you and Mr. Wilkins for ever.

[*Exit with Mrs.* BELFORD.

Sir. H. And pray, Sir, make my beſt reſpects to Mrs. Wilkins; and take my advice, improve young minds by the ſale of good moral publications, inſtead of corrupting them in the worſt manner—by initiating them to all the horrors of the gaming-table. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Wood.*

Enter ROSA.

Roſa. Where, where can my father have wandered? I tremble every moment for his ſafety—

for alas! we are again in the power of our perſecutor; and already, perhaps, he has fallen a victim to his malice—and yet there is one hope; the kind, the generous Sir Harry Torpid promiſed he would ſee Mr. Primitive.

Enter SIR HARRY TORPID.

Sir. H. And he has ſeen him, and it's all ſettled—no more fugging, copying, and compoſing now:—No—inſtead of daughter to a poor poet, you are heireſs to a gentleman of three hundred a-year.

Roſa. Nay, no tantalizing—But tell me who is the new ſteward?

Sir H. Who? Why, your father! Aye, things are as they ought to be. Mr. Marchmont is ſteward to Mr. Primitive's eſtates, and Craftly and his dice-boxes will be ſent to the round-houſe—But don't ſuppoſe you have to thank me—Here comes your benefactreſs.

Enter MRS. BELFORD.

Roſa. Heavens! to her!—The very perſon I ſo longed to ſee.—Welcome, welcome!

Mrs. B. (*taking her hand and kiſſing it*). Do I again behold you?—Pardon me; but I have thought of nothing elſe ſince firſt I ſaw you.

Sir H. No more have I—that's my caſe exactly—and for the ſervice you have rendered—

Mrs. B. What I have done has been for your ſake, Roſa. We are compelled by ſtrong and cruel circumſtances (ay, Heaven has ſo decreed it) to live for ever ſeparate.—And had I left you in diſtreſs—but now the dread of poverty is paſt—and that thought, perhaps, will cheer me in my hours of abſence—perhaps may make the loſs of you ſupportable.

Roſa.

Roſa. The loſs of me!—what, now, when you've ſo ſerved, and ſo attached me, will you leave me?

Mrs. B. Ay, for ever.—Aſk me not why, ſweet girl; tempt me not to unfold a hiſtory that will plant thorns in your breaſt, and expoſe—no, never, never can the myſtery be ſolved.

Roſa. Nay, but we will not ſeparate.—And, look! yonder's my father; I'll call him to thank you (*going*).

Mrs. B. (*holding her.*) Not for your life! not for your life!

Roſa. Nay, do not deny me; let me adminiſter relief to one who ſtands ſo much in need of it.

Mrs. B. Mark! what picture's that he ſo intently gazes on?

Roſa. I know not: but 'tis connected with his ſecret grief; for oft', when he conceived himſelf unſeen, I have obſerved him preſs it to his lips, till he diſſolved in tears.—And look again!—ſee now how he devours it with his kiſſes!

Mrs. B. Maddening ſight!—I know too well who it reſembles.—Oh, villain! villain!

Roſa. Villain!

Mrs. B. Yes; I have too long ſpared him; too long in pity ſmother'd the dark tale.—But now 'tis open enmity—avowed defiance—and he ſhall feel an injured woman's vengeance.

Sir H. How!

Roſa. Amazement!

Mrs. B. Inſtantly conduct me to him; and tell him, ſhe who conferred an accidental ſervice entreats no recompence but this: tell him, laſt night I whiled away my hours in compoſition of an artleſs tale; and as an author of ſuperior fame, I

come to him for cenſure, or for praiſe.—(*Producing the manuſcript.*)—Give it—'twill intereſt—'twill inſtruct—oh! yes, 'twill ſtrike him to the heart.

Sir H. Gad! I'm frightened out of my ſenſes. I hope you'll let me join the party; for, upon my ſoul! there's no ſtaying alone under ſuch myſterious circumſtances.

Mrs. B. No, Sir; theſe meetings muſt be private.—Come, Roſa.—Poor girl! I tremble for you: I ſee I have alarmed you; and on your account I could again be ſilent and diſcreet: but the picture—you ſaw him preſs it to his lips—you ſaw him hide it in his breaſt—that rouſes—fires me!—while I have ſtrength and life, conduct me to him.

[*Exit with* ROSA.

Sir H. And what is to become of me?—Whilſt I have life and ſtrength I'll conduct myſelf to Mr. Primitive, and we'll return and overhear all that paſſes. And now I ought to be on the pinnacle of happineſs, for I am ſo choaked with agitation—but, however, I ſee a man may have too much of a good thing. [*Exit.*

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Priory; painted Windows; a Gothic Table, and three Chairs.*

Enter MARCHMONT *and* ROSA.—(ROSA *has the manuſcript in her hand.*)

March. Aſtoniſhing!—Raiſed to proſperity by one I ſo neglected, and aſk no recompence but the reviſion of a manuſcript!—'Slife, 'tis incredible: and remember, Roſa, we have already had reaſon to ſuſpect her; and therefore, till I know the motive for her generoſity, I ſhall not condeſcend to profit by it.

Roſa.

Roſa. What! won't you ſee her? will you again diſmiſs her?

March. Unthinking girl! why, wherefore ſhould ſhe ſerve me?—You are yourſelf, perhaps, the bribe: and ſhall I owe preferment to my daughter's ſhame?—No, ſhe ſhall not enter.—And yet, if after all her motive ſhould be good; if, to the only one who has ſtept forth to ſerve me, I prove ſuſpicious and ungrateful—that muſt not be—give me the manuſcript, and conduct her in.

Roſa. Here, here it is, Sir (*giving it*).—And recollect, theſe are but the heads, the outlines of the book; and you are to decide, whether the materials are ſufficient to ground a work upon.—And now look, Sir, (*goes to the wing, and leads on* MRS. BELFORD, *with her veil down,*) here is our benefactreſs.

March. Madam, after what paſſed when laſt I ſaw you, I ſcarce know how to addreſs you.—Pray be ſeated.—

ROSA *draws a chair*; MRS. BELFORD *ſits.*

I'm told you have conferred an everlaſting favour on me; and, as a recompence, you only aſk what is moſt flattering to an author's pride.—I ſhall not trouble you with thanks, but will proceed.—(*Seats himſelf*; ROSA *ſits by* MRS. BELFORD.—*Reads.*) "Sketch of a Romance, to be called Henry and "Eliza.—Eliza, againſt the conſent of a parent as "fond as affluent, married Henry.—Two years "ſoon paſſed in harmony and joy, and Heaven "bleſſed them with a pledge of mutual love.—"The third began with *poverty* and *ſorrow*; and "to preſerve her child and huſband from diſtreſs,

"Eliza

" Eliza appealed to the feelings of her enraged fa-
" ther; who, in compaſſion to her ſufferings, ſup-
" plied her with a remittance, as the laſt token of
" parental love."—(*Pauſes and weeps.*)

Roſa (*riſes*). Go on, Sir: I feel as much intereſted as yourſelf: pray go on.

March. (*reading.*) " Henry, though poſſeſſed
" of honor and of talent, could not reſiſt tempta-
" tion: and allured to the gaming-table by the
" arts of a female ſeducer, loſt the remittance, ſa-
" crificed the ſole maintenance of his family, and
" left Eliza to the mercy of his creditors."—(*Riſes and goes forward.*)—" The houſe, and poor re-
" mains of their effects, were taken from her; and
" when ſhe ſought the huſband of her heart, he
" was not to be found.—Loſt in the vortex of diſ-
" ſipation, he had forgot the wife he once adored;
" and revelling in luxury and guilt, thought not
" that Eliza was deſtitute and forſaken."——Oh, horror! horror!—(*Drops the book.*)—Speak! who are you? whence came you?

MARCHMONT, *whilſt reading the above, is much agitated, pauſes often, and trembles violently.* MRS. BELFORD *alſo is much agitated; apparently gazing intently on* MARCHMONT, *half riſing from her chair, &c.* ROSA *obſerves them both with aſtoniſhment, and occaſionally burſts into tears.*

Roſa (*taking up the book and preſenting it to* MARCHMONT). Proceed; for pity's ſake proceed—nay, you muſt, you ſhall.

March. Oh! I cannot.

Roſa (*reads*). " Eliza thus reduced, thus
" deſerted both by parent and huſband, no

" longer could maintain the only comfort that
" was left her.—Diſtreſs ſoon tore her from
" her child: ſhe placed it under the pro-
" tection of a relation of its father; and, to ſup-
" port herſelf, ſhe changed her name; and, in a
" ſtate of menial ſervice, went to Switzerland.—
" There, woe-worn and forlorn, robbed of all
" hope, a prey to anguiſh and deſpair—"

March. Diſtraction! madneſs!—I know the reſt —(*ſnatching the book from* ROSA, *and advancing towards* MRS. B.)—ſhe died—died of a broken heart.

Mrs. B. (*who has before riſen from her ſeat, throws up her veil.*) No, ſhe lives.—Behold me, Marchmont, after an abſence of twelve cheerleſs years—behold that once-loved wife, who would have begged, ſtarved, periſhed with you.—(MARCH. *ſtaggers, and faints in a chair.*)

Roſa. My mother! (*runs and embraces her.*)

Mrs. B. The ſtory of my death was but an artifice to ſave me from inquiry; and now I came, incenſed with wrongs, to goad you to the ſoul with my reproaches; but the remembrance of our former love, that altered look, that worn, exhauſted frame —Poor Marchmont! I may avoid, but I cannot upbraid him.—Farewell!—(*going,* ROSA *holds her.*)

March. O my torn heart!—(*in turning in the chair, the picture is diſcovered hanging from his neck.*)

Roſa. Look, look, my mother!—Is he not now an object of compaſſion?

Mrs. B. He is.—But ſee! he wears a baſiliſk to ſtrike me dead—the picture, Roſa.

Roſa. Nay, but for my ſake, mother: though as a huſband guilty, he has been the beſt of fathers: and ſince this hated object is the bar, I will remove

—(*takes*

—(*takes the picture.*)—How!—that look—thoſe eyes—merciful powers! it is the portrait of my mother!

Mrs. B. Can it—(*trembling, and looking at it*)—yes, mine is the picture he devours with kiſſes—mine the reſemblance that he bathes with tears!

MARCHMONT, *ſuddenly recovering, and pulling* ROSA *forward, without ſeeing* MRS. MARCHMONT.

March. (*riſes.*) She's gone!—fly—follow—call her back: tell her, I am not ſo guilty as ſhe thinks me; for, as I hope for happineſs to come, my heart was ever only hers; and though involved in blackeſt diſſipation, my truth and conſtancy were yet untainted: tell her beſides—

Roſa. Look, father!

March. Ah! do I once more—my child, fall proſtrate at her feet; entreat, implore forgiveneſs. —(*They both kneel.*)—My wife!

Roſa. My mother! can you pronounce a pardon?

Mrs. M. I would, but tears prevent me.—(*Gets between them, and embraces them both.*)—Merciful heaven! receive a ſuppliant's thanks; for thus encircled by my child and huſband, what now is wanting?

Enter PRIMITIVE *and* SIR HARRY TORPID.

Prim. What? why a father—and here he is.—That father who deſerted you—who adopted you—who—hang it! why don't you ſpeak, Sir Harry? you ſee my tongue ſticks to my mouth.

Sir H. Who took the name of Primitive for an eſtate of two hundred thouſand pounds—who will ſhare it with you; raiſe you from poverty and ſorrow to joy and affluence, to—damn it! I copy

your example; my tongue ſticks to my mouth too.

Mrs. M. Heavens! in my benefactor do I behold a parent?

Prim. You do; and but for the curſt circumſtance of changing names, we ſhould have known each other long ago.—But now I hold you to my heart.—You alſo, my little grand-daughter—zooks! I muſt give you a kiſs for your likeneſs to your mother (*kiſſes her*).

Sir H. So muſt I (*kiſſes her*).—I beg pardon, but I always copy Mr. Primitive.

Prim. For you, Mr. Marchmont, I was once coming forward to throttle you; but when I recollected I deſerved the ſame puniſhment, I pitied and forgave you. Henceforth I'll be a friend to you, a father to your wife, a grandfather to your daughter—and what's more, with your leave, I'll be a grandfather to Sir Harry.

Sir H. Ay do; pray let me be one of the family: I've long had a predilection for matrimony; and, from what we've juſt witneſſed, I'm ſure it will produce agitation in abundance.

March. Then, Sir, if I'm to be conſulted, I can only ſay, you ſaved me once from ruin, and I know no man that ſo well deſerves my daughter.

Prim. So he did me; and I know no man that ſo well deſerves my grand-daughter.—And now, what does ſhe ſay?

Roſa. That to deſerve him, who has ſo ſerved you and my deareſt father, will be the future ſtudy of my life.

Sir H. (*taking her hand and kiſſing it.*) Then, thus I ſeal the bargain—and now, I only beg one thing—after marriage don't let us be too happy—

you

you muſt now and then differ with me to keep me alive, for there is only one place in which I dread a difference, and that is here.

You who can ſave, or kill us with a breath,
Stamp our exiſtence, don't put Life to death;
Impatient now, we wait your dread commands;
So let us live, for *life* is in your hands.

THE END.

EPILOGUE,

Written by JAMES COBB, *Esq. and ſpoken by Mr.* MUNDEN *in the Character of* PRIMITIVE.

ALL things are chang'd ſince I was laſt in town,
And all that's in it ſeems turn'd upſide down,
Farewell the flowing wig, the ſnuff-box, cane,
Emblems of wiſdom! ye no longer reign!
Where'er I go, I've ſome new cauſe for wonder,
And what's ſtill worſe, each hour begets a blunder.
'Twas but laſt week as travelling to town,
Meaning to give the poſt-boy half a crown,
The inn being full, all riot, noiſe and pother,
And really one ſhock-head's ſo like another,
I, chancing near Lord Daſhaway to ſtand,
Whipt my half-crown into his Lordſhip's hand.
His gig he call'd for, dar'd me to deride him;
Then whirl'd away, his ſervant cloſe beſide him;
And there again, ye moderns, I reproach ye,
Once Coachy drove, the Maſter now drives Coachy.
Courtiers and Citizens, Law, Phyſic, Trade,
Now are diſguis'd in general maſquerade,
The cropping ſyſtem over all prevails,
And horſes, like their maſters, dock their tails.
Coats are unſkirted—flaps—the waiſtcoats loſe,
And boots cut down, are but high quarter'd ſhoes,
The very ſtreets, this faſhion too refines,
The ſhopkeepers have taken down their ſigns.
Nought elſe, indeed, comes down but theſe devices;
For tho' they lower their ſigns, they raiſe their prices.
O Tempora! O Mores! men and ſhops,
Horſes, boots, coats, and waiſtcoats—all are crops.
Faſhion has times and ſeaſons alter'd quite;
At dinner-time they breakfaſt, dine at night.
And—if they can contrive to riſe ſo ſoon,
A morning's ride, take in the afternoon.

Our

Our beaux and belles, November's fogs deride;
Enjoy cold weather by the water ſide;
And then, in Spring, to town return together;
To paſs, what they call winter, in warm weather.
To other ſcenes ſhall Primitive retire;
There, while I chat, around my ſocial fire;
Tho' oft' o'er Faſhion's world ſhall Fancy range,
One object claims regard, that knows no change;
Envy muſt own, true to a Briton's name,
That Engliſh Heart of Oak, remains the ſame.

Printed by A. Strahan, Printers-Street, London.

The DRAMATIST:

OR

STOP HIM WHO CAN!

A COMEDY,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

1793.

2/

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD SCRATCH, -	*Mr. Quick.*
HARRY NEVILLE, -	*Mr. Holman.*
FLORIVILLE, -	*Mr. Blanchard.*
WILLOUGHBY, -	*Mr. M'Ready.*
ENNUI, - -	*Mr. Munden.*
PETER, - -	*Mr. Thompſon.*
VAPID, - -	*Mr. Lewis.*
SERVANT, - -	*Mr. Evatt.*

LOUISA COURTNEY, -	*Miſs Brunton.*
LADY WAITFOR'T, -	*Mrs. Webb.*
LETTY, -	*Miſs Brangin.*
MARIANNE, -	*Mrs. Wells.*

SCENE——*BATH.*

PROLOGUE.

Written by ROBERT MERRY, Eſq;

IN this bleſt Land thro' every varying Age
Public and Private Life have had their Rage;
In good King Arthur's Days, with cumbrous Shield,
The Iron Champions pranc'd upon the Field;
Relentleſs Beauty bade the Knights advance,
And bear the Rage romantic on their Lance.
From length of Time this Fury found its Death,
And wiſer Faſhions mark'd Elizabeth;
Her modeſt Dames were form'd of milder Stuff,
But check'd Preſumption with a monſtrous Ruff:
Their Breakfaſt Rage all Delicacy ſhocks,
Early they pick'd the Pinion of an Ox;
Then rode in State behind the Scepter'd Fair,
On Horſeback, full as well as my Lord May'r.
Theſe Modes howe'er are alter'd, and of late,
Beef, but not Modeſty, is out of Date:
For now, inſtead of rich Sir-loins, we ſee
Green Calipaſh and yellow Calippee:
Now Ladies ſhine from Phaetons afar,
And very ſoon perhaps may learn to ſpar:
At leiſure Hours they work Settees and Chairs,
Or waſte their Youth on Puddings or on Pray'rs.
As thus the Manners differ, Writers try
To trace the whimſical variety.
With Obſervation juſt, and Mirror true,
Preſent each reigning Folly to the view.
Yet hold, our Author's ſeen all Rage outgoes,
A new eccentric Character he ſhews:

PROLOGUE.

No doughty Quixote, and no modern Fighter—
A Dramatizing Hero—Play Inditer:—
One who to gain Applauſe, like Wits in Vogue,
Torments with Prologue, or with Epilogue;
At every Houſe with Incident he meets,
And thinks he ſees Proceſſions in the Streets;
In common Life will Unities expect,
Looks up to Politics for ſtage Effect;
And ſo miſled, that if his Wife ſhould die,
She's made a charming Act he would cry.
But let me not our Comedy-foreſtal,
Or court your Judgement till the Curtain fall;
Meantime we'll ſtrive your Patience to beguile,
And win from loveliеſt Lips the bright'ning ſmile;
Welcome the approving Luſtre as it flies,
From this refulgent Hemiſphere of Eyes.
Such as it is, we give it to your View,
And truſt our Cauſe to Candour, and to you.

THE

DRAMATIST:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE—*The Grove—Lady* WAITFOR'T'S *Houſe. A Window open, and Muſic heard.*

Enter MARIANNE, *and* LETTY, *from the Houſe.*

MARIANNE.

BUT I tell you I will come out—I did'nt come to Bath to be confin'd, nor I won't—I hate all their company but ſweet Miſs Courteneys.

Letty. I declare Miſs Marianne you grow worſe and worſe every day, your country manners will be the ruin of you.

Marianne. Don't you talk about that Letty—It was a ſhame to bring me up in the country—if I had been properly taken care of, I might have done great things—I might have married

the poet I danc'd with at the ball—But it's all over now.—I ſhall never get a huſband, and what's worſe, my aunt did it on purpoſe—She ruined me, Letty, that nobody elſe might.

Letty. How you talk?—I hope Miſs Courtney has'nt taught you all this.

Marianne. No,—She's a dear creature,—She has taught me many things; but nothing improper, I'm ſure.

Letty. Pray has ſhe taught you why ſhe never plays any tune but the one we heard juſt now.

Marianne. Yes—and if you'll keep it a ſecret, I'll tell you Letty, Mr. Harry Neville taught it her laſt ſummer,—and now ſhe is always playing it becauſe it puts her in mind of the dear man,—when it is ended don't you obſerve how ſhe ſighs from the bottom of her dear little heart?

Letty. Why I thought they had quarrel'd?

Marianne. So they have—ſhe won't ſee him, and I believe my aunt Lady Waitfor't has been the occaſion of it;—poor Mr. Neville!—I wiſh I could aſſiſt him, for indeed, Letty, I always pity any body that is croſs'd in love—it may be one's own caſe one day or other you know.

Letty. True—and for the ſame reaſon I ſuppoſe you rejoice when it is ſucceſsful—I'm ſure now the intended marriage of Lady Waitfor't and Lord Scratch gives you great pleaſure.

Marianne. What! the country gentleman who has lately come to his Title? No, if you'll believe me, I don't like him at all,—he's a ſour old fellow—is always abuſing our ſex, and thinks there is only one good woman under Heaven:—Now I'm ſure that's a miſtake, for I know I'm

a good woman, and I think Letty, you are another.

Letty. Yes,—I hope ſo, though I confeſs I think your aunt a better than either of us.

Marianne. More ſhame for you—ſhe is a woman of ſentiment, and hums you over with her flouriſhes about purity, and feelings,—feelings—faith!—ſhe ought to be aſhamed of herſelf—no other woman would talk in that manner.

Letty. You miſtake her—ſhe is a woman of virtue and can't help feeling for the vices and misfortunes of others.

Marianne. Then why can't ſhe do as I have done Letty?—keep her feelings to herſelf—if I had given way to them half ſo much as ſhe has—Oh Lord! I don't know what might have been the conſequence.—

Letty. For ſhame!—You never hear Lady Waitfor't ſpeak ill of any body.

Marianne. No.—How ſhould ſhe? when ſhe talks of nobody but herſelf.

Letty. Well!—Your opinion is of little weight; my Lord ſees her merit, and is come to Bath on purpoſe to marry her—he thinks her a prodigy of goodneſs.

Marianne. Then pray let him have her—every fool knows, ſo to be ſure he does Letty, that a prodigy of goodneſs is a very rare thing;—but when he finds her out! faith!—it will be a rare joke when he finds her out.—

Letty. Shameful Miſs Marianne! do ſpeak a little intelligibly, and remember your aunt's favourite obſervation.

Marianne. What is it?—I have forgot.

Letty. That good ſentiments are always plain.

Marianne. Yes.—So are good women,—bid her remember that Letty.

Letty. Huſh:—ſay no more—here ſhe comes, and Mr. Willoughby with her.

Marianne. Ay—that man is always with her of late—but come Letty, let's get out of their way—let's take a walk and look at the beaux.

Letty. The beaux! ah: I ſee you long to become a woman of faſhion.

Marianne. No—tho' I hate the country, I never will become a woman of faſhion—I know too well what it is to do many things one don't like, and 'faith, while there is ſuch real pleaſure in following my own inclinations, I ſee no reaſon why, *(merely out of faſhion)* I ſhould be oblig'd to copy other people's. [*Exit with Letty.*

Enter Lady WAITFOR'T, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

LADY, *to Servant.*

When my Lord returns, tell him I'm gone to Lady Walton's, and ſhall be back immediately.

Willoughby. Then your Ladyſhip is certain Harry Neville is arrived.

Lady. Yes—the ungrateful man arrived laſt night, and as I yet mean to conſult his happineſs, I have written to him to come to me this evening—but I will ever oppoſe his union with my Lord's ward, Louiſa Courtney, becauſe I think it will be the ruin of them both, and you know, Willoughby, one can not forget one's feelings on thoſe occaſions.

Willoughby. Certainly—Ennui the Time-killer—whoſe only buſineſs in life is to murder the

the hour; is alſo juſt arrived; and my Lord is reſolved on his marrying Louiſa inſtantly.

Lady. True—and only becauſe he'll make a quiet member for his borough in the weſt. But for various reaſons I am determined ſhe ſhall be your's—yet it muſt be done artfully—my circumſtances are deranged, and an alliance with my Lord Scratch is the only hope of relief—ſuch are the fruits of virtue, Willoughby.

Willoughby. Well—but her fortune is entirely dependant on my Lord's conſent, and, how is that to be obtained? You know I am no favourite, and Ennui is a great one.

Lady. I know it, and therefore we muſt inceníe him againſt Ennui—let me ſee—can't we contrive ſome mode,—ſome little ingenious ſtory—he is a ſingular character you know, and has violent prejudices.

Willoughby. True—and of all his prejudices, none is ſo violent or entertaining as that againſt authors and actors.

Lady. Yes,—the ſtage is his averſion, and ſome way or other—I have it—it's an odd thought but may do much—ſuppoſe we tell him Ennui has written a play.

Willoughby. The luckieſt thought in the world! it will make him hate him directly.

Lady. Well:—leave it to me—I'll explain the matter to him myſelf,—and my life on't, it proves ſucceſsful—you ſee Willoughby my only ſyſtem is to promote happineſs.

Willoughby. It is indeed Lady Waitfor't—but if this fails, may I ſtill hope for your intereſt with Miſs Courtney.

Lady.

Lady. Yes—I'm determined ſhe ſhall be your's, and neither Neville's, nor Ennui's—but come, it's late—here he is.

Willoughby. We'll get rid of him.

Enter ENNUI.

Lady. Mr. Ennui, your moſt obedient—we are going to the Parade—have you ſeen your couſin Neville?

Nnnui. I've an idea—I've juſt left him.

Lady. I ſuppoſe we ſhall ſee you at Lady Walton's in the evening—till when adieu.

[*Exeunt Lady Waitfor't and Willoughby.*

ENNUI *ſolus.*

I've an idea I don't like this Lady Waitfor't—ſhe wiſhes to trick me out of my match with Miſs Courtney, and if I could trick her in return—*(takes out his watch.)*—How goes the enemy!—only one o'clock!—I thought it had been that, an hour ago:—heigho!—here's my patron Lord Scratch.

Enter Lord SCRATCH.

Lord. What a wonderful virtue is the art of hearing!—may I die if a liſtener is to be found any where:—Zounds! am not I a Peer, and don't I talk by prerogative?—and if I may'nt talk ten times as much as another perſon, what's the uſe of my peerage?

Ennui. I've an idea—I don't comprehend you.

Lord. That fellow Neville would'nt hear a word I had to ſay:—abandoned young dog:—he's come to Bath to invent tales againſt that divinity Lady Waitfor't again I ſuppoſe—but

my ward Louiſa ſhall be put out of his pow'r for ever—ſhe ſhall marry you to-morrow.

Ennui. In fact—I always forgot to give your lordſhip joy of your title, though not of your dreſs.

Lord. Not of my dreſs!—ay: ay:—that's the difference—you poor devils in humble life are obliged to dreſs well to look like gentlemen—we Peers may dreſs as we pleaſe—*(looking at his watch.)*—but I ſhall loſe my appointments—paſt two o'clock!

Ennui. Paſt two o'clock!—delightful!

Lord. Delightful!—what at your old tricks.

Ennui. I'd an idea—it had been only one.

Lord. And you're delighted becauſe it's an hour later.

Ennui. To be ſure I am—my dear friend, to be ſure I am, the enemy has loſt a limb!

Lord. So you're happy becauſe you're an hour nearer the other world!—tell me now!—do you wiſh to die?

Ennui. No—but I wiſh ſomebody would invent a new mode of killing time—in fact—I think I've found one—private acting.

Lord. Acting!—never talk to me about the ſtage—I deteſt a theatre and every thing that belongs to it, and if ever—but no matter—I muſt to Lady Waitſor't, and prevail on her to marry me at the ſame time you marry my ward—but remember our agreement—you are to ſettle your eſtate on Louiſa, and I am to bring you into parliament

Ennui. In fact I comprehend—I am to be a hearer, and not a ſpeaker.

Lord.

Lord. Speaker:—if you open your mouth the Chiltern Hundreds is your portion—Look'ye—you are to be led quietly to the right ſide—to ſleep during the debate—give a nod for your vote, and in every reſpect move like a Mandarin at my command—in ſhort, you are to be a Mandarin member—ſo fare you well till we're both married! [*Exit.*

Ennui. I've an idea here's Neville!—In fact—he knows nothing of my marrying Louiſa, nor ſhall he till after the happy day—ſtrange news, Neville.

Enter NEVILLE.

Nev. I've heard it all. Louiſa is going to be married: but to whom I know not,—and my Lord perſiſts in his fatal attachment to Lady Waitfor't.

Ennui. In fact—why fatal?

Nev. Becauſe it is the ſource of every miſchief—while ſhe maintains her power over him, I have no hope of love or fortune—when my father died he left his eſtate to my brother, relying on my Lord providing for me—and now how he deſerts me! and all owing to the—artifices of an inſidious woman.

Ennui. I've an Idea, I comprehend her motive—ſhe loves you.

Nev. Yes—'tis too plain—and becauſe I would not liſten to her advances, ſhe has ruined me in my uncle's opinion, and degraded me in Louiſa's—but I will ſee Miſs Courtney herſelf—I will hear my doom from her own mouth; and if ſhe avoids me, I will leave her, and this country, for ever.

Enter

Enter PETER.

Peter. A letter, ſir.

Nev. Without a direction!—what can it mean?

Peter. Sir, 'tis from Lady Waitfor't—The ſervant who brought it, ſaid her Ladyſhip had reaſons for not directing it, which ſhe would explain to you when ſhe ſaw you.

Nev. Oh! the old ſtratagem: as it is not directed ſhe may ſwear it was deſigned for another perſon. *(reads)*

" *Sir,*

" *I have heard of your arrival at Bath, and* " *ſtrange as my conduct may appear, I think it a* " *duty I owe the virtuous part of mankind to pro-* " *mote their happineſs as much as I can, I have* " *long beheld your merit, and long wiſh'd to en-* " *courage it.—I ſhall be at home at ſix this* " *evening. Your's,*

" A. WAITFOR'T."

Ennui. In fact—a very ſentimental aſſignation, that would do as well for any other man.

Nev. If I ſhow it to my Lord I know his bigotry is ſuch that he would (as uſual) only ſuppoſe it a trick of my own—the more cauſe there is to condemn, the more he approves.

Ennui. I've an idea he's incomprehenſible—in fact—who have we here?

Nev. As I live, Vapid, the dramatic author—he is come to Bath to pick up characters I ſuppoſe.

Ennui. In fact—pick up!

Nev. Yes—he has the ardor ſcribendi upon him ſo ſtrong, that he would rather you'd aſk

him to write an epilogue to a new play, than offer him your whole eſtate—the theatre is his world, in which are included all his hopes and wiſhes.—In ſhort,—he is a dramatic maniac.

Ennui. Has he not a ſhare of vanity in his compoſition?

Nev. Oh yes—he fancies himſelf a great favourite with the women.

Ennui. Then I've an idea, I've got a thought by which you may revenge yourſelf on Lady Waitfor't—in fact—give him the letter—he'll certainly believe 'tis meant for himſelf.—

Nev. My dear friend ten thouſand thanks—we'll flatter his vanity by perſuading him ſhe is young and beautiful, and my life on't it does wonders;—but, huſh, he comes.

Enter VAPID.

Nev. Vapid! I rejoice to ſee you,—'tis a long time ſince we met—give me leave to introduce you to a particular friend of mine—Mr. Ennui—Mr. Vapid.

Ennui. I've an idea—you do me honour—Mr. Vapid I ſhall be proud to be better acquainted with you—in fact—any thing of conſequence ſtirring in the faſhionable or political world.

Vapid. Some whiſpers about a new pantomime, ſir—nothing elſe.

Nev. And I'm afraid in the preſent ſcarcity of good writers, we have little elſe to expect—pray Vapid, how is the preſent dearth of genius to be accounted for? particularly dramatic genius?

Vapid. Why as to dramatic genius, ſir, the fact is this—to give a true picture of life a man ſhould

ſhould enter into all its ſcenes, ſhould follow nature, ſir—but modern authors plunder from one another—the mere ſhades of ſhadows,—now, ſir, for my part, I dive into the world, I ſearch the heart of man—'tis true I'm called a rake—but upon my ſoul I only game, drink and intrigue, that I may be better able to dramatize each particular ſcene.

Nev. A good excuſe for profligacy—but tell me Vapid have you got any new characters ſince you came to Bath?

Vapid. Faith!—only two—and thoſe not very new either.

Ennui. In fact:—may we aſk what they are?

Vapid. If you don't write.

Nev. No, we certainly do not.

Vapid. Then I'll tell you—the firſt is a charitable divine, who in the weighty conſideration how he ſhall beſt laviſh his generoſity, never beſtows it at all—and the other is a cautious apothecary, who, in determining which of two medicines is beſt for his patient, lets him die for want of aſſiſtance—you underſtand me,—I think this laſt will do ſomething, heh?

Ennui I've an idea—the apothecary would cut a good figure in a comedy.

Vapid. A comedy! pſhaw! I mean him for a Tragedy.

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend, nor poſſibly the town.

Vapid. I know it—that's the very thing—hark'ye, I've found out a ſecret—what every body underſtands, nobody approves, and people always applaud moſt where they leaſt comprehend.—There is a refinement, ſir, in appearing to

underſtand things incomprehenſible—elſe whence ariſes the pleaſure at an opera, a private play, or a ſpeech in parliament? why, tis the myſtery in all theſe things—'tis the deſire to find out, what nobody elſe can—to be thought wiſer than others—therefore—you take me,—the apothecary is the hero of my tragedy.

Nev. Faith there is ſome reaſon in all this—and I'm amazed we have ſo many writers for the ſtage.

Vapid. So am I—and I think I'll write no more for an ungrateful public—you don't know any body that has a play coming out, do you?

Nev. No—, why do you aſk?

Vapid. He'll want an epilogue you know, that's all.

Nev. Why you won't write him one, will you?

Vapid, I! oh Lord! no,—but genius ought to be encouraged, and as he's a friend of your's,—what's the name of the play?

Nev. I really don't know any body that has written one.

Vapid. Yes—yes—you do.

Nev. Upon my word I do not—a couſin of mine indeed wrote one for his amuſement, but I don't think he could ever be prevailed on to produce it on the ſtage.

Vapid He prevailed on!—The manager you mean—but what did you think of it?

Nev. I never read it but am told it is a good play—and if performed, Vapid, he will be proud of your aſſiſtance.

Vapid. I ſpeak in time, becauſe it is material—many a dull play has been ſaved by a good epilogue.

Nev.

Nev. True—but I had almoſt forgot—why Vapid, the Lady in the grove will enlarge your knowledge amazingly.

Ennui. I've an idea—ſhe's the pattern of perfection.

Nev. The paragon of beauty! ah Vapid! I would give worlds for the coldeſt expreſſion in this letter.

Vapid. That letter!—what do you mean by that letter?

Nev. And you really pretend not to know the young Lady Waitfor't?

Vapid. No, I hav'nt ſpoke to a woman at Bath,—but a ſweet girl I danced with at the ball; and who ſhe is by the lord I don't know.

Nev. Well, but Vapid—young Lady Waitfor't—ſhe loves you to diſtraction.

Vapid. As I hope for fame, I never heard her name before.

Nev. Then ſhe has heard your's, and admires your genius,—however, read the letter and be ſatisfied ſhe loves you.

VAPID *reads.*

" Arrival at Bath—duty I owe—virtuous part " of mankind—beheld your merit—wiſh to en- " courage—ſix this evening.—A. Waitfor't— " Grove.'

Yes—yes: its plain enough now—ſhe admires my talents!—It is'nt the firſt time Neville, this has happen'd—ſweet fond fool:—I'll go and prepare my ſelf directly.

Nev. Ay—do Vapid,—ſhe'll be all on fire to ſee you.

Vapid. All on fire! I ſuppoſe ſo—write a play Neville, write a play—you ſee the effect of the

the muſes and graces when they unite—you ſee Neville, you ſee—but hold; hold: how the devil came you by this letter.

Nev. That's true enough *(aſide)* I'll tell you—I was at her party laſt night, and on coming out of the room ſhe ſlipt it into my hand and deſired me to direct it, and give it you—ſhe has often ſpoke to me in your favour, and I did you all the good I could—however, to be ſure it's no miſtake, aſk the ſervant who admits you, if the name at the bottom, is not her own hand writing.

Vapid. Oh, no! its no miſtake, there's no doubt of the matter—write a play Neville, write a play—and charm the ladies you dog!—adieu! [*Exit.*

Ennui. I've an idea, if we've common fortune this will do every thing.

Nev. No,—Lady Waitfor't's arts are numberleſs—ſhe is ſo perfect a hypocrite, that I even doubt her confeſſing her real ſentiments to her minion Willoughby; and when ſhe does a bad action, ſhe ever pretends 'tis from a good motive.

Re-enter VAPID.

Vapid. Gad, I forgot—you'll recollect the epilogue, Neville.

Nev. Yes,—I'll write to my couſin to-day.

Vapid. But not a word of the love affair to him—any where elſe indeed it might do one a ſervice—but never tell an intrigue to a dramatic author.

Ennui. In fact,—why not, ſir?

Vapid. Becauſe it may furniſh a ſcene for a comedy—I do it myſelf.—Indeed I think the beſt

beſt part of an intrigue is the hopes of incident, or ſtage effect—however, I can't ſtay.

Nev. Nay, we'll walk with you—I in purſuit of my brother—you of your miſtreſs.

Vapid. Ay, Neville,—there it is—now do take my advice and write a play—if any accident happens, remember, it is better to have written a damn'd play than no play at all,—it ſnatches a man from obſcurity, and being particular, *as this world goes*, is a very great thing.

Nev. But I confeſs I have no deſire to get into print.

Vapid. Get into print! pſha!—every body gets into print now—kings and quacks—peers and poets—biſhops and boxers—taylors and trading juſtices—can't go lower you know—all get into print! But we ſoar a little higher,—we have privileges peculiar to ourſelves.—Now ſir, I—I for my part can talk as I pleaſe,—ſay what I will, it is ſure to excite mirth, for ſuppoſing you don't laugh at my wit, I laugh myſelf, Neville, and that makes every body elſe do the ſame—ſo allons!!

Ennui. I've an idea—no bad mode of routing the enemy.

END *of* ACT I.

ACT

ACT II.

(Two chairs.)

SCENE—*An Apartment in Lady* WAITFOR'T'S *Houſe.*

Enter VAPID, *and a Servant.*

Servant. Sir, my Lady will wait on you immediately.

Vapid. Hark'ye, ſir,—Is this young Lady of your's very handſome?

Servant. Sir.

Vapid. Is your young miſtreſs, ſir, very handſome?

Servant. Yes, ſir—my young miſtreſs is thought a perfect beauty.

Vapid. Charming! what age do you reckon her?

Servant. About twenty, ſir.

Vapid. The right intereſting age! and fond of the drama I ſuppoſe?

Servant. Sir!

Vapid. Very fond of plays I preſume.

Servant. Yes, ſir, very fond of plays or any thing relating to them.

Vapid. Delightful! now am I the happieſt dog alive: yes, yes, Vapid! let the town damn your plays, the women will never deſert you, *(ſeats himſelf)* you need'nt ſtay, ſir *(Servant exit)* that's a good ſign, that fellow is'nt us'd to this kind of buſineſs—ſo much the better—practice is the deſtruction of love—yes, I ſhall indulge a beautiful woman,—gratify myſelf, and perhaps get the laſt ſcene for my unfiniſhed comedy.

Enter

Enter Lady WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Sir, your moſt obedient.

Vapid. Ma'am, *(bowing)*

Lady. Pray keep your ſeat, ſir—I beg I may'nt diſturb you.

Vapid. By no means, ma'am—give me leave—*(both ſit)* who the devil have we here. *Aſide.*

Lady. I am told, ſir, you have buſineſs for Lady Waitfor't.

Vapid. Yes, ma'am—being my firſt appearance in that character, but I could wait whole hours for ſo beautiful a woman.

Lady. Oh, ſir!

Vapid. Yes—I am no ſtranger to her charms,—ſweet young creature!

Lady. Nay, dear ſir, not ſo *very* young.

Vapid. Your pardon, ma'am, and her youth enhances her other merits—but oh! ſhe has one charm that ſurpaſſes all.

Lady. Has ſhe, ſir?—what may it be?

Vapid. Her paſſion for the ſtage.

Lady. Sir!

Vapid. Yes, her paſſion for the ſtage! that in my mind makes her the firſt of her ſex.

Lady. Sir, ſhe has no paſſion for the ſtage.

Vapid. Yes, yes, ſhe has.

Lady. But I proteſt ſhe has not.

Vapid. But I declare and affirm it as a fact, ſhe has a ſtrong paſſion for the ſtage, and a violent attachment for all the people that belong to it.

Lady. Sir, I don't underſtand you—explain.

Vapid. Hark'ye,—we are alone—I promiſe it ſhall go no further, and I'll let you into a ſecret—I know—

Lady. Well!—what do you know?

Vapid. I know a certain dramatic author with whom ſhe ——— he had a letter from her this morning.

Lady, What!

Vapid. Yes,—an aſſignation—don't be alarmed—the man may be depended on—he is ſafe—very ſafe!—long in the habit of intrigue—a good perſon too!—a very good perſon indeed.

Lady. Amazement!

Vapid. (Whiſpering her.) Hark'ye, he means to make her happy in leſs than half an hour.

Lady. (riſing.) Sir,—do you know who you're talking to?—do you know who I am?

Vapid. No,—how the devil ſhould I?

Lady, Then know, I am Lady Waitfor't.

Vapid. You, Lady Waitfor't!

Lady. Yes, ſir—the only Lady Waitfor't!

Vapid. Mercy on me:—here's incident!

Lady. Yes,—and I am convinced you were ſent here by that traitor, Neville—ſpeak, is he not your friend?

Vapid. Yes, ma'am:—I know Mr. Neville—here's equivoque!

Lady. This is ſome trick, ſome ſtratagem of his—he gave you the letter to perplex and embarraſs me.

Vapid. Gave the letter! gad that's great,—pray ma'am give me leave to aſk you one queſtion—Did you write to Mr. Neville?

Lady. Yes, ſir—to confeſs the truth I did—but from motives.—

Vapid. Stop, my dear ma'am, ſtop—I have it—now let me be clear—firſt you ſend him a letter; is it not ſo? yes,—then he gives it to me—

me—very well: then I come, (ſuppoſing you only twenty) mighty well!—then you turn out ninety—charming!—then comes the embaraſſment: then the eclairciſement! Oh, it's glorious!—Give me your hand—you have atoned for every thing.

Lady. Oh! I owe all this to that villain, Neville—I am not revengeful—but 'tis a weakneſs to endure ſuch repeated provocations, and I'm convinced the mind, that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at laſt forget good one's.

Vapid. Bravo! encore, encore—it is the very beſt ſentiment I ever heard—ſay it again, pray ſay it again—I'll take it down, and blend it with the incident, and you ſhall be gratified one day or other with ſeeing the whole on the ſtage.—"The mind that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at laſt forget good ones." *(Taking it down in his common place book.*

Lady. This madman's folly is not to be borne—if my Lord too ſhould diſcover him *(Vapid ſits and takes notes)* here, the conſequences might be dreadful, and the ſcheme of Ennui's play all undone.—Sir, I deſire you'll quit my houſe immediately—Oh! I'll be revenged I'm determined. [*Exit.*

VAPID *ſolus.*

What a great exit! very well!—I've got an incident however—Faith! I have noble talents—to extract gold from lead has been the toil of numberleſs philoſophers: but I extract it from a baſer metal, human frailty—Oh! it's a great

thing to be a dramatic genius!—a very great thing indeed! [*As he is going*

Enter Lord SCRATCH.

Vapid. Sir, your moſt devoted.——How d'ye do?

Lord. Sir, your moſt obedient.

Vapid. Very warm tragedy weather, ſir!—but for my part I hate ſummer and I'll tell you why,—the theatres are ſhut, and when I paſs by their doors in an evening it makes me melancholy—I look upon them as the tombs of departed friends that were wont to inſtruct and delight me—I don't know how you feel—perhaps you are not in my way.

Lord. Sir!

Vapid. Perhaps you don't write for the ſtage—if you do,—hark'ye—there is a capital character in this houſe for a farce.

Lord. Why! what is all this—who are you?

Vapid. Who am I?—here's a queſtion! in theſe times who can tell who he is?—for ought I know I may be great uncle to yourſelf, or firſt couſin to Lady Waitfor't—the very woman I was about to—but no matter—ſince you're ſo very inquiſitive, do you know who you are?

Lord. Look'ye, ſir, I am Lord Scratch.

Vapid. A Peer! pſha! contemptible;—when I aſk a man who he is, I don't want to know what are his titles and ſuch nonſenſe; no, Old Scratch, I want to know what he has written, when he had the curtain up, and whether he's a true ſon of the drama.—Hark'ye, don't make yourſelf uneaſy on my account—in my next pan-

pantomime perhaps I'll let you know who I am, old Scratch. [*Exit.*

Lord. Aſtoniſhing! can this be Lady Waitfor't's houſe—" Very warm tragedy weather, ſir!" " In my next pantomime let you know who I am"—Gad I muſt go and inveſtigate the matter immediately, and if ſhe has wronged me, by the blood of the Scratches, I'll bring the whole buſineſs before parliament, make a ſpeech ten hours long, reduce the price of opium, and ſet the nation in a lethargy. [*Exit.*

SCENE—*A Library in Lady* WAITFOR'T'S *Houſe.*

A Sopha, and two Chairs.

Enter VAPID.

Vapid. Either this houſe is a labyrinth, or I, in reflecting on my incident, have forgot myſelf; for ſo it is I can't find my way out—who have we here?—by the ſixtieth night my little partner!

Enter MARIANNE, *with a book in her hand.*

Marianne. The poet I danc'd with!—he little thinks how much I've thought of him ſince? ſir. *(curtſying.)*

Vapid. Ma'am, *(bowing.)*

Marianne. I hope, ſir, you caught no cold the other night.

Vapid. No ma'am, I was much nearer a fever than a cold—pray ma'am what is your ſtudy?

Marianne

Marianne. I have been reading "*All for Love.*" —Pray, ſir, do you know any thing about plays?

Vapid. Know any thing about plays!—there's a queſtion.

Marianne. I know ſo much about them, that I once acted at a private theatre.

Vapid. Did you? then you acted for your own amuſement and nobody's elſe: what was the play?

Marianne. I can't tell.

Vapid. Can't tell!

Marianne. No,—nobody knew,—its a way they have.

Vapid. Then they never act a play of mine—With all this partiality for the ſtage—perhaps you would be content with a dramatiſt for life—particularly if his morals were fine.

Marianne. Lord! I don't care about fine morals—I'd rather my huſband had fine teeth,—and I'm told moſt women of faſhion are of the ſame opinion.

Vapid. To be ſure they are,—but could you really conſent to run away with a poet.

Marianne. Faith—with all my heart—they never have any money you know, and as I have none, our diſtreſs would be complete, and if we had any luck our adventures would become public, and then we ſhould get into a novel at laſt.

Vapid. Into a priſon more probably—if ſhe goes on in this way I muſt dramatize her firſt,—and run away with her afterwards *(aſide)* come are you ready?

Lady WAITFOR'T *without.*

Tell my Lord, ſir, I'll wait in the library.

Marianne

Marianne. Oh lord! my aunt, what's to be done.

Vapid. What's to be done!—why?

Marianne. She mus'nt find you here—ſhe'll be the death of me, ſhe is ſo violent.

Vapid. Well, I'm not afraid—ſhe's no manager.

Marianne. No, but if you have any pity for me—here—hide yourſelf for a moment behind this ſopha, and I'll get her out of the room directly.

Vapid. Behind this ſopha! here's an incident!

Marianne. Nay—pray—ſhe's here! come—quick!—quick!—

[*Vapid gets behind the ſopha, Marianne ſits on it, takes out her work bag, and begins ſinging——Lady Waitfor't enters.*

Marianne. Toll de roll &c.

Enter Lady WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Marianne how came you here? I deſire you'll leave the room directly.

Marianne. Leave the room, aunt!

Lady. Yes, leave the room immediately—what are you looking at?

Marianne. Nothing aunt, nothing—lord! lord! what will become of poor, poor Mr. Poet? [*Exit.*

Lady. So—here's my lord—now to mention Ennui's play, and if it does but prejudice him againſt him, Willoughby marries Louiſa, and Neville is in my own power.

Enter Lord SCRATCH.

Lord. That curſt pantomine ruffian! nobody knows any think about him—perhaps my lady has

has got a ſudden touch of the dramatic mania, and prefers him—here ſhe is—now if ſhe ſhould talk about the ſtage.

Lady. Pray be ſeated my lord—I want to aſk you a favour.

Lord. Aſk me a favour! is it poſſible! *(they ſit.)*

Lady. Yes, for our friend Ennui—what do you think he has done?

Lord. What?

Lady. Turn'd author—he has written a comedy.

Lord. A comedy!—ſhe has it.

Lady. Yes—its very true, and it has been approved of by men of the firſt dramatic fame.

Lord. Dramatic fame! ſhe has it!—dam'me ſhe has it!

Lady. Nay, if you need further proof my Lord, it has been approved by the manager of one of the theatres, and the curtain is to draw up next winter.

Lord. The curtain draw up!—Look ye madam—I care no more for the manager or his theatre.

Lady. Now my Lord the favour I have to aſk of you is this—promiſe me to peruſe the play, make alterations, and write the epilogue.

Lord. The epilogue!—fire and forefathers.

[*Lady holds him.*

Lady. Ay, or the prologue.

Lord. The prologue!—blood and gunpowder!

[*Vapid comes from behind the ſopha, and ſmacks him on the back.*

Vapid. prologue or epilogue!—I'm the man—I'll write you both.

Lord

Lord. There he is again!

Lady. Oh! I ſhall faint with vexation!—my Lord, I deſire you'll miſinterpret nothing—every thing ſhall be explained to you—Marianne!

Lord. Here's the curtain up with a vengeance.

Enter MARIANNE.

Lady. Anſwer me directly, how came that gentleman in this apartment? I know it is ſome trick of your's.

VAPID, *coming down the ſtage.*

Vapid. To be ſure, never any thing was ſo fortunate!—upon my ſoul! I beg your pardon; but curſe me, if I can help laughing, to think how lucky it was for you both I happened to be behind the ſopha!—ha! ha! ha!

[*Marianne, as if taking the hint.*

Marianne. Faith! no more can I—to be ſure it was the luckieſt thing in the world! ha! ha! ha!

[*Here they both laugh loud and point to my Lord, and Lady Waitfor't, who ſtand between them in amazement.*

Lady. Sir, I inſiſt you lay aſide this levity, and inſtantly explain how you came in this room.

Vapid. Sir! ha! ha!

Lord. Ay, ſir,—explain—and diſpatch,—I intreat you diſpatch—I have ſo much to ſay.

Vapid. Never fear old lady—I'll bring you off, depend on't.

Lady. None of your whiſpering,—ſpeak out, ſir.

Vapid. With all my heart—by her Ladyſhip's own appointment.

Lady. My own appointment!—I ſhall run wild.

Vapid. To be ſure you have hardly forgot your own hand writing.

Lord. Her own hand writing!—get on, ſir,—I beſeech you, get on.

Vapid. Why look'ye, old Scratch,—you ſeem to be an admirer of this Lady's—now I think it my duty as a moral dramatiſt—a moral dramatiſt, ſir, mark that—to expoſe hypocriſy—therefore, ſir, there is the letter, read it, and be convinced of your error.

Lord. Very well, have you done, ſir?—have you done?—conſider I'm a peer of the realm, and I ſhall die if I don't talk.

Vapid. And now, ſir, I muſt beg a favour of you—*(gets cloſe to him)* keep the whole affair ſecret, for if it gets hacknied, it loſes its force.

Lord. Granted—granted—I'll grant any thing ſo you will but get on.

Vapid. Between ourſelves I mean.

Lord. No pauſes, ſir.

Vapid. To bring it all on the ſtage: huſh! ſay nothing—it will have a capital effect, and brother bards will wonder where I ſtole it—your ſituation will be wonderful—you hav'nt an idea how ridiculous you will look—you will laugh very much at yourſelf I aſſure you.

Lord. What is all this? well! now I will ſpeak—I'll wait no longer.

Vapid. Yes, yes, I ſhall take care of you—Falſtaff in the buck baſket will be nothing to it—he was only the dupe of another man's wife,—you'll be the dupe of your own, you know—"think of that, Maſter Brook, think of that" well:

well: your ſervant,—I'll write you the prologue and epilogue, but you need'nt ſend me the comedy—we never connect either with the play now—your friend may be damn'd you know, and I don't chuſe to ſuffer for his ſins,—I like to live and fight another day:—Marianne, farewell:—old lady, adieu:—I'll do your buſineſs, depend on't. [*Exit.*

Lord. He's gone without hearing me!—then there's an end of every thing, for here I ſtand, once a barriſter,—ſince a country gentleman, and now a Peer, and tho' I've made twenty attempts to ſpeak, I can't be heard a ſyllable,—mercy! what will this world come to! A Peer, and not be heard.

Lady. My lord,—aſſured of my innocence, I have no doubt of juſtifying my own conduct, and even by means of that letter encreaſing your affection—it was written to another perſon—your ungrateful Nephew.

Lord. My Nephew.

Lady. Yes, ſir,—I could not perceive him loſing the eſteem of his friends without having the deſire to reclaim him—indeed I knew no better mode of fulfiling my project than by perſonally warning him of his ſituation—for this purpoſe, I wrote that letter, and I never thought it would have been thus miſuſed—if there is any improper warmth in the expreſſions, it only proceeds from my anxiety of enſuring an interview—I hope, ſir, you are ſatisfied.

Lord. Why I believe you my lady, and I ſhould be perfectly ſatisfied if I could forget your paſſion for the ſtage, and that madman behind the ſopha.

Lady. As to that, ſir, this young lady can beſt inform you—I deſired him to leave the houſe an hour ago.

Marianne. (*aſide*) I'm afraid, my only way is to confeſs all—my lord, if I confeſs the truth, I hope you'll prevail on my aunt to forgive me.

Lady. Tell what you know, and I'll anſwer for your forgiveneſs.

Marianne, Why, ſir, I found the gentleman alone, and not having had a tete a tete a long time, I preſs'd him to ſtay, and on hearing your voice, I put him behind the ſopha,—that you might not think any thing had happened,—and indeed, ſir, nothing did happen—upon my word he's as quiet, inoffenſive a gentleman as yourſelf.

Lord. My fears are over! Oh! you finiſhed compoſition! come to my arms, and when I ſuſpect you again (*coughs much*) this curſt cough, it takes one ſo ſuddenly.

Enter ENNUI.

Ennui. I've an idea—Floriville is arriv'd—in fact—I juſt now ſpoke to him.

Lord. Floriville arriv'd!—Come my lady—let's go ſee what his travels have done for him—hark ye, Ennui—prepare for your interview with Louiſa, and remember you make a Mandarin member—come my lady—nay: never irritate your feelings.

Lady. Alas my lord! it is the misfortune of virtue to be too often feeling for the vices and errors of others—but I attend you.

[*Exeunt Lord and Lady.*

Marianne

Marianne. So—poor Mr. Neville is to loſe Miſs Courtney—her preſent quarrel with him is ſo violent, that ſhe may marry this ideot merely in revenge—if I could dupe him now, and enſure her contempt—I'll try—Mr Ennui, have you ſeen your intended wife yet?

Ennui. No.

Marianne. So I thought—why you'll never pleaſe her while you remain as you are—you muſt alter your manners—ſhe is all life!—all ſpirits! and loves a man the very oppoſite to you.

Ennui. I've an idea I'm very ſorry—in fact—how can I pleaſe her.

Marianne. There's the difficulty—let me ſee—the ſort of man ſhe prefers is—— you know Sir Harry Huſtle—a man all activity and confidence!—who does every thing from faſhion, and glories in confeſſing it.

Ennui. Sir Harry Huſtle!—in fact—he's a modern blood of faſhion.

Marianne. I know—that's the reaſon ſhe likes him, and you muſt become the ſame, if you wiſh to win her affection—a new dreſs—bold looks—a few oaths, and much ſwaggering, affects the buſineſs. (ENNUI *puts himſelf in attitudes.)*—ay, that's right, you are the very man already.

Ennui. I'm a lad of faſhion!—heh dam'me!—I've an idea—I ſhall fall aſleep in the midſt of it.

Marianne. No—no:—go about it directly—ſee Sir Harry Huſtle, and ſtudy your converſation before hand—but remember Louiſa is ſo fond of faſhion, that you can't boaſt too much of it's vices and abſurdities.

Ennui.

Ennui. If virtue was the faſhion I ſhould be virtuous !—I ſhould, damn me !

Marianne. Ay—that's the very thing—well:—good b'ye Mr. Ennui—ſucceſs attend you—mind you talk enough.

Ennui. Talk !—I'll talk till I fall aſleep !—I will !—damn me !

[*Exit ſwaggering—Marianne laughing.*

END *of* ACT II.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE—*A Saloon in Lady* WAITFOR'T'S *Houſe.*

(LOUISA, *diſcovered reading*)

Heigho! theſe poets are wonderfully tireſome —always on the ſame theme—nothing but love— I'm weary of it (*lays down the book and riſes.*) Ungenerous Neville! how could he uſe me ſo cruelly? to attempt to gain my affections and then addreſs another; Lady Waitfor't has convinced me of the fact,—I can never forgive him: yet I fear I love him ſtill—well: I'll even go examine my heart, and determine whether I do love him or not.

(*As ſhe is going out* NEVILLE *enters.*)

Louiſa. Mr. Neville—I thought, ſir, I had deſired we might never meet again.

Nev. Tis true madam, and I meant to obey your commands hard as they were, implicity obey them—but I came hither to welcome my brother, and not to intrude on the happineſs of her, I am doomed to avoid.

Louiſa. I'll conceal my embarraſſment, I'm determined (*aſide*)—if I remember, ſir, truth was ever among the foremoſt of your virtues.

Nev. Yes—and I am confident you have no reaſon to doubt it—tho' you have cauſe to cenſure my preſumption, you have none to ſuſpect my fidelity.

Louiſa. Oh no!—I don't ſuſpect your fidelity in the leaſt, but when people are faithful to more than one, you know, Mr. Neville.

Nev.

Nev. I don't underſtand you ma'am.

Louiſa. It is no matter Mr. Neville—you may ſpare yourſelf any trouble in attempting to juſtify your conduct—I am perfectly ſatisfied, ſir, I'll aſure you (*going.*)

Nev. Oh!—do not leave me in this anxious ſtate; perhaps this is the laſt time we ſhall ever meet, and to part thus, would embitter every future moment of my life,—indeed I have no hopes that concern not your happineſs, no wiſhes that relate not to your eſteem.

Louiſa. Sir,—I will freely confeſs to you, had you ſhewn the leaſt perſeverance in your affection, or ſincerity in your behaviour, I could have heard your addreſſes with pleaſure—but to liſten to them now, Mr. Neville, would be to approve a conduct my honour prompts me to reſent, and my pride to deſpiſe.

Nev. Then I am loſt indeed!—'tis to the perfidious Lady Waitfor't I owe all this—— my preſent [*Lady* WAITFOR'T, *enters behind*] miſery, my future pain, are all the product of her jealous rage! ſhe is ſo vile an hypocrite that—

Lady WAITFOR'T, *coming forward.*

Who is an hypocrite, ſir?

Nev. Madam!

Lady. Who is an hypocrite, ſir? anſwer me.

Nev. Aſk your own heart, that can beſt inform you.

Lady. Tell me, Mr. Neville, what have I done, that you dare inſult me thus.

Nev. What have you done? look on that lady, madam; there all my hopes and wiſhes were combined!

combined!—there was the very ſummit of my bliſs! I thought I had attained it; but in the moment of my happineſs you came, cruſh'd every hope, and baffled all my joys!

Lady. Upon my word, ſir, very romantic,—but I thank heaven I look for approbation in a better opinion than that of Mr. Neville's.

Nev. 'Tis well you do madam, for were I your judge your puniſhment ſhould be exemplary—but I'll waſte words no more—I only hope (*to Louiſa*) you, madam, are ſatisfied that one of my errors may at leaſt be forgiven, and this laſt ſuſpicion for ever blotted from your memory.

Lady. Sir, from that lady's forgiveneſs you have nothing to expect—if ſhe conſent to pardon you, I'll take care my lord never ſhall.

Nev. No—I do not hope for forgiveneſs—I have heard her determination, and cruel as it is, to that I muſt reſign,—ſhe may be aſſured I never will intrude where I know I offend.

Louiſa. Do you then leave us, Mr. Neville?

Nev. Yes, madam, and for ever!—may you be as bleſt in the gratification of your hopes as I have been wretched in the diſappointment of mine. [*Exit.*

Lady. Tyrant! I wiſh he had ſtayed to hear reaſon—I hope he is not ſerious in leaving us.

Louiſa. You hope!—why does it concern you?

Lady. Oh! no further than from that general love I bear mankind—you forget my feelings on theſe occaſions, Louiſa.

Louiſa. Yes indeed—I have too much reaſon to attend to my own!—you'll excuſe me—I have particular buſineſs—I'll return immediately. [*Exit.*

Lady. Oh! the cauſe of her confuſion is evident—ſhe loves him ſtill—but they ſhall never meet again—I have already ſent a letter to Willoughby which imparts a ſcheme I have long cheriſhed, my lord in his anger about my ſtage mania, has forgot Ennui's play; ſo, that there may be no bars to Willoughby's happineſs, I am determin'd Louiſa ſhall be his this very night,

Enter Lord SCRATCH.

Lord. Here's a ſpectacle for a Peer! Floriville is below, and is returned from his travels a finiſhed coxcomb,—I'll not give him a farthing.

Lady. Nay; my lord; perhaps you may be miſtaken.

Lord. Miſtaken! no, he has travelled not to ſee, but to ſay he had ſeen.

Enter MARIANNE *with a French watch and chain.*

Marianne. Oh uncle in law! look here—I never ſaw any thing ſo elegant in all my life!

Lord. Whoſe preſent is this?

Marianne. Whoſe? why the ſweet gentleman's juſt arrived from Italy—Lord! he's a dear man—he has promiſed to do every thing for me—to get me a fortune—to get me a huſband—to get me a——

Lord. Huſh! you don't know what you're talking about.

Marianne. Yes but I do tho'—he has told me every thing—Lord! I have heard ſuch things! come here,—near (*Lord* SCRATCH, *gets cloſe to her*) get my aunt out of the room, and I'll tell you ſtories that ſhall make your old heart bound again!

again! Huſh! do it quietly—I will upon my honour—what an old fool it is! (*aſide.*)

Lady. Marianne, you mus'nt liſten to Mr. Floriville,—for travellers may perſuade you into any thing, and many a woman has been ruined in one country; by being told it is the faſhion in another.

Lord. Here he comes; I ſee as plain as my Peerage I ſha'nt keep my temper.

Lady. I ſuppoſe my lord, he has ſpent great part of his time in France, where he has been the dupe of knaves of every nation.

Enter FLORIVILLE.

Flor. Your pardon ma'am—you wrong the French—they never ſuffer any one to dupe a traveller but themſelves—ladies a thouſand pardons for not waiting on you before, but this is the firſt vacant moment I have had ſince my arrival at Bath.

Marianne. Sir, your coming at all is taken as a very great compliment, I'll aſſure you.

Lady to MARIANNE, *who exits.*

Leave the room immediately—no reply—I will be obeyed—Mr. Floriville we are very happy to ſee you.

Flor. Ma'am you do me honour—my lord, where's Harry? I thought to have found him here;—what, he did'nt chooſe to ſtay:—ſo much the better—it ſhews he's not a man of ceremony—we do the ſame in Italy; but hark-ye uncle—is this the lady I'm to call aunt?

Lord. My gorge is riſing, I ſhall certainly do him a miſchief.

Flor. (*ſpying at her*) rather experienced or ſo!—a little antique, heh!—however the ſame motive that makes her a good aunt to me, will make her a good wife to you—you underſtand me.

Lord. Damn me if I do.—

Flor. Well, well, no matter—come, I want to hear every thing—to know what remarkable occurrences have happen'd ſince I left England? pray Lady Waitfor't inform me,—do let me know every little circumſtance.

Lady. Rather, ſir, we ſhould aſk of you, what happen'd in your travels?

Flor. Oh, nothing ſo ſhocking! no man can be the herald of his own praiſe.

Lady. Yes, ſir, but I wiſh to know how you like the Chapel of Loretto, the Venus de Medicis of Florence, the Vatican at Rome, and all the numberleſs curioſities, peculiar to the countries you have travelled through.

Lord. Look ye—I'll anſwer for it, he knows nothing of the gentlemen you mention—do you, my ſweet pretty—oh! you damn'd puppy.

Flor. Why ſwear, my lord?

Lord. Swear my lord! zounds! its my prerogative, and by—tell me how you ſpent your time, ſir?

Flor. Why, in contemplating living angels, not dead antiquities; in baſking in the rays of beauty, not mouldering in the duſt of anceſtry! in mirth, feſtivity and pleaſure!—not ſtudy, pedantry and retirement.—Oh, I have lived, ſir! lived for myſelf, not an ungrateful world, who, ſhould I die a martyr to their cauſe, would only laugh and wonder at my folly.

Lady. You ſeem to know the world, Mr. Floriville.

Flor. No, ma'am, I know little of mankind, and leſs of myſelf,—I have no pilot but my pleaſures;—no miſtreſs but my paſſions;—and I don't believe if it was to ſave my life, I could reaſon conſequentially for a minute together.

Lord. Granted—you have ſeen every thing worth ſeeing, yet know nothing worth knowing, and now you have juſt knowledge enough to prove yourſelf a fool on every ſubject.

Flor. Vaſtly well my Lord—upon my word you improve with your title, but I am perfectly ſatisfied, believe me—for what I don't know, I take for granted, is not worth knowing—therefore we'll call another topic.—I'm in love, my Lord.

Lord. In love!—with who, ſir?

Flor. Can't you gueſs?

Lord. No, ſir, I cannot.

Flor. With one that will pleaſe you very much—at leaſt ought to pleaſe you—you'll be in raptures, dear uncle.

Lord. Raptures! and you ſhall be in agonies, my dear nephew.

Flor. You have known one another a long while, yet you havn't met for years—you have lov'd one another a long while, yet you quarrel'd not an hour ago—you have differ'd from one another all your lives, yet you are likely to be friends as long as you live—and above all, the perſon is now in the houſe.

Lord. In this houſe! let me know who it is this moment, or by the blood of the Scratches!

Flor. One who has charms enough to ſet the world on fire;—one who has fortune enough to

ſet

ſet a ſtate at war, ſir;—one who has talents, health, and proſperity, and yet not half what the perſon deſerves:—can you tell now, ſir?

Lord. No, ſir, and if you don't tell this inſtant.

Flor. Then I'll tell you *(ſlaps him on the back)*—it's myſelf, ſir! my own charming ſelf!—I have ſearch'd the world over, and I don't find any thing I like half ſo well. [*Walks up the ſtage.*]

Lord. I won't diſgrace myſelf,—I won't lower the dignity of Peerage by chaſtiſing a commoner, elſe, you prince of butterflies—come, my Lady—look'ye, ſir—I intend to be handed down to poſterity; and while you are being lampooned in ballads and newſpapers, I mean to cut a figure in the hiſtory of England; ſo come along my Lady—in the hiſtory of England, you coxcomb. [*Exeunt Lord and Lady.*

Flor. If the face is a picture of the mind, that intended aunt of mine is a great hypocrite, and the ſtory I heard of the poet proves it—but now for a frolick—'gad its very ſtrange I could never reform, and become a ſerious thinking being—but what's the uſe of thinking?—

Reaſon ſtays till we call, and then not oft is near,
But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer!— [*Exit.*

SCENE—*An Apartment in Lady* WAITFOR'T'S *Houſe.*

WILLOUGHBY, *to a Servant.*

Tell your miſtreſs I ſhall be punctual to the appointment—*(Servant exit)*—ſo, thanks to fortune,

fortune, Lady Waitfor't has at length conſented to my entreaties, and this night makes Louiſa mine for ever!—now to read the letter once more.

(Reads)

" *Louiſa accompanies me to night to Lady* " *Walton's, which you know is at the extremity of* " *the town—on ſome pretence or other I'll tell her* " *I have ordered the ſervant at the back gate* " *which adjoins the paddock—there I'll leave* " *her—and if you have a chaiſe waiting near* " *the ſpot, you may conduct her where you* " *pleaſe.—You know my feelings on this occaſion,* " *but it is for her good only I'll aſſure you—ſhe* " *don't deſerve it, Mr. Willoughby:—indeed ſhe* " *don't deſerve it?*"—

" A. WAITFOR'T."

So—this is beyond my hopes!—ha! my Lord and Louiſa with him, come to receive Ennui, who to my aſtoniſhment I met juſt now in a new dreſs, ſwearing and capering, and boaſting of the vices of faſhion—but no matter—I muſt to the rendezvous immediately—now, Louiſa! tremble at my vengeance! [*Exit.*

Enter Lord SCRATCH, *and* LOUISA.

Lord. Yes:—yes:—Ennui will be here in an inſtant—but he's ſo reſerved—and ſo mild—

Louiſa. So I underſtand, ſir—and ſo very ſilent that he won't talk ſo much in a year, as I intend in an hour.

Lord. I know—that's the reaſon I bring him into parliament—he'll never ſpeak—only ſay " ay" or " no" and be up ſtairs to beef-ſtakes in an

an inſtant—*(knock)*—here he is!—now encourage him—don't mind his diffidence—

Louiſa. No, ſir—I'll do all in my pow'r to make him talk.

Lord. That's well—I'll leave you together—I won't interrupt you—*(ſtamping without)*—odſo!—I muſt get out of the way—encourage him, Louiſa—I beſeech you encourage him! [*Exit.*

ENNUI, *without.*

Stand by! no ceremony damn me!—

Lord. Heaven!—is this diffidence.—

ENNUI, *enters with Servant.*

Ennui. Get down ſtairs you dog—get down—*(ſervant exit.)* Here I am ma'am!—eaſe is every thing—I'll ſeat myſelf—now for buſineſs!—yaw—aw!—*(yawns aſide)*

Lord. Sir!

Ennui. In one word I'll tell you my character—I'm a lad of faſhion!—I love gaming—I hate thinking—I like racing—I deſpiſe reading—I patronize boxing—I deteſt reaſoning—I pay debts of honour—not honourable debts—in ſhort, I'll kick your ſervants—cheat your family, and fight your guardian—and ſo if you like me, take me—heh damn me!—I'm tir'd already!—yaw—aw! *(yawns aſide)*

Lady. Aſtoniſhing!—Mr. Ennui—

Ennui. Ma'am: yaw—aw! *(aſide)*

Lady. Mr. Ennui can you be in your ſenſes?

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend *(forgetting himſelf)*—Oh!—ay—ſenſes!—*(recollecting himſelf)*—a lad of faſhion in his ſenſes!—that's a very

a very good joke!—if one of us had any ſenſe, the reſt would ſhut him up in a cabinet of curioſities, or ſhew him as a wonderful animal:—they would, damn me!—I can't ſupport it!—yaw—aw: *(yawns aſide.)*

Louiſa. So, you glory in your ignorance—

Ennui. Ma'am—yaw! aw! *(aſide.)*

Louiſa. So, you glory in your ignorance—in your vices.

Ennui. I've an idea—I can't underſtand—*(forgetting himſelf)*—vices! Oh:—ay, damn me, to be ſure!—*(recollecting himſelf)*—you muſt be wicked or you can't be viſited—ſingularity is every thing—every man muſt get a character, and I'll tell you how I firſt got mine—I pretended to intrigue with my friend's wife—paragraph'd myſelf in the newſpapers—got caricatur'd in the print ſhops—made the ſtory believ'd—was abus'd by every body—notic'd for my gallantry by every body—and at length viſited by every body—I was, damme!—I'm curſt ſleepy—yaw—aw! *(yawns aſide.)*

Louiſa. Incredible!—but if ſingularity is your ſyſtem, perhaps being virtuous would make you as particular as any thing.

Ennui. Vaſtly well!—'gad, you're like me, a wit, and don't know it—*(taking out his watch)*—how goes the enemy?—more than half the day over!—tol de roll loll! *(humming a tune)*—I'm as happy as if I was at a fire, or a general riot—come to my arms, thou angel—thou——*(as he goes to embrace her, Lord Scratch enters—he embraces him.)*—Ah—Scratch!—my friend Scratch!—ſit down my old boy—ſit down!—we've ſettl'd every thing. *(Forces him into a chair and ſits by him.)*

Lord. Why?—what is all this?

Ennui. She's to intrigue, and you and I are to go halves in the damages—ſome rich old Nabob—we'll draw him into crim. con.—bring an action directly, and a ten thouſand pound verdict at leaſt—heh, damn me!—

Lord. Why he's mad!—that dramatic maniac has bit him.

Ennui. Get a divorce—marry another, and go halves again, damn me!

Lord, riſing. Why, look'ye you impoſtor!—you—didn't you come here to pay your addreſſes to this lady? and was'nt I to bring you into parliament for your quiet ſilent diſpoſition?

Ennui (puſhing him out of his way) Hold your tongue!—out of the way, Scratch—out of the way, or I'll do you a miſchief—I will, damn me!—Zounds!—a'nt I at the top of the beau monde? and don't I ſet the faſhions?—if I was to cut off my head would'nt half the town do the ſame?—they would, damn me!—I get ſleepy again!—yaw—aw!—*(aſide.)*

Lord. Here now!—here's a Mandarin member!—why he'd have bred a civil war!—made ten long ſpeeches in a day!—cut your head off indeed; curſe me but I wiſh you would—you muſt be ſilent then—you could'nt talk without a head, could you?

Ennui. Yes, in Parliament—as well without a head as with one—do you think a man wants a head for a long ſpeech, damn me!—

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Her Ladyſhip is waiting, ma'am.

Louiſa. Oh, I attend her—Mr. Ennui your moſt obedient.

Ennui,

Ennui, (taking her hand) With your leave ma'am—you ſee, Scratch—you ſee.

Lord. Why, Louiſa?—

Ennui. Keep your diſtance, Scratch—contemplate your ſuperiours—look at me with the ſame awful reſpect a City Beau looks at a Prince—this way, moſt angelic—Scratch, cut your head off—this way, moſt angelic.—

[*Exit with Louiſa.*

Lord. Here's treatment!—was ever poor Peer ſo tormented?—what am I to do!—I'll go to Lady Waitfor't, for from her alone I meet relief—find a ſilent member indeed!—by my privilege one might as ſoon find a pin in the ocean—charity in a bench of Biſhops—or wit in Weſtminſter Hall!—

END *of* ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*The Paddock near Lady* WALTON'S *Houſe—A View of the Houſe at a Diſtance, and partly Moonlight.*

WILLOUGHBY *alone.*

'Tis paſt the hour Lady Waitfor't appointed—why does ſhe delay? I cannot have miſtaken the place—yonder's Lady Walton's houſe—Oh! would all were paſt, and Louiſa ſafely mine!—I hear a noiſe—by heaven 'tis ſhe! and with her all my happineſs—I'll withdraw a while and obſerve them. *(Retires.)*

Enter Lady WAITFOR'T, *and* LOUISA COURTNEY.

Louiſa. My dear Lady Waitfor't, why do you loiter here? you cannot find your ſervants in this place—let us return to Lady Walton's.

Lady. No, no, they muſt be here,—I ordered them to wait in this very ſpot to avoid confuſion.—What can have become of Willoughby?—*(Aſide.)*

Louiſa. If you have the leaſt ſenſe of fear for yourſelf, or regard for me, I beg we may return to Lady Walton's.

Lady. No, no, I tell you I ordered William at the back gate, that he might conduct us thro' the Paddock to our carriage, you know we might have been whole hours getting thro' the croud the other way—do be a little patient, hav'nt I as much reaſon to be alarmed as yourſelf?

Louiſa.

Louiſa. Yes, but you hav'nt the apprehenſion I have, I don't know why, but I am terrified beyond deſcription.

Lady. Well: well: never fear, *(looking out)* Oh, yonder's Willoughby! now for the grand deſign! *(aſide)* Louiſa, if you'll wait here a moment, I'll ſtep to the next gate and ſee if they are there,—they cannot eſcape us then.

Louiſa. No, no, don't leave me,—I would'nt ſtay by myſelf for the world.

Lady. Ridiculous! can't you protect yourſelf for an inſtant? muſt you be all your life watch'd like a baby in leading ſtrings? Oh! I am aſhamed of you—only wait a moment leaſt they paſs by in my abſence, and I'll return to you immediately.

Louiſa. Well: don't ſtay.

Lady. Stay! what have you to be fright'ned at? I ſhall not be out of call—beſides, if there's any fear of a perſonal attack, may not I be as terrified as yourſelf? It is'nt the firſt time I'll aſſure you—but that's no matter—ſhew yourſelf a woman of ſpirit, and at leaſt emulate one of my virtues.—Now, Willoughby, the reſt is thine! [*Exit.*

WILLOUGHBY *comes forward.*

Willoughby. Be not alarmed, Miſs Courtney.

Louiſa. Mr. Willoughby!

Willoughby. Yes, madam, the man you moſt avoid.

Louiſa. Tell me, ſir, immediately, how, and by whoſe appointment you came here?

Willoughby. By love, madam! the ſame paſſion that has prompted me to purſue you for years,

years, now happily conducts me hither—I come to leſſen your fears, not increaſe them.

Louiſa. Then leave me, ſir, I can protect myſelf.

Willoughby. No, not till you have heard and pitied me—I have been long your ſuitor, and long ſcorned by you—you have treated me with indifference, and preferred my inferiors—how I have deſerved all this—yourſelf can beſt explain, but to prove all former cruelties are forgotten, I here offer you my hand, and with it my heart.

Louiſa. Sir,—this is no time for hearing you on this ſubject; if you wiſh to oblige me, leave me.

Willoughby. No, not till I am anſwered—years may elapſe e'er I ſhall have another opportunity like the preſent—therefore no time can be ſo well as now.

Louiſa. Then I command you to leave me—I will not be threat'ned into a compliance.

Willoughby. Look'ye Miſs Courtney—I would avoid taking advantage of your ſituation—nay, ſtart not—but if you perſiſt in your contempt of me I know not to what extremities paſſion may hurry me,—I have every motive for redreſs, and if you do not inſtantly give me your word to prefer me to that beggar, Neville, I may do that my cooler ſenſe would ſcorn.

Louiſa. Beggar, ſir.

Willoughby. Yes, and were he not beneath my reſentment, I'd tell you more—but he is too poor—too—

Louiſa. Hold, ſir, did you reſemble him, I might eſteem, nay, adore you;—but as you

are,

are, I loath, I deſpiſe, I defy you;—*you* take advantage of my ſituation! Hear me, ſir,—tho' not a friend is near, tho' night oppoſes me, and heaven deſerts me; yet can I ſmile upon your menaces—and make you tremble, villain as you are.

Willoughby. Have a care madam! another declaration like that, and I'll delay no longer—I'll force you to my purpoſe.

Louiſa. You dare not; on your life you dare not.

Willoughby. Nay then,—I am not to be terrified by threats,—(*lays hold of her*) all ſtruggling is in vain,—this moment gratifies my revenge! away!

Louiſa. Off,—let me go, Oh help! help!

[*As he is forcing her out, enter* FLORIVILLE *half drunk.*]

Flor. Donne, donne, donne, dow (*ſinging part of an Italian air*) oh, this Burgundy's a glorious liquor! heyday! who have we here?

Louiſa. Oh, ſir! if you have any pity for an injured, helpleſs woman, aſſiſt one who never knew diſtreſs till now!

Flor. Go on, ma'am, go on—both damn'd drunk I perceive.

Louiſa. Do not be deaf to my entreaties—do not deſert me—

Flor. Go on, ma'am, go on—I love oratory in a woman.

Louiſa. Gracious heaven! how have I deſerved all this? I ſee, ſir, you avoid me—I ſee you are indifferent to my fate.

Flor.

Flor. No, ma'am, you wrong me—but in Italy—obſerve—we always take theſe things cooly—now, ſir, will you explain?

Willoughby. No, ſir, I will not.

Flor. You will not!

Willoughby. No, ſir, and I warn you not to liſten to the wild ravings of a ſenſeleſs woman—it may be better for you, ſir.

Flor. Why ſo, Prince Prettyman?

Willoughby. No matter, ſir, I will not be amuſed from my purpoſe.

Flor. You won't, Old Pluto, won't you; then, ma'am, obſerve! you ſhall behold my mode of fighting—I'll kill him like a gentleman, and he ſhall die without a groan—you'll be delighted, ma'am—I learn't it all in Italy—you don't ſee a man of faſhion fight once in a century! Come, Belzebub, are you ready.

Willoughby. 'Sdeath! what can I do? he is drunk, perhaps, I may diſarm him.

Flor. Now thou original ſin, thou Prince of Darkneſs! come out; never let her ſee thy black infernal viſage more, or by my life I'll pulverize you—you ſee, ma'am, no bad orator either—learnt it all in Italy.

Willoughby. Come on, ſir.

Flor. Ay, now Old Syſiphus, puſh home—but fight like a gentleman if you can, for remember, there is a lady in company—obſerve ma'am, obſerve, you won't ſee it again. *(They fight.)*

FLORIVILLE *diſarms* WILLOUGHBY.

Flor. What, vanquiſhed Tarquin! hah! hah! *(parrying up and down the ſtage by himſelf)*—you ſee, ma'am, you ſee!—Oh! Italy's your only

only country!—Now, ma'am, would you have me kill him here, " in Allegro," or poſtpone it that you may have the pleaſure of pinking yourſelf " in Penſeroſo."

LOUISA, *(coming near* FLORIVILLE, *and diſcovering him.)*

Louiſa. Floriville, my deliverer!—generous man!—no, ſir,—whatever are his crimes, do not kill him—his greateſt puniſhment will be to live.

Flor. There then, Caitiff, take your ſword, and d'ye hear,—retire—that black front of thine offends the lady—if you want another flouriſh, you will ſoon find Floriville—abſcond!

Willoughby. Sir, you ſhall hear from me—diſtraction! [*Exit.*

Flor. And now, my dear little angel, how can I aſſiſt you?—I'm very ſorry, but I can't help it—I'm curſed drunk,—and not proper company for a lady of your dignity—but I won't affront you—I mean to make myſelf agreeable, and if I do not,—it is the fault of that place, *(pointing to his head)* and not of this *(pointing to his heart.)*

Louiſa. Sir, your conduct has endear'd you to me for ever, and while I live, your generoſity and valour ſhall be engraven on my heart.

Flor. Gently, gently, have a care, make no declarations; if you're in love with me, as I ſuppoſe you are, keep it ſecret,—for at this moment you might raiſe a flame that would conſume us both,—poor creature!—how fond ſhe is of me? any other time I would indulge her, but not now—*(looks at her ſometimes, then runs*

and kiſſes her hand)—Oh, you Paragon—" Angels muſt paint to look as fair as you" *(goes from her again)* I'll leave you, or, by heaven, it wil be all over with us.

Louiſa. No, no, don't deſert me, alas! I have no way left but to commit myſelf to your care—if I could bring him to recollect me, all would be ſafe. Mr. Floriville don't you know me?

Flor. No, would to heaven, I did.

Louiſa. What? not Miſs Courtney?

Flor. What Louiſa?—my brother's idol.

Louiſa. Alas! the very ſame.

Flor. Then may I die if I don't get out of your debt before I leave you—where?—where ſhall I conduct you?

Louiſa. I know not—return to Lady Waitfor't's again I will not—I had rather be a wanderer all my life—to Lady Walton's there is no excuſe for returning, and I know no friend in Bath I dare intrude upon,—I have ſo high an opinion, Mr. Floriville, of your honour,—that, notwithſtanding your preſent ſituation, there is no man on earth I would ſooner confide in—can you then think of any place, where I may reſt in ſafety for a few hours, and then I will ſet out for my uncle's in the country.—

Flor. Indeed I cannot, I am a wanderer myſelf—I have no home but what this gentleman is to purchaſe me *(taking out his purſe)*—you cannot partake of that.

Louiſa. Oh! what will become of me!

Flor. Let me ſee—I have it—I'll take her to my brother's—ſhe'll be ſafe there, and not a ſoul ſhall come near her,—well, Miſs Courtney,—

ney,—I have recollected a place where I know you'll be ſafe—a friend's houſe, that will be as ſecure—nay don't droop—in Italy we're never melancholy.

Louiſa. Oh! Mr. Floriville, to what a hazard has Lady Waitfor't expoſed me,—to her perfidy I owe it all—but yonder's that wretch again—pray let us begone.

Flor. Belzebub again,—no, no,—we mus'nt ſtir; what? an Angel fly from a Devil? damme I'll ſtay and cruſh him.

Louiſa. Nay, ſir, reflect,—'twere madneſs to remain.

Flor. Faith, that's true; I believe it's braver to retire,—therefore, Tarquin, adieu! come my beſt angel! I'll fight your battles, and if I don't ſink all your enemies, may I never ſee Italy again as long as I live. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WILLOUGHBY.

Ha! gone,—I'm ſorry for it—I would have ſeen them—Lady Waitfor't has juſt left me, and treated me like her ſlave—inſulted and derided me; but I'll have done with her for ever—I'll be her dupe no more—ſhe is now gone to Neville's lodgings under pretence of purſuing Louiſa; but in fact to ſee him, and prevent his leaving Bath—this I will write to my Lord, and then let him follow, and be witneſs of her infamy—thus, I hope, I ſhall make ſome reparation for the wrongs I have committed, and prove at laſt I have ſome ſenſe of virtue. [*Exit.*

SCENE—NEVILLE'S *Lodgings—A Cloſet in back Scene.*

Two Chairs, and a Table, with Wine on it.

A knocking at the Door.

PETER *walks acroſs the Stage, and admits* VAPID, *with a Paper in his Hand.*

Vapid. Well, here it is—where's Neville?

Peter. Not within, ſir.

Vapid. Yes,—yes,—here it is! I muſt ſee him.

Peter. Sir, he's gone out.

Vapid. Gone out! impoſſible!

Peter. Impoſſible! it's very true, ſir.

Vapid. Gone out! why I've brought him the epilogue—the new epilogue to Mr. What's his name's comedy! the very beſt thing I ever wrote in my life; I knew it would delight him.

Peter. Sir, he has been gone out above theſe two hours.

Vapid. Then, he'll never forgive himſelf as long as he lives—why, its all correct—all chaſte! only one half line wanting at the end to make it complete.

Peter. Indeed, ſir, it's very unfortunate.

Vapid. Unfortunate! I wanted to have heard him read it too; when another perſon reads it, one often hits on a thought that might otherwiſe have eſcaped, then perhaps he would have hit on that curſed half line, I have ſo long been working at.

Peter. Sir, if it is not impertinent, and you'd permit me to read it?

Vapid.

Vapid. You read it!

Peter. Yes, ſir—if you'd allow me that honour.

Vapid. Faith, I ſhould have no objection—but would'nt it lower one's dignity? no, no, Moliere us'd to read his plays to his ſervants, ſo I believe all's regular—come, ſir—begin.

PETER *reading Epilogue.*

" In ancient times, when agonizing wars,
" And bleeding nations, fill'd the world with jars;
" When murder, battle, ſudden death, prevail'd,
" When"——

Vapid. Stop—ſtop—I have it:—not a word for your life, I feel it!—it's coming on!—the laſt line directly—quick! quick!

PETER *reads.*

" The tyrant totters, and the ſenate nods,
" Die all, die nobly"—
(Here's ſomething wanting, ſir.

Vapid. I know it, ſay nothing—I have it! *(walks backwards and forwards.)*

" The tyrant totters, and the ſenate nods
" Die all, die nobly!——

Oh, damn it! damn it!—damn it!—that curſed half line, I ſhall never accompliſh it—all ſo chaſte!—all ſo correct! and to have it marr'd for want of one half line! one curs't half line!—I could almoſt weep for diſappointment.

Peter. Never mind, ſir, don't perplex yourſelf,—put in any thing.

Vipid. Put in any thing!—why, 'tis the laſt line, and the epilogue muſt end with ſomething ſtriking,

ſtriking, or it will be no trap for applauſe—No trap for applauſe, after all this fine writing! Put in any Thing!—What do you mean, Sirrah?

Peter. Methinks this is a ſtrange epilogue to a comedy—*(knock at the door)*—perhaps this is my maſter—*(looks out)*—no, as I live 'tis Mr. Floriville, and Miſs Courtney! ſhe mus'nt on any account be ſeen by this gentleman.

Vapid. Well, who is it?——"the Tyrant totters"——

Peter. Sir, it's a friend of my maſter's, who has brought a lady with him—I'm ſure you've too much gallantry to interrupt an amour; and therefore you'll be kind enough to get out of the way directly.

Vapid. Get out of the way! what the Devil, in the middle of my compoſition?—"Die all: die nobly"——

Peter. Nay, ſir,—only ſtep for a moment into this cloſet, and you ſhall be releaſed—now pray, ſir,—pray be prevailed on—

Vapid. Well! let me ſee—in this cloſet!—why here's China, zounds! would you put a live author in a China cloſet?

Peter. What can I do, ſir!—there is no way out but that door—get in here for an inſtant, and I'll ſhew them into the library—now do, ſir?

Vapid. Well, be brief then, "die all!—die nobly!"—oh! oh! oh! [*Enters cloſet, and* FLORIVILLE *and* LOUISA *enter.*

Flor. Heyday! my old acquaintance, Peter! where's my brother?

Peter. Sir, he has been out the whole evening.

Louiſa. In the ſame houſe with Neville!—oh! heavens!

Flor.

Flor. Well, Miſs Courtney, I hope now you are convinced of your ſafety.

Louiſa. Yes, ſir, but I would it were in any other place, Lady Waitfor't e'er this is in purſuit of me, and if ſhe diſcovers me here, you know too well how much I have to dread.

[*Knock at the door*—PETER *exit.*

Flor. Don't be alarmed—there's nothing ſhall moleſt you.

Louiſa. Oh, ſir!—you don't know the endleſs malice of Lady Waitfor't—ſhe will triumph in my miſery, and till my Lord is convinced of her duplicity, I ſee no hope of your brother's happineſs, or my own.

Re-enter PETER.

Peter. Lady Waitfor't is below enquiring for that lady, or my maſter.

Flor. For my brother!

Peter. Yes, ſir, and my Lord has ſent to know if Mr. Vapid, or her Ladyſhip, have been here—he was in bed, but on receiving a letter, got up, and will be here in an inſtant.

Louiſa. For heaven's ſake, Mr. Floriville, let me retire,—I cannot ſupport the conflict.

Flor. Promiſe to recall your ſpirits, and you ſhall.

Louiſa. What I can do I will.

Flor. Then know no apprehenſion, for, on my life, you ſhall not be diſturbed. *(Leads her to the door of the library, and talks in dumb ſhew.*

VAPID *from Cloſet.*

Vapid. Peter! Peter! can't you releaſe me?

Peter. No, ſir, don't move, you'll ruin every thing.

Vapid.

Vapid. Then give me that candle—I have pen and ink—I think I could finiſh my epilogue.

Peter. Here, ſir, *(giving candle)*

Vapid. That curſt half line!—" die all"—*(Peter ſhuts him in.)*

Flor. So, now the ſtorm begins, and if I don't have ſome ſport with the enemy—*(ſits at table, and begins drinking)*—Here ſhe comes!—

Enter Lady WAITFOR'T.

Flor. Chairs, Peter, chairs!—ſit down, ma'am—ſit down—you honour me exceedingly.

Lady. Where is your brother, ſir?—I inſiſt on ſeeing him.

Enter Lord SCRATCH.

Lord. There ſhe is!—in a man's lodgings at midnight!—here's treatment!

Lady. My Lord, I came here in ſearch of Louiſa, who has been betrayed from my pow'r.

Lord. Look'ye, my Lady—read that letter, that's all, read that letter, and then ſay if we ſha'nt both cut a figure in the print ſhops.

Lady, (taking letter) ha! Willoughby's hand! *(reads)* " Lady Waitfor't" *(I have only time to " tell you)* is gone to Neville's lodgings to meet " one ſhe has long had a paſſion for—follow her, " and be convinced of her duplicity". Oh! the villain!—well, my Lord, and pray who is the man I come to meet?

Lord. Why who ſhould it be, but the ſtage ruffian, if there was a ſopha in the room, my life on't, he'd pop from behind it—zounds that fellow will lay ſtraw before my door every nine months!

Lady. This is fortunate *(aſide)* well, ſir, if I diſcover Louiſa, I hope you'll be convinced I came here to redeem her, and not diſgrace myſelf. Tell me, ſir, immediately, where ſhe is concealed? *(To Floriville.)*

Flor. Sit down, ma'am,—ſit down: drink—drink, then we'll talk over the whole affair—there is no doing buſineſs without wine—come, here's—"The Glory of Gallantry"—I'm ſure you'll both drink that.

Lady. No trifling, ſir,—tell me where ſhe is concealed? nay, then I'll examine the apartment myſelf—*(goes to door of library)*—the door lock'd! give me the key, ſir.—

Flor. (drinking) The Glory of Gallantry, ma'am.

Lord. Hear me, ſir, if the lady is in that apartment, I ſhall be convinced that you, and your brother, are the ſole authors of all this treachery—if ſhe is there! by the honour of my anceſtors ſhe ſhall be Willoughby's wife tomorrow morning.

Flor. (riſing) Shall ſhe, my Lord, pray were you ever in Italy?

Lord. Why? Coxcomb!

Flor. Becauſe I'm afraid you've been bitten by a tarantula—you'll excuſe me—but the ſymptoms are wonderfully alarming—There is a blazing fury in your eye—a wild emotion in your countenance, and a green ſpot—

Lord. Damn the green ſpot!—open that door, and let me ſee immediately: I'm a peer, and have a right to look at any thing.

Flor. (ſtanding before the door.) No, ſir, this door muſt not be open'd.

Lord. Then I'll forget my peerage, and draw my ſword.

Flor. (to Lady Waitfor't, who is going to interfere) Don't be alarmed, ma'am,—I'll only indulge him for my own amuſement—mere trout fiſhing, ma'am—come, my Lord, I'll give you a ſpecimen of foreign gladiatorſhip, and you ſhall confeſs that Floriville is the beſt fencer in Europe—don't be alarm'd, ma'am—come on.

Louiſa comes from the apartment.

Louiſa. Hold! I charge you hold! let not my unhappy fate be the ſource of more calamities!

Lord. 'Tis ſhe herſelf!—my Lady did not come to meet the madman?

Flor. By the Lord, ma'am, you've ruined all.

Louiſa. I know, ſir, the conſequences of this diſcovery, and I abide by them—but what I have done I can juſtify, and would to heaven! all here could do the ſame.

Flor. Indeed I can't tell—I wiſh I was in Italy.

Lord. Mark me, madam,—nay tears are in vain—to-morrow ſhall make you the wife of Willoughby, and he ſhall anſwer for your follies—no reply, ſir—*(to Floriville, who is going to ſpeak)* I would'nt hear the Chancellor.

Lady. Now, who is to blame? Oh! virtue is ever ſure to meet it's reward!—come to meet a mad poet indeed! my Lord, I forgive you only on condition of your ſigning a contract to marry me to-morrow, and Louiſa to Willoughby at the ſame time.

Lord. I will, thou beſt of women!—draw it up immediately—and Neville ſhall ſtarve for his

his treachery. [*Lady Waitfor't goes to the table and writes.*

LOUISA *falling at his feet.*

Louiſa. Hear me, ſir, not for myſelf, but a wrong'd friend, I ſpeak—Mr. Neville knows not of my concealment; on my honour! he is innocent:—if that lady's wrongs muſt be avenged, confine the puniſhment to me—I'll bear it; with patience bear it!

Lord. Let go!—let go I ſay—my gorge is riſing again—Lady Waitfor't make haſte with the contract.

Lady. It only wants the ſignature,—now, my Lord.

Flor. Look'ye, uncle—ſhe's the cauſe of all this miſchief, and if you are not loſt—

Lord. Out of my way,—O'd—noiſe and nonſence!—don't fancy yourſelves in the Houſe of Commons! we're not ſpeaking twenty at a time. Here! give me the pen—I'll ſign directly, and now—[*As he is going to ſign, Vapid breaks China in the cloſet, and ruſhes out, with the epilogue in his hand.*

Vapid. Die all! die nobly; die like demigods!—huzza! huzza! 'tis done! 'tis paſt! 'tis perfect!

Flor. Huzza!—the poet at laſt! Stop him who can?

Lady. Confuſion! tell me, ſir, immediately, what do you mean by this new inſult.

Vapid. Die all! die nobly! die like demigods!—oh! it's glorious!—ah! Old Scratch, are you there? joy! joy! give me joy!—I've done your buſineſs—the work's paſt!—the la-

bour's o'er, my boy!—think of that maſter Brook—think of that.

Lady. My Lord, I am vilely treated—I deſire you'll inſiſt on an explanation.

Flor. He can't ſpeak, Ma'am. *(All this time, my Lord is ſlowly walking away.)*

Lady. How! are you going to leave me, my Lord! *(Vapid taking out his common place book.)*

Vapid. Faith! this mus'nt be loſt—here's ſomething worth obſerving.

Flor. Don't ſtop him, ma'am—there is a grandeur in ſilent grief that ſhould ever be indulged—mark his countenance— in every furrow of his angry brow is written "Frailty, thy name is woman"—let him have his way—let him have his way,—ſee! how ſolemnly he retires!

[*Lord Scratch exits.*

Lady. Oh!—I ſhall burſt with rage!—Mr. Vapid I deſire you'll explain how you came in that cloſet?—why don't you anſwer me, ſir?

Vapid. Your pardon, ma'am I was taking a note of the affair—and yet I'm afraid.

Lady. What are you afraid of ſir?

Vapid. That it has been dramatized before,—it is certainly not a new caſe.

Lady. Inſupportable!—but I take my leave of you all—I abandon you for ever—I!—oh!—I ſhall go wild! Vapid. [*Exit in a rage.*

Flor. Ay, ay, follow his Lordſhip—virtue is ever ſure to meet its reward; now Mr. Vapid tell us how you came in that cloſet?

Vapid. Faith! I can't—I believe the ſervant hurried me there on your approach.

Flor. Then you did'nt come to meet Lady Waitfor't?

Vapid. Meet Lady Waitfor't!—no,—I came to read my epilogue to Neville, and a wonderful pro-

production it is.—" The tyrant totters, and the ſenate nods."—*(walking about.)*

Louiſa. To what a ſtrange fatality of circumſtances has her character been expoſed! but vice often finds it's puniſhment for a crime it never committed, when it eſcapes for thouſands it daily practices.—

Flor. Well, Miſs Courtney, I hope now your apprehenſions are at an end.

Louiſa. Yes, ſir, I ſhall remain for the ſhort time neceſſary to prepare for my journey—and beg I may detain you no longer—I'm afraid I have already been a great intruder.

Flor. No, you've been the occaſion of more happineſs than ever I experienced—but you won't leave Bath till you've ſeen my brother.

Louiſa. Oh! I have been cruelly deceived, Mr. Floriville! I have injured your brother ſo much, that, tho' I wiſh, I almoſt dread to ſee him.

Flor. Then I'll go in ſearch of him, and if I don't reconcile you;—come Mr. Vapid will you walk.

Vapid. With all my heart. *(*FLORIVILLE, *taking him by the hand.)*

Flor. By heaven! you are an honeſt fellow, and if all poets were like you, I'd become one myſelf—Miſs Courtney, adieu!—expect me to return.

Vapid. Madam, good night!—if I can be of any ſervice to you in the dramatic, or any other way,—you may command me.—

Flor. Ay! I'll anſwer for him—he would die to ſerve you.

Vapid. Die to ſerve her!—ay, "die all!"—die nobly!—die like demigods!" [*Exeunt.*

END *of* ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE—*Lady* WAITFOR'T's *Apartment.*

Lady WAITFOR'T *diſcovered at her toilette—Letty waiting.*

Lady. Mr. Vapid not come yet Letty!

Letty. No, ma'am—but the ſervant who found him at the Tavern, ſaid he would be here immediately.

Lady. I proteſt, I am almoſt weary of them all *(noiſe without)* ſee, who's there.

(LETTY *liſtens and returns.*)

Letty. Mr. Vapid at laſt, now pray your ladyſhip, inſiſt on his explaining every thing to my lord.

Lady. Yes; but vilely as he has treated me, I muſt ſtill be calm.

(VAPID, *putting his head in.*)

Lady. Walk in, ſir, walk in.

Vapid. No, ma'am—I'd rather ſtay here.

Lady. I beg you'll be ſeated Mr. Vapid—I have ſomething of conſequence to impart to you.

(VAPID, *gently coming in.*)

Vapid. I'd never have ventured, but in hopes of ſeeing my dear Marianne.

Lady. Indeed, I will not detain you a moment.

Vapid. Very well ma'am, if that's the caſe,—*(ſlowly ſeating himſelf)* I'ts very alarming. *(aſide)*

Lady. Letty leave the room, and faſten the door. [*Letty Exit.*

Vapid.

Vapid. No—no—don't do that, I beſeech you.

Lady. You're very much fright'ned Mr. Vapid,—I hope you don't ſuppoſe I have any deſign againſt you.

Vapid. I don't know, really ma'am—ſuch things are perfectly dramatic.

Lady. Well, but to releaſe you from your fears, I'll tell you why I have given you this trouble—my buſineſs, Mr. Vapid, was to converſe with you on the farcical affair, that happen'd at Neville's.

Vapid. Farcical!

Lady. Yes, ſir, the farcical affair that happen'd at Mr. Neville's.

Vapid. Farcical! what, my epilogue, ma'am—I hope you don't mean to reflect on that.

Lady. No ſir—far from it—I have no doubt but it is a very elegant compoſition.

Vapid. Doubt! here it is!—read it!—the very firſt production of the age! a regular climax of poetic beauty!—the laſt line the ne plus ultra of genius.

Lady. But to be ſerious, Mr. Vapid.

Vapid. Why. I *am* ſerious—and I'll tell you, Lady Waitfor't—'tis the laſt line of an epilogue, and the laſt ſcene of a comedy that always diſtracts me—'tis the reconciliation of lovers—there's the difficulty!—you find it ſo in real life, I dare ſay.

Lady. Yes—but Mr. Vapid, this affair concerns me exceſſively, and I wiſh to know what is to be done.

Vapid. I'll tell you,—write a play, and bad as it may poſſible be, ſay it's a tranſlation from the French,

French, and interweave a few compliments on the Engliſh, and my life on't, it does wonders—do it,—and ſay you had the thought from me.

Lady. Sir, do you mean to deride me?

Vapid. No; but only be cautious in your ſtyle—women are in general apt to indulge that pruriency and warm luxuriancy of fancy they poſſeſs,—but do be careful—be decent—if you are not, I have done with you.

Lady. Sir, I deſire you'll be more reſpectful—I don't underſtand it at all. *(riſing.)*

Vapid. Then here comes one that will explain every thing.

" There's in her all that we believe of Heaven,
" Amazing Brightneſs, Purity, and Truth,
" Eternal Joy, and everlaſting Love!"

Enter MARIANNE.

Vapid. My dear ſweet little partner, I rejoice to ſee you.

Marianne. And my dear ſweet Mr. Poet, I rejoice to ſee you.

Lady. Provoking! have I not told you a thouſand times, never to break in upon me when I am alone?

Marianne. Alone my lady! do you reckon Mr. Vapid nobody then?

Lady. Suppoſe I ſhould, what is it to you?

Marianne. Then I have no notion of your nobodies—I always thought them harmleſs unmeaning things.—but Mr. Vapid's not ſo very harmleſs either—are you, Mr. Vapid.—

Vapid. Indeed, ma'am, I am not.

Marianne. There now,—I told you ſo—upon my word you rely too much on your time of

life—you do indeed—you think becauſe you're a little the worſe for wear, you may truſt yourſelf any where,—but you're miſtaken—you're not near ſo bad as you imagine—nay, I don't flatter, do I, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Indeed ma'am, you do not.

Lady. Look'ye, miſs—your inſolence is not to be borne,—you have been the chief cauſe of all my perplexities.

Marianne. Nay, aunt, don't ſay that.

Lady. No matter—your behaviour is ſhameleſs, and it is high time I exerted the authority of a relation—you are a diſgrace to me—to yourſelf, and your friends—therefore I am determined to put into execution a ſcheme I have long thought of.

Marianne. What is it? ſomething pleaſant I hope.

Lady. No, you ſhall retire to a convent, till you take poſſeſſion of your fortune.

Marianne. A convent! Oh lord! I can't make up my mind to it, now don't, pray don't think of it—I declare its quite ſhocking.

Lady. It is a far better place than you deſerve; my reſolution is fixed, and we ſhall ſee whether a life of ſolitude and auſterity will not awaken ſome ſenſe of ſhame in you.

Marianne. Indeed, I can't bear the thoughts of it,—Oh do ſpeak to her Mr. Vapid—tell her about the naſty monks, now do, a convent! mercy! what a check to the paſſions? Oh! I can't bear it. *(weeping.)*

Vapid. Gad, here's a ſudden touch of tragedy—pray, Lady Waitfor't, reflect—you can't ſend a lady to a convent when the theatres are

open—ſee, it will break the poor girl's heart—don't weep ſo Marianne?

Marianne. I can't help it—it will be the death of me! pray my dear aunt.

Lady. Not a word—I am determined—to-morrow you ſhall leave this country, and then I have done with you for ever.

Marianne. Oh! my poor heart!

Vapid. See! ſhe'll faint!

Marianne. Oh! oh! oh!

MARIANNE *faints in Lady* WAITFORT'S *arms.*

Lady. Oh; I have gone too far, what's to be done?

Vapid. Some relief immediately, or ſhe'll expire—where ſhall I fly, I'll call the ſervants.

Lady. No, 'twill be too late—I have ſome drops in this cloſet may recover her—hold her a moment, and for heavens ſake take care of her.

[*Exit.*

MARIANNE *lays in* VAPID'S *arms.*

Here's a ſituation!—Poor girl! how I pity her! I really loved her.

Marianne. Did you really love me, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Hey day! recovered!—here's incident!

Marianne. But did you really love me, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Yes I did,—here's ſtage effect!

Marianne. And would you have really run away with me, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Yes I really would—

Mariann. Then come along this moment.

Vapid.

Vapid. Huſh!—here's the old lady! keep dying as before and we'll effect the buſineſs—more equivoque!

Re-enter Lady WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Well, Mr. Vapid, how does ſhe do? lord! ſhe's in ſtrong convulſions.

Vapid. Yes ma'am, ſhe's dying, where are the drops?

Lady. Here, ſir.

Vapid. There are very few—are there any more of the ſame kind?

Lady. Yes, plenty.

Vapid. Fetch them,—'tis the only hope—if you have any hartſhorn too, bring a little of that—our feelings will all need it.

Lady. Very true, Mr. Vapid, I declare to you I'm quite ſhocked. [*Exit.*

Marianne. Well, Mr. Vapid, now let's run away—come—why what are you thinking of?

Vapid. My laſt act, and I fear—

Marianne. What do you fear?

Vapid. That it can't be managed—let me ſee—we certainly run away, and ſhe returns—faith! I muſt ſee her return.

Marianne. No, no, pray let us begone, think of this another time.

Vapid. So I will—it will do for the fourth, tho' not for the fifth act,—therefore my dear little girl come away, and we'll live and die together.

Marianne. Die together!

Vapid. Ay "die all! die nobly! die like Demigods!" [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lady WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Here, Mr. Vapid—here are the drops!—what gone!—I'll follow my lord, and if he ſtill avoids me, I'll have done with them all for ever!—ruined by a writer of epilogues!—Oh! I ſhall burſt with diſappointment. [*Exit.*

SCENE—*An Apartment in* NEVILLE'*s Houſe,*

(But not the ſame Room.)

In the back Scene, Glaſs Doors with Curtains.

Enter Louiſa COURTNEY.

Louiſa. Still in the ſame houſe, yet ſtill afraid to meet him! oh Neville! my ſuperiour in every thing; how can I hope for your forgiveneſs? while you reveal'd an affection it had done you credit to deny, I concealed a paſſion I might have been proud to confeſs.

Enter VAPID *and* MARIANNE.

Marianne. Oh! Miſs Courtney! my ſweet Miſs Courtney! Mr. Vapid, here, has run away with me, and I am ſo frightened for fear of Lady Waitfor't.

Louiſa. Yes, ſhe may well alarm you,—ſhe has deſtroyed my peace for ever! but have you ſeen Mr. Neville? yet, why do I aſk?

Vapid. Seen Mr. Neville!—what? does'nt he yet know you are in his lodgings.

Louiſa.

Louiſa. No, and I hope never will—the moment his brother returns, I ſhall ſet out for my uncle's, and perhaps never ſee him more.

Vapid. And why not ſee him, ma'am?

Louiſa. Becauſe I cannot bear the ſight of one I have ſo injured.

Vapid. This'll do—mutual equivoque! equal miſunderſtanding! my own caſe exactly!

Marianne. Your own caſe! Lord! you baſe man, have you got a young lady in your lodgings?

Vapid. Ridiculous! don't talk about young ladies at ſuch an awful—the very ſituation in my comedy! the laſt ſcene to a ſyllable!—here's an opportunity of improving the denouement.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Ma'am, my maſter is return'd—the occaſion of his delay has been a long interview with Mr. Willoughby,—he does'nt know you are here.

Louiſa. Marianne excuſe me—you'll be ſafe from Lady Waitfor't here—indeed I'm very ill.

Marianne. Nay—where are you going.

Louiſa. Alaſs! any where to avoid him—farewell! and may you enjoy that happineſs I have for ever loſt. [*Exit.*

Marianne. Poor dear girl! I mus'nt leave her thus—Mr. Vapid, we wont run away 'till ſomething is done for her.

Vapid Go,—there's a good girl—follow her and comfort her.

Marianne. I will—Lord! if they muſt be happy in being friends again what muſt I be who make them ſo? [*Exit.*

Vapid.

Vapid. The picture before me! all from nature,—I muſt heighten his diſtreſs, for contraſt is every thing—Peter, not a word for your life.

Enter NEVILLE.

Nev. Vapid, I am glad to ſee you—any letter from my brother? [*To Peter*

Peter. None, ſir.

Nev. Nor meſſage?

Peter. No, ſir.

Nev. Then I need doubt no longer—'tis evident he avoids me—cruel! ungenerous Floriville—*(ſeats himſelf.)*

VAPID (*leaning over his chair.*)

Miſs Courtney will never ſee you again.

Nev. I know it—too well I know it—that, and that alone, makes me determined to leave this country for ever.

Vapid. You are unhappy then.

Nev. Completely ſo.

Vapid. Then ſtop—*(ſits by him)* ſhe was an angel, Harry.

Nev. Ay: a divinity!

Vapid. And then to loſe her.

Nev. (*riſing*) Sdeath!—don't torment me!—my griefs are already beyond bearing.

Vapid. It will do—he's as unhappy as I could wiſh.

Peter. I can hold no longer—ſir!

Vapid. Huſh!—you d—d dog you'll ruin the cataſtrophe.

Peter. I don't care—I'll tell him every thing—ſir!—Mr. Neville!

Vapid.

Vapid. You villain !—do you ever go to a play ?—do you ever ſit in the gallery ?

Peter. Yes, ſir, ſometimes.

Vapid. Then know this is all for your good—you'll applaud it ſome day or other you dog—curſe it, won't he have happineſs enough bye and bye—What ?—you are going abroad Neville !

Nev. Yes, for ever—farewell Vapid.

Vapid. Farewell Neville—good night ——— Now for the effect,—Miſs Courtney is in the next room.

Nev. What !

Vapid. Miſs Courtney is in the next room.

Nev. Louiſa ! Is it poſſible !

Vapid. There's light and ſhade !—Yes, your brother brought her here, and ſhe expects him to return every moment.

Nev. My brother ! then 'tis he means to marry her—nay perhaps they are already married—heavens ! I ſhall go wild.

Vapid. Don't, don't go wild—that will ruin the denouement.

Nev. No matter—I am reſolved—I'll bid her farewell for ever—Vapid, 'tis the laſt favour I ſhall aſk of you—give her this (*a letter*) and tell her ſince I have reſented Willoughby's attack on her honour, I think I may be allowed to vindicate my own ; tell her, great as have been my faults, my truth has ſtill been greater, and wherever I wander—

Vapid. Here's a flouriſh now !—why you miſunderſtand—ſhe is not married, nor going to be married.

Nev. Come, this is no time for Raillery.

Vapid.

Vapid. Raillery!—why, I'm ſerious,—ſerious as the fifth Act—ſhe is now weeping on your account.

Nev. Prythee leave fooling, it will produce no effect, believe me.

Vapid. Won't it? it will produce a very great effect though believe me, zounds! go to her, preſerve the unity of action,—marry her directly, and if the cataſtrophe does not conclude with ſpirit, damn my comedy,—damn my comedy—that's all, damn my comedy.

Nev. Would to heaven you were in earneſt.

Vapid. Earneſt! why there it is now! the women, dear creatures, are always ready enough to produce effect—but the men are ſo curs't undramatic,—go to her,—I tell you, go to her—(VAPID, *ſhewing his common place book*)—Here is my Lord and your brother with him—come, go to the Lady—make as good an exit as you can—there—no flouriſhes—that will do.

[NEVILLE *exits, and* VAPID, *ſtands aſide.*

Enter Lord SCRATCH *and* FLORIVILLE.

Lord. That curſt dramatic maniac,—if I ſee him again—

Flor. My dear uncle conſent to Harry's marriage, and depend on't he ſhall trouble you no more.

Lord. I tell you again, ſir, I will not.

Flor. Will you give any hopes of future conſent?

Lord. By the word of a Peer, I will not.

Vapid,

Vapid coming forward, touching Lord Scratch on the Shoulder, and writing in common-place Book.

Vapid. Maſter Brook, let me perſuade you.

Lord. Flames and firebrands, the fiend again.

Vapid. Give conſent, and I'll give Neville a fortune—he ſhall have the—entire profit of the different plays in which I intend to have the honour of introducing yourſelf and the old Lady Hurlothrumbo.

Lord. Oh! that I was not a Peer; if I was any thing elſe, but thank heaven, Louiſa is more averſe to the match than myſelf.

Vapid. Is ſhe?

Lord. Yes, ſhe knows his falſehood, and deſpiſes him.

Vapid. What! you are confident of it.

Lord. Out of my way ſir,—I'll not anſwer you,—I'll go take her to town directly, out of my way, ſir.

Vapid. Stop—you're wrong, Maſter Brook—ſhe's in that room.

Lord. Where?—behind me.

Vapid. Yes—there—there!—*(pointing)*—now for it—what an effect?

Lord opens glaſs doors, and diſcovers Neville kneeling to Louiſa. Marianne with them.

Vapid. There Peter, theres! a cataſtrophe! Shakeſpear's invention nothing! applaud it you dog—clap, clap, Peter, clap.

Lord. What are you at, you impudent raſcal, get out of the room. [*Exit* PETER.

Vapid. I ſhould ſet this down—I may forget.

Marianne. Lord! he has a very bad memory, I hope he won't forget our marriage.

Nev. Oh! Louiſa, what am I to think?

Louiſa. That I have wrong'd thee, Neville! (*embracing.*)

Flor. My dear Harry, let this be my apology for not having ſeen you before *(giving him a paper)* Miſs Courtney, ten thouſand joys, could I have found my brother, you ſhould have ſeen him ſooner.

Nev. Why here is the deed of gift of half your eſtate.

Flor. I know it, but ſay nothing—when you gave me money, five years ago, did I ſay any thing?—no, I forgot it as ſoon as it was over, and ſhould never have recollected, at this moment, but for my Lord's Inhumanity.—Uncle I thank you—you have made me the happieſt man alive.

Lord. Don't perplex me, what a compound of folly and generoſity?

Marianne. Uncle in-law, what are your feelings on this occaſion, as my aunt ſays?

Lord. Feelings! I never knew a Peer had any.

Marianne. Did'nt you?

Lord. No; but now I find the contrary; I begin to think I've a heart like other men,—it's better to atone for an error, than perſiſt in one—therefore give me that deed, Neville—there, ſir, *(giving it to Floriville)* do you think nobody has eſtates but yourſelf.—Louiſa and her fortune are your own Neville, and after my death you ſhall have all mine; and now there's a curſt burden off my mind.

Marianne. Now you're a dear creature! and I won't marry,—that's what I won't without conſulting you.

Lord. You marry! why, who ſhould you marry? and pray how came you here?

Marianne. A gentleman run away with me, he is now in the room.

Lord. In the room! what! Floriville?

Marianne. No, behind you, *(pointing to Vapid, who is writing at a table.)*

Lord. Ghoſts, and ſpectres! my evil genius!

Marianne. Come, my dear—hav'nt you almoſt finiſhed?

(VAPID *riſing.*)

Vapid. Yes, the denouement is complete, and now Mrs. Vapid, I reſign myſelf to love and you.

Marianne. Come, give conſent my Lord, my huſband will get money tho' I have none.

Lord. None! I dare ſay he can tell you, you will have twelve thouſand pounds in leſs than a year.

Vapid. That's a new incident!

Marianne. Shall I! then faith! Mr. Vapid, we'll build a theatre of our own; you ſhall write plays, and I'll act them.

Enter ENNUI.

Ennui. I've an idea; I give you joy Neville—I mean to kill time by living ſingle, and therefore I hope the Lady and the borough may be your's.

Marianne. Mr. Ennui, I hope you'll forgive me, and Sir Harry Huſtle, the fatigue we occaſioned you.

Ennui.

Ennui. Yaw! aw—don't mention it—the very recollection makes me faint—in fact, my Lord, I juſt met one of Lady Waitfor't's ſervants, who tells me ſhe has left Bath, in a rage.

Flor. I am afraid ſhe has eſcaped too eaſily.

Lord. Oh! never think of her, I can anſwer for her puniſhment being adequate to her crimes —Willoughby has told me all her ſchemes, and if ever I hear her name again, may I loſe my peerage, and dreſs like a gentleman.

Ennui. My Lord—I've an idea.

Vapid. Sir, I beg your pardon; but really if you have an idea, I will trouble you to ſpare it me for my comedy.

Ennui. In fact, I don't comprehend. I have read your die-all, epilogue, and——

Vapid. Oh! then I don't wonder at your having ideas.

Lord. Oh! poor Fellow! he's always talking about what he never has—Neville, my boy, may you be as happy as I am.

Flor. Ay, I'll anſwer for his happineſs by my own—Miſs Courtney, notwithſtanding my brother, I will "ſtill live in your eye, die in your "lap—and be buried in your heart; and more-"over I will ſtay with you both in England.

Louiſa. Yes, Floriville, if you would behold pure, unſullied love, never travel out of this country. Depend on't,

No foreign Climes ſuch high Examples prove,
Of wedded Pleaſure, or connubial Love.
Long in this Land have Joys domeſtic grown,
Nurs'd in the Cottage—cheriſh'd on the Throne!

THE END.

EPILOGUE,

Written by M. P. ANDREWS, Eſq;

And Spoken by LEWIS,

In the CHARACTER of VAPID.

After the Play, he advances, as if intending to ſpeak, and the Scene is dropped behind him.

GADSO, I'm caught, the Wags have ſhut me out,
But why? my Part's to ſcribble, not to ſpout.
I could write Epilogues for all who ſpeak 'em,
But may my Play be damn'd, if I can ſpeak 'em.
"Die all, die nobly"—that's the Plan my Boys;
Fun, Fire, and Pathos, Metre, Mirth, and Noiſe:
To make you die with Laughter or the Hiccups,
Tickle your Favourites, or ſmack your Tea-Cups,
Vapid's the Man, have at you Great and Small,
Here will I ſtand, and dramatize you all.
Come forth my Javelin [*pulls out a Pencil*] ſtrike th' aſtoniſh'd Town,
Say, ſhall I cut you up, or write you down?
Nay, never tremble Gents;—or ſlink away,
'Tis what the Authors ſuffer every day:
Stop that thin Jemmy in the Thickſet Coat,
Him with the Towel underneath his Throat;
If ſo tied up, he plays—the willing Fool,
I'll hang him up at once to ridicule:

Perhaps

EPILOGUE.

Perhaps 'twill help to keep the Lobby quiet,
And ſave it from his nightly Noiſe and Riot.
And you, my little Madam, in the Bonnet,
Don't flinch, I'll have you down depend upon it;
While thus ſo furbelow'd a Screen you keep,
Not one behind can get a ſingle Peep;
'Sblood, when my Play appears, what Work ther'e'll be!
What an overflowing Houſe, methinks I ſee!
Here, Box-keeper, are theſe my Places? No,
Madam Van Bulk has taken all that Row;
Then I'll go back—yon can't—you can, ſhe fibs,
Keep down your Elbows, or you'll break my Ribs;
Zounds, how you ſqueeze! Of what do you think one made is?
Is this your Wig? No, it's that there Lady's.
Then the Side-Boxes, what delightful Rows!
Peers, Poets, Nabobs, Jews, and 'Prentice Beaux.
Alderman *Cramp*, a gouty rich old Cit,
With his young Bride, ſo lovingly will ſit;
While a gay Rake, who ſees the happy Pair,
A Bliſs ſo wonderful reſolves to ſhare;
He whiſpers, Madam, you've a charming Spouſe,
So neat in Limb, and then ſo ſmooth in Brows.
Sir, I don't underſtand you.—What ſay, Dove?
Nothing, my Duck—I'd only dropp'd my Glove.
To morrow, at the Fruit Shop, will you come?
At Twelve o'Clock—Lord, Sir, how you preſume!
Who's that ſcroudges? You ſhan't ſhove my wife,
I ſhove her! A good Joke, upon my Life.
Leave him to me; how dare you thus to treat me?
I dare do any thing, if you'll but meet me.
Me, meet a Man! I ſhou'd'nt have thought of you;
At Twelve indeed! I can't get out till Two.

Then

EPILOGUE.

Then all the Parties; whether pleas'd or not,
Turn towards the ſtage, and muſe upon the Plot;
To catch the Author at ſome *That* or *Therefore*,
And praiſe or damn him without why or wherefore.
If ſuch Friends cheriſh, or ſuch Foes aſſail,
Who knows, even my Comedy may fail:
Should then my writing, prove but time miſpent,
O, may I act to pleaſe, and I'm content.

NOTORIETY:

A

COMEDY.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

LONDON

PRINTED BY W. WOODFALL:

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1793.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Nominal, - - - - -	Mr. LEWIS.
Col. Hubbub *(his Guardian)*	Mr. QUICK.
Sir Andrew Acid, - - -	Mr. WILSON.
Lord Jargon, - - - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Clairville *(his Brother)* -	Mr. FARREN.
Saunter, - - - - -	Mr. DAVIES.
James, - - - - - -	Mr. FARLEY.
O'Whack, - - - -	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Lady Acid, - - - -	Mrs. WEBB.
Sophia Strangeways *(Ward to Sir Andrew)*	Mrs. WELLS.
Honoria *(Niece to Col. Hubbub)*	Mrs. ESTEN.

SCENE—*London.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Nominal, - - - - -	Mr. Lewis.
Col. Hubbub (his Guardian)	Mr. Quick.
Sir Andrew Acid, - - -	Mr. Wilson.
Lord Jargon, - - - -	Mr. Merrick.
Clairville (his Brother) -	Mr. Parry.
Saunter, - - - - -	Mr. Davis.
James, - - - - -	Mr. Farley.
O'Whack, - - - -	Mr. Johnstone.

Lady Acid, - - - -	Mrs. Wren.
Sophia Sunnyways (Ward to Sir Andrew)	Mrs. Wells.
Honoria (Niece to Col. Hubbub)	Mrs. Esten.

Scene—London.

PROLOGUE.

Written by ROBERT MERRY, *Esq.*

OF all professions which have claim to pity,
The worst is his, who lives by being witty;
For with light purse, spare diet, and small glee,
'Tis very hard to make a Comedy.
Rich men, and Lords, may write extremly fine,
Give Claret and Champaigne in ev'ry line;
But our poor Author, of a different sort,
Fears he can only offer humble Port.
Yet, as his guests have sometimes shown him favour
He hopes, tho' it be new, you'll like the flavour.
Oh! think an instant on a writer's pains,
Who, for your entertainment, racks his brains;
Whole months alone, in chamber full of smoke,
He sits with sighs to meditate the joke;
And far remov'd from mirthful recreation,
Labours to find a comic situation.
'Tis surely somewhat difficult to seize
The moment *when*, the manner *how* to please;
For snarling Critics, wond'rous wise and able,
Pronounce it trick to hide beneath a table;
Or if a buck-basket we now should show,
They'd say, "the sad buffoonery was low."
To make you laugh they deem a heinous crime,
Condemn all stage-effect, as Pantomime;
And still demand, what never was display'd,
A perfect piece, or light without a shade.

In ſpite of this, our agonizing Bard,
Seeks from your hands, his nobleſt, beſt reward;
And dares, regardleſs of illib'ral ſtrife,
Expoſe the fopperies of *modern life*.
But if (that you ſome novelty may ſee)
He ſhould outſtep fair nature's modeſty,
Reflect how often the Dramatic mines
Have ranſack'd been, of ev'ry gem that ſhines
Nor let on him your haſty cenſures fall,
Who would be, if he cou'd, *original*.

EPILOGUE.

Written by MILES PETER ANDREWS, *Esq.*

And Spoken by Mr. LEWIS, *in the Character of* NOMINAL.

ONCE more, my friends, here's Nominal the glorious,
Again attempting to be more notorious.
What's life without it? Aſk the Buck, the Wit;
The faſhion'd Peer, and the no-faſhion'd Cit.
Renown's the word---Men, Women, Girls and Boys,
Write, fight, game, drink, and dreſs to make a noiſe.
" Dam'me, I'm up to that, cries Bobby Crop,
" No fellow in the town ſhall me out-top;
" I'll have a dock as cloſe as young Lord Wizen,
" For dam'me, an't my head as thick as his'n?"
Then, like a fighting cock, trimm'd ſhort and bare,
He mounts his ſpurs, and crows away---look there!
What crowds of deſp'rate heroes fall for fame,
And loſe their characters to raiſe a name.
See the fine wife of ſome plain country 'Squire,
To ev'ry town-bred folly ſwift aſpire---
See her each night, with all the force ſhe's able,
Fly to be talk'd of at the Faro table---
Fat Mrs. Duckleg whiſpers to her ſpouſe,
Why, Hubby, love, I knows now what I knows.
Look what a thriving man is neighbour Wittle,
It's all becauſe his wife ſhows off a little.
Had I fine clothes, I have a manner too,
And you might hold your head as others do.
But coopt up thus, like a meer hoddy-doddy,
Nobody knows that one is any body.

Thus

Thus wide diffus'd thro' all this buſtling town
Reigns the ſtrong principle of being known---
Above the reſt---amongſt the wits moſt witty,
In dreſs and talk,'s your Jemmy from the city.
His coat, by ſome unlucky taylor truſted,
Hangs off his back, as going to be duſted;
While in the Upper Boxes, fully known,
He ſports a language which is quite his own.
" Eh, Jack! On Change to day? How goes Lot. Tick?
" Ha---ſeen Bob's Curricle---it goes curſt quick.
" The Builder ſays---'twixt us---it goes on tick---
" Been dipping, hey, at Margate or at Brighton?
" Touch'd ten laſt night, and ev'ry one a light one.
" Hey, Tom, how do?---Oh, is that you, Dick Docket!
" You've ſtole my ſtick---No, damme, it's in my pocket."
There's proof enough, we truſt you will agree,
That life's great aim, is Notoriety.
Our Bard and I, acknowledge both this feature,
And hope we ſhall be known by your good nature.

NOTORIETY:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE, *An Apartment at Sir* ANDREW'S—*Two Doors open in Flat—Bells ring.*

Enter JAMES *from Door, and another Servant.*

JAMES.

RUN—fly—ſcamper—Don't you hear the company are breaking up?—Call Lord Jargon's carriage.

Lady ACID *appears at Door, curtſying as if taking leave of ſomebody.*

Lady *A.* Good night, my Lord—Delightful man! I am determined he ſhall be in poſſeſſion

of Honoria—if it's only in return for his attachment to me.—James, call up the carriages, and ſee the company diſpoſed of—I'm ſo fatigued! —Heigho!—Seven o'clock again! I hav'nt been to bed any ſooner this fortnight.

Sir ANDREW *(without).*

Sir *Andr.* Where are all the ſervants?

(Without)

Lady *A.* Here's my fretful huſband juſt got up! He's ſo old-faſhioned, and ſo ſour—He's never pleaſed, but when others are vexed—and never unhappy, but when his friends are happy.

Enter Sir ANDREW, *in Night-Gown and Cap.*

So, my life!—juſt got up, I ſuppoſe?

Sir *Andr.* So, my ſoul—juſt going to bed, I ſuppoſe?—What! at the old work—Rout, ball, or concert, heh! Making fools happy with my money?

Lady *A.* Pſha! you've no idea of life.

Sir *Andr.* No—but I have of death—It would kill me in a fortnight—Beſides, every body laughs at you—Not one of your acquaintance—who, by the bye, have loved and hated each other all round—but, on leaving the room, exclaims—"Well! it's very fine! mighty grand! But will it laſt? Won't there be a cruſh by and bye?"

Lady *A.* Ridiculous, Sir Andrew! An't I viſited by every body? Don't all the beau-monde attend Lady Acid's parties?

Sir *Andr.* The beau-monde! Why, they'll viſit any body that is fool enough to invite them. —Let who will give an expenſive entertainment, they'll

they'll flock to it, like rooks about a ruin.—But this won't do—It's seven o'clock, and I must be eating.—Here—you Sir (*Enter James*), bring my breakfast.

James. Breakfast!—What, here, Sir? [*Exit.*

Sir *Andr.* Yes;—here, Sir.—I am sure the beau-monde (as your Ladyship calls them) will have no objection to something substantial. Poor devils! at these sort of parties they get nothing to feed on but scandal and faro.

Lady *A.* Provoking, Sir Andrew!—You're always teasing and vexing me; and I insist on knowing what part of my conduct——

Sir *Andr.* Hold—don't suppose I suspect your character.—No—'midst all your gaieties, I still believe you to be so constant and honourable, that there's no indulging oneself in finding fault with you.

Lady *A.* If you don't think so, your cousin Colonel Hubbub does, or he would never have trusted me with the care of his niece Honoria.—But I leave you to your ill-nature.

Sir *Andr.* Ay; go to bed—You to your pillow—I to my coffee.

Lady *A.* Mind me, Sir—If you see Honoria, give her the advice I desired you.—Tell her the Colonel has written for his ward, Mr. Nominal, to challenge that wretch Clairville, and that I shall do all in my power to give her to Lord Jargon—And so, good night, most good-humour'd husband!

Sir *Andr.* And so, good morning, most sweet-temper'd wife! [*Exit Lady A.*] I've made her unhappy, however.—'Gad, I don't know how it is, I like to see every body's face as long as my

own.—(*Breakfaſt brought in*) Here it comes—And here's the paper. (*Sits down, and takes up newſpaper.*) Now for it!—Now for bad news! "Theatre Royal—New Comedy."—Pſha! making people grin and diſtort their faces.—Give me a deep, horrible, agreeable Tragedy—"Bankrupts."—Ay, here they are—"One—"two—three—thirteen."—Come, very well!—that's very well!—"Promotions."—There they are with their curſt joy again!—"Stocks fallen one and a half."—Some lame ducks, however—"Marriages—ten."—Well! long life to you, for you'll be as miſerable——

Enter HONORIA *(from Doors).*

Hon. Dear Sir, ten thouſand pardons—I thought to have found your ward Miſs Strangeways here.

Sir *Andr.* Sit down, Honoria, ſit down—I want to talk to you—Come, take ſome breakfaſt.

Hon. Breakfaſt!—I hav'n't been to reſt yet—You forget the joys of high life, Sir!

Sir *Andr.* Joys!—She's happy too!—Um!—Silly, ignorant girl, to take pleaſure in ſuch unmeaning ſcenes!

Hon. Pleaſure! They give me pain, Sir—miſery.

Sir *Andr.* Do they? Take ſome breakfaſt. (*Offers her ſome.*)

Hon. What have I been doing to-night, Sir?—Talking to men I deteſt, and liſtening to women I deſpiſe—mixing with people who have neither feeling, amity, nor ſenſe.—This I have done for years, and this I muſt ſtill perſevere in; for my education

education has taught me to ſmile when I was miſerable, and to be faſhionable at the expence of my peace.

Sir *Andr.* Sweet creature! How prettily ſhe prattles! Go on,

Hon. Yes, Sir; with a mind naturally attached to domeſtic happineſs, I am compelled to deride all peaceful ſcenes, becauſe my uncle, the Colonel, who has cruelly delivered me to the care of your wife, Sir—But I interrupt you—I ſee I do—I'll keep my ſorrows to myſelf.

Sir *Andr.* Don't—don't keep them to yourſelf—I like to hear you talk about ſorrow and miſery; and if you know of any more elſewhere, you'll not offend me by imparting it! But now I think on't, tell me that unlucky ſtory of the fellow aſcending your window by a rope ladder.

Hon. Fellow! Sir Andrew! When you are more reſpectful, I'll talk to you—till when—*(Going.)*

Sir *Andr. (ſtops her.)* Stay—be not offended—I'll ſympathize with you, Honoria—I'll give you ſigh for ſigh, and tear for tear. Come, make me your confidant, and you ſhan't repent it.—Nay, you muſt—you ſhall—I do love to hear a tale of woe!

Hon. (ſitting.) Oh, Sir! how have I been ſlandered and defamed! I never knew Mr. Clairville but as a friend—as a protector: that we had ſecret meetings I cannot deny; but I was never alone—your ward Sophia was always preſent—and ſhe will witneſs to the world that he was too honourable to make baſe propoſals, and I too unfaſhionable to accept them.

Sir *Andr.* Go on—I like to hear you, Honoria.

If

If I remember, your acquaintance began at the Colonel's villa in the Iſle of Wight, when you were ſailing, and fell from the veſſel.

Hon. Yes, Sir; and while his brother, Lord Jargon, and other foplings of the party, who before had offered up their lives to ſerve me, while they ſtood idly on the deck, and ſaw me juſt expiring—Clairville, then a ſtranger, leaped from another veſſel, and, plunging midſt the waves, caught me in his arms, and brought me ſafe to land.—Then came the conflict—The Colonel's boat, by adverſe winds, was blown from ſhore; and I and my deliverer remained part of that day alone.—I ſaw, compared, and loved—his heart beat in uniſon with mine; and now, Sir, do you pity or condemn me?

Sir *Andr.* I pity you, pity you ſincerely, and curſe the Colonel for placing you under the care of my wife, becauſe I know ſhe deſigns you for Lord Jargon—But Nominal, whom your uncle intends for your huſband, is hourly expected from France.

Hon. Talk not of that, Sir; for I dread the conſequences of his arrival.—The night Clairville was diſcovered in my apartment, the Colonel told him he would ſend for his ward Nominal, to avenge the injured honour of his family! Oh, Sir, if a duel ſhould enſue!—Yet, if Clairville receives my letter, that and other ills may be prevented (*aſide*)—But ſomebody is coming, Sir—allow me to retire.

Sir *Andr.* Do, and depend on my protection, Honoria—I am always a friend to the unhappy.—Good morning. [*Exit Honoria.*] So, there goes another long face!—Here's my ward, the cele-

celebrated Miſs Strangeways—She's an authoreſs, an actreſs, a muſician, a painter, and, in ſhort, every thing.—I know ſhe's in love with me, and I'll have the ſatisfaction of teaſing her ſoul out.

Enter Miſs STRANGEWAYS *(with a Paper in her Hand).*

Sophia. Poſitively, I will be revenged.—The Colonel does nothing but make love to me.—Heigho! I'm ſo fatigued, Guardy—and it's in vain going to bed, I've ſo many places to call at.

Sir *Andr.* What! all over the town, as uſual?

Sophia. Yes; firſt I'm going to Lady Buſtle's, to finiſh my picture of her little French lap-dog—then to call at the bookſeller's, and correct the preſs—then to leave this farewell ode to my dear Jugglamintha, at the newſpaper office. *(Reading.)*

" Oh! thou, whoſe amaranthine feelings know
" The iron agonies of copper woe."

Sir *Andr.* Iron agonies of copper woe! That's a fine line, and charmingly diſtreſſing.

Sophia. Yes; and then I'm going to rehearſe a new tragedy at the private Theatre; and, if you'll believe me, my dying ſcene is yet unſettled.

Sir *Andr.* That's a great pity, Sophia—for I think the dying ſcene the beſt part of the play.

Sophia. Yes; but one inſiſts on my dying on one ſide of the ſtage, another, on the other.—Now, what am I to do?

Sir

Sir *Andr.* Why, what many great politicians have done before you—die between both ſides.—But, my angel, when am I to be honoured with an aſſignation—a tête-à-tête, heh?

Sophia. Fie, Guardy!—You know I told you I loved you better than the Colonel, and—— that I'd make fools of you both before I'd done with you. *(Aſide.)*

O'WHACK *(without).*

O'Whack. (without.) Arrah! ſtand by now! I am the valet de chambre to Mr. Nominal.

Sir *Andr.* As I live, Nominal is arrived! This is his Iriſh ſervant, who, to his brogue, has joined a ſmattering of French—Do ſtay and hear him.

Sophia. What! mix Iriſh with French!

Sir *Andr.* So it ſeems; and he ſo confounds the two languages, he is ſcarcely intelligible—But here he comes.

Enter O'WHACK, *followed by* JAMES.

O'Whack. Mon Dieu! you dirty blackguard! don't you know me by my politeſſe? Jontleman and lady, your moſt obedient—By the red noſe of Saint Patrick I am toute nouveau; and, d'ye ſee, I would be after ſpaking to my maſter's guardian, Colonel Hubbub.

Sir *Andr.* How is your maſter? Is he as ſingular as his guardian deſcribes him?

Sophia. Singular! What, is he like the Colonel, Sir Andrew?

Sir *Andr.* The image of him—While at college his love of notoriety firſt diſplayed itſelf;

but by living entirely with Engliſh abroad, he is become as eccentric and abſurd as the Colonel wiſhes him.

O'Whack. By the powers! you've hit it—Ma foi! he is toujours wanting to get into notice; and between our three ſelves, he keeps me as his valet, frizeur, and all that, only becaſe I perplex, and make a noiſe, and am quite au fait at botheration wherever I go.

Sophia. Pray, what brings Mr. Nominal ſo ſuddenly from France? Isn't it ſomething about an affair of honour?

O'Whack. Oui; you may ſay that—He is come to challenge one Clairville for getting into the window of Mademoiſelle Honoria: and to be ſure he won't give the young ſeducer a little ſnug dejeuné of cold lead.

Sophia. 'Tis ſo then—Poor Clairville!

Sir *Andr.* Tell us now, had you a pleaſant journey?

O'Whack. Pleaſant! Oh! by the eternal powers, tout au contraire, my dear: we were ſtopped, and robbed, and murdered; that is, we ſhould have been, but for a fine young haroe, who came and reſcued us! Marbleu! he made them ſkip like frogs.

Sir *Andr.* A robbery and a duel! This journey may produce much pleaſing diſtreſs—Pray, who was this young haroe?

O'Whack. Je ne ſçai pas, honey—But you may talk of your Cæſars, Cleopatras, and Paddy-Whacks—he beats all your champions of poſterity.—Oh! had you ſeen, when my maſter and I were ſprawling, how he laid about him with his bit of timber—Depend on't, as our fille de cham-

bre ſaid, the ſhillaly is the true je ne ſçai quoi, after all.

Sophia. A very entertaining fellow, Sir Andrew.—What's your name, friend?

O'Whack. Blunder O'Whack, Jontleman! The Blunders are the oldeſt family in Ireland—We were planted there like ſo many potatys, by a great General, who was afterwards Lord Lieutenant to King—What d'ye call the old monarque?—Oh! King Lear—Ay, that's it—King Lear.

Sophia. King Lear!

O'Whack. C'eſt vrai, Miſs—and after that, the family got a curſt tumble about the reign of Jack Cade—Pardonnez moi, tho'—I forget my buſineſs—I muſt be after informing the Colonel of his ward's arrival.

Sir *Andr.* Spare yourſelf the trouble, Mr. O'Whack—Colonel Hubbub is not here—but I'll take care to inform him.

O'Whack. Je vous remercie, my dear—But do you mind now—depêchez-vous, and tell him, my maſter's ſo particular in his perſon and manners, that you may hear of him any where—Monſieur, good luck to you!—My Lady, j'ai l'honneur d'être très-humble ſerviteur!—Oh! by my ſoul! the true comme il faut's better than whiſkey. [*Exit.*

Sophia. If the ſervant is a picture of the maſter, Nominal will have too much good humour to quarrel with Clairville.—'Faith! I almoſt love him by deſcription—But I muſt leave you—Guardy, adieu!

Sir *Andr.* Nay, don't hurry, my angel—it's too ſoon for the dying ſcene.

Sophia. I know it ;—but firſt I'm going to ſee a friend.

Sir *Andr.* See a friend ! Then pray let me go with you ; for that's a thing I never ſaw in my life. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The* Park.

Enter O'WHACK, *with Books under his Arm.*

O'Whack. By Saint Dennis ! theſe law gentlemen are as heavy—I wonder what my maſter would be after with them. Ce me fait rien—I muſt take them home as he ordered me.

Enter SAUNTER (*ſpying and looking out at* NOMINAL).

Saun. Aſtoniſhing ! I never ſaw a man ſo dreſſed walk the ſtreets before. Who can it be ? (*Turning round, ſees O'Whack, who bows to him*)—Ha ! O'Whack ! how came you here ? What, is your maſter, my old college friend, returned from his travels ?

O'Whack. Oui, your honour—et la voilà ! there he is !

Saun. What, is that Nominal ? Well, this is excellent !—I knew Nominal always loved ſingularity ; but I never thought he'd make himſelf ſo particular, that his friends ſhou'dn't know him.

O'Whack. C'eſt extraordinaire, my dear—but with all his oddities, you can't help loving him.

—Oh! his heart is as warm as l'eau de vie, and his ſoul—by St. Patrick, the reſt of the world's all blarney to him!

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Ah, Saunter, my dear fellow! Well, what do you think? Won't it do? Sha'n't I take, heh?—Harkye, I have them already.

Saun. Have! Whom?

Nom. Every body, you dog, every body! I've got a name—they ſtare at me—point at me—laugh at me every where. An't I a happy fellow, heh?

Saun. If happineſs conſiſts in being laughed at, you are—But, Nominal, wou'dn't it be as well to be known for being rational, as being ridiculous?

Nom. Rational! Pſhoo! A plain ſenſible man is never thought of now. Who the devil ever thinks or cares about ſuch a ſober, honeſt fellow as you—who pay every body, and offend nobody?—But I now—ſuch a rogue as I, who pay nobody, and offend every body—why, they all like me. They court me as a new acquaintance, not cut me as an old friend, my boy.

Saun. Well, every man in his way—For my part, I deteſt ſingularity.

Nom. Then you're an undone man; for, by being ſingular in nothing, you'll be deſpiſed in every thing.—For inſtance now, George—When you go into company, and inquiſitive people ſay—"Who is he?—What, Mr. Saunter?" nobody can deſcribe you—You have been guilty of no abſurdities—no improprieties. But when I condeſcend to enter a room, there's a ge-

a general buz of applauſe, and the women all whiſper, " That's he, the famous Ned Nominal! " who games, who drinks, who fights, who " intrigues. Oh! the ſprightly, vicious fel- " low!" In ſhort, George,—I'm a public character.

Saun. A public character! What then?

Nom. Why, then, I make a damned noiſe without any meaning.

Saun. Believe me, Nominal, you are deceived.—A character ſo uſeleſs can neither excite admiration, nor attention.

Nom. Uſeleſs! Oh, George, George!—how little doſt thou know of modern life!—Uſeleſs!—That's the very thing that makes me. Now, let me put a plain and ſimple queſtion to you—Isn't a cat that walks on four legs a uſeful animal?

Saun. A cat on four legs uſeful?—'Tis an odd queſtion—Certainly.

Nom. Very well. And what do you think of a cat with only two legs? Why, it's uſeleſs; and yet you and the reſt of the world ſhall give it twice the admiration, and attention. And there's the difference between us, George.—You are a very uſeful, worthy fellow, and conſequently are deſpiſed—I am a very uſeleſs, miſchievous fellow, and, of courſe, am admired—Therefore, my dear boy, take my advice—expoſe yourſelf, and get into notice.

Saun. Why, you are the counterpart of your guardian, the Colonel; and when he finds you thus bitten with the love of notoriety, he'll be delighted—tranſported.

Nom. Yes; but I mean to diſappoint him.

Saun. Diſappoint him!

Nom.

Nom. Ay; and for three reaſons, George.—Firſt, becauſe he wants me to marry Honoria, a girl I don't care for—Secondly, becauſe he has brought me to fight one Clairville, a poor devil I never ſaw—And thirdly, becauſe being in Oppoſition makes more noiſe than being under Government.—You underſtand me—I mean to quarrel with him.

Saun. And how will you contrive it?

Nom. His greateſt antipathy is to law and lawyers. I'll paſs on him as a ſtudent.

Saun. Student! Why, you don't underſtand the practice.

Nom. No; who the devil does? But a little goes a great way, George—ſo never fear.

Saun. Well, I muſt leave you for the preſent, for I have buſineſs elſewhere.—I'll ſee you tomorrow; and in the mean time ſucceſs to your ſtudies, your ſports, and ſingularities! [*Exit.*

Nom. (looking after him.) What an old-faſhioned appearance! I wiſh I had him a little—I'd ſoon teach him how to expoſe himſelf.—O'Whack!

O'Whack. Toujours prêt, your honour.

Nom. Take theſe law books home—put them on the table, and give the room a ſtudious appearance for the reception of my guardian.—You know what I intend.

O'Whack. Oh! leave me alone for catching the old fox—I'll do it ſans ceremonie.—Your honour—ſee who's coming this way—By my ſalvation, it's the ſweet young haroe that ſaved us and our chapeaus from the robbers!

Nom. That's lucky. I want to thank him.—Beſides, if the robbery is well introduced in the papers,

papers, it may give an eclat to my arrival; and, ſome way or other, I muſt be before the public every day.

Enter CLAIRVILLE, *with a Letter in his Hand.*

Clair. Joy! Give me joy, Sir!—Excuſe this freedom from a ſtranger; but bliſs ſo unexpected —ſo exquiſite, was never known before.

Nom. What! it's all in print, is it? The whole robbery! Well; what do they ſay of me?

Clair. Oh, Sir! when we parted laſt night, I was miſerable—I fancied I had loſt the loveliest creature the world e'er wondered at—but picture the reverſe!

Nom. Curſe the reverſe! So, I'm to be robbed, and get nothing by it!

Clair. In this letter ſhe tells me, that, to-night, ſhe will give me a private interview!—Yes; tho' my father left, with his title, his eſtate to my brother, and that brother has cruelly deſerted me—yet, at this moment, I'm the happieſt man alive. But excuſe me—I am all haſte, all anxiety to prepare for the appointment. [*Going.*

Nom. Hold, Sir, hold! 'Gad, who knows but this private interview may lead to a public uproar? and as he did me a ſervice—*(aſide)* Sir, I am much indebted to you—and if I can be of any uſe—

Clair. None in the leaſt; I thank you.—Yet, now I think on't, Honoria is ſo narrowly watched, that a friend may be neceſſary.—He ſeems a Gentleman, tho' an odd one—I'll accept his offer. *(Aſide)* Sir, you may aſſiſt me.

Nom. How, how?

Clair. The Lady, Sir, whoſe name, as well as

as my own, I muſt beg leave to conceal, is ſo much ſuſpected by her family, that, alone, I may be interrupted in the interview.—If, therefore, you will meet me at Groſvenor Gate at ten o'clock, I will conduct you to the houſe, which is a ſhort way from town—But if we are diſcovered, and the buſineſs becomes public—

Nom. Why, then, I ſhall be doubly obliged to you.

Clair. Well; but if your name is brought forward and abuſed?

Nom. Why, then the obligation will be trebled. I like abuſe, and I'll tell you why—It brings one into notice; and if ſomebody doesn't cut me up, I mean to do it myſelf.

Clair. How! abuſe yourſelf!

Nom. Certainly—for, if I don't let people know what a ſingular, abſurd, uſeleſs ſort of fellow I am, how will they find it out? Silence ſinks you into obſcurity, my boy; and for my part, I had rather be laughed at for ſtanding in the pillory, than not noticed at all.

Clair. Well; this is the ſtrangeſt ſyſtem! What, you want to get a name, I ſuppoſe?

Nom. I do; and, Heaven be praiſed, 'tis eaſier now to be obtained than in days of yore. Then, conqueſt, patriotiſm and virtue were the only paths to fame; but now-a-days, eccentricity, impudence and diſſipation ſettle the buſineſs—And if I don't cut out Cæſar or Mark Antony to-morrow——But come along—I have ſome law buſineſs with my guardian; and, after that, for you and your interview.

Clair. Ten thouſand thanks.—But may I aſk how you intend getting a name to-morrow?

Nom.

Nom. I'll tell you---I mean to fight a duel, commence an intrigue, and complete an elopement---But where are the Ladies, or who is the Gentleman, I neither know, nor can inform you---only be aſſured, I'll accompliſh it, and then, my boy! when I lack wit, I'll boaſt of my exploits; and when I want money---why, I'll ſhew myſelf as a curioſity! So allons!

[*Exeunt.*

END *of* ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE, NOMINAL'S *Lodgings — Table with Books on it*]---O'WHACK *discovered placing the Books.*

O'Whack. The Colonel will be here dans une moment---if my maſter hadn't l'argent enough of his own, he wou'dn't be after tazing his old Guardian in this manner---Voila! tout eſt arrangé, and now to receive him a la mode de François, as we ſay in Ireland.

Enter Colonel HUBBUB, *and Sir* ANDREW ACID.

Col. [*Dancing and ſinging*] Ti, di, di, di!

Sir Andr. Keep quiet, I tell you---Oh, curſe your joy.

Col. Ti, di, di, di! The lad of ſpirit! The boy after his Guardian's own heart!—Here, here's a contract to marry my niece Honoria.

Sir Andr. Be ſerious, I tell you, grinning don't become you.

Col. Here, this gives him my niece with thirty thouſand pounds, and if he had returned a ſolid, ſtudious, good for nothing ſort of young man, do you think I'd have ſigned it? No! but to have him come home a daſhing dog!---a choice ſpirit! Ods heart; if his uncle, the old General, was alive, he'd die with joy!

Sir Andr. Old General, indeed! A pretty uncle he was to leave his nephew to the care of ſuch a Guardian as you---But I remember him, he loved diſſipation, and deſpiſed prudence as much as yourſelf.

Col.

Col. He did; and he appointed me Guardian to the, dear boy, that I might ſee the glorious breed preſerv'd! and now he is a choice ſpirit.

Sir Andr. A choice devil! What, you want him to be a fellow who can fight a duel in one field, and be ſecond in another? who drinks hard, and rides harder; who talks much, thinks little, and reads leſs; who carries off young women, and runs away from old ones!—In ſhort, who loves notoriety, and makes noiſe and confuſion wherever he goes!

Col. That's it! You've hit it exactly—only with this difference, that, tho' I deſpiſe prudence, I deteſt knavery; and if ever he behaves like a villain, if ever he does a diſhonorable action, I'll cut him off with a ſhilling, and I know the old General would have done the ſame—But where is he? Ti, di, di, di! Od, I'm ſo happy—[*Offers to take ſnuff out of Sir* ANDREW'S *box, who refuſes it.*] Why what's the matter with you, couſin? You don't ſeem to partake my joy.

Sir Andr. Yes, I do—nothing ſo pleaſant as to ſee ev'ry body on the broad grin. I hope it will laſt, that's all! But I know you mean to ruin him, as you have your Niece Honoria, inſtead of improving her mind, teaching her the languages—

Col. Her the languages? Why, old boy, hav'n't you found out that one tongue is enough for a woman?—No, no; I have brought her into high life—ſent her to Concerts—Operas—

Sir Andr. Operas! Now that's a pretty buſineſs—to pay a piece of gold to ſet five or ſix hours in a houſe, where you fall aſleep to ſave hearing what you don't underſtand.

Col. Five or ſix hours! Pſha! that's nothing to what I do—I pay ſome thouſand pieces of gold, to ſit ſeven years in another houſe, where I muſt fall aſleep; for, hang me, if ever I heard a word I underſtood!

O'Whack. Bon! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir And. So here's another merry raſcal! Ay, do look at each other, and ſmile—I never ſaw one fool look at another in the face without grinning [*Exit O'Whack*]—And give me leave to tell you, Colonel—

Col. Well! don't be angry—Isn't it ſtrange you can't bear to ſee every body happy? But come, where's the boy, the Heart of Oak? [*looking over books on table.*] Why, what's here? A Law Dictionary!

Sir Andr. A Law Dictionary! Something ſerious at laſt! [*reads*] "Acto Quinto Jacobo primo!"—No hazard table!

Col. Hazard! Ay, that's right—making himſelf maſter of that fine art Law! 'Sblood! if he had the leaſt inclination for that ſolemn, ſable profeſſion, I'd break his bones! I'd—but he comes! the dear profligate comes! Ti, di, di, di! My boy, my life!

Enter Nominal, in a dreſſing gown, reading a book.

Nom. C. cuts off the remainder, and D. loſes his tail.

Col. Come, my darling—Let's hear of your frolics—Mine and the General's old tricks!

Nom. [*Still reading*] That infernal tail!—Ha, Guardian! Sir Andrew! Both welcome! Been at the Hall lately? [*To Colonel.*]

Col. Been at the devil!—Come, let's hear of your pranks!

Sir

Sir Andr. Gad, if he ſhou'd turn out ſtudious after all!

Nom. Curious cauſe this morning—Friend Paul Prig for Plaintiff—tell you his ſpeech.

Col. Why, what are you at!

Nom. He'roſe, twirl'd his band—began—"My "Lord!—Hem!—Gemmen of the Jury—"hem!—I'm for Plaintiff—I think—I know—"I've read my brief—hem!"—Nodding and cocking his eye to the Jury.

Sir Andr. Cocking his eye to Jury?

Nom. Yes, better than any talking—"My Lord—hem! I ſee—I ſee, I know I'm right"—cocking again—I've done—hem!—Foreman winks--Judge ſums up--Verdict for Paul--Client ruin'd—All the young Prigs laugh—Any thing makes them laugh—hem!

Col. Zounds! What is all this? Let's hear.

Nom. Hear! Never without fee—Name your caſe—Joint Truſtees perhaps—if not, why not?—What are your ages?

Col. What are our ages?

Nom. Infants very like.

Sir Andr. I an infant! Why, I was never more deceiv'd in my life. Colonel, this is the moſt ſtudious choice ſpirit I ever ſaw—I give you joy! (*Offering him Snuff*)—Young man, this capering grinning gentleman deſcribed you as a perfect rake—I expected to ſee you reading Hoyle--- Do you mean to purſue the profeſſion?

Nom. Certainly --- Student now---hereafter Counſel---Been at the Old Baily lately? [*To Col.*]

Col. Old Baily! Look ye, you dog! leave off this foolery, or---

Sir

Sir Andr. I'm delighted, Couſin! Now, why don't you partake my joy?---Faith! I muſt go and tell my wife and ward of this---Mr. Nominal, I'm ſorry I'm obliged to leave you.---

Col. Leave him! Why don't you go then?

Sir Andr. Give me your hand [*to Nom.*] perſevere in your ſtudies, and I and Lady Acid ſhall be always happy in your company—Good day—Colonel, don't make long faces, he'll make full as much noiſe and confuſion in this preſent profeſſion—Tho' he won't fire a piſtol, he can file a Bill in Chancery; and which is the leaſt miſchievous, I leave you to determine — hem!

[*Offers Snuff again and Exit.*

Col. Rat you! I'm glad you're gone. — Now, my dear boy, it's all very well to appear prudent and ſtudious before that ſtupid old fool; but ſince he's gone, lay aſide this trifling. — Come, leave off talking about ſuch low, dull nonſenſe, as Counſellors and Weſtminſter Hall, and let's hear you ſpeak like a man of ſenſe, about fighting, drinking, racing—

Nom. Racing! as I hope for the ſeals, here's the caſe—Look! [*Shews a book.*]

Col. What! do you perſiſt in your ignorance?

Nom. Never read Puffendroff! Heh! fine book—better than army liſt.

Col. Look ye, I have done with you for ever—Oh, you ſenſeleſs blockhead! to be making money inſtead of ſpending it — to be following a prudent, ſtale, old-faſhioned profeſſion, inſtead of being ruin'd and getting into high life, you dog!—*You* avenge Honoria's honour! 'Sdeath! I'll beat Clairville myſelf, and before I hear of you,

you, Puffendroff, or Paul Prig again, I'll marry her to a drummer, or a common trooper---I will, you ſtupid inflexible, upright raſcal!

Nom. Now I am ſatisfied *(aſide.)*

Enter O'Whack.

O'Whack. Ecoutez, your honor---the ſtrange young Haroe is waiting for you at Groſvenor Gate.

Nom. I'll come directly---leave my travelling coat in the hall---Guardy, adieu---Brother Prig waiting.

Col. Stay; one rational word before you go---wou'd you---

Nom. Huſh! can't ſtay, reply another day---Mean time find me in the Hall---Adieu! Law's a fine profeſſion---puts an end to grinning, tranſports, exſtacies---Adieu! Leave you with Puffendroff---hem! [*Exit.*

Col. Here's treatment! Leave a Colonel in the army alone with Puffendroff! Ignorant puppy! to give up faſhionable life for a profeſſion in which the greatneſs of his reputation is chiefly known by the ſize of his wig --- Where! [*Seeing* O'Whack] You too, you Iriſh, French, pye-bald raſcal! You help'd this pretty reformation, I ſuppoſe!

O'Whack. Point de tout, your honor---your own ſelf cou'dn't have ſet him a more diſſipated example than I did---Oh! à Paris, mon Colonel! to be ſure I didn't lead him into any miſchief at all at all!

Col. What do you mean?

O'Whack. Tacez vous, Jewel!---When I ſlept out all night, got drunk with uſquebaugh, intrigued

trigued with the Marchioneſs Tipperary, and bate her poor huſband; it was only to oblige your honour, that I might ſtand before you, and ſay--- "Voila! Monſieur O'Whack, who kept it up "to the laſt!"

Col. Why, you impertinent---do you mean to laugh at me? Marchioneſs Tipperary, indeed!

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, Sir! a word with you---Miſs Honoria's window is open, and ſhe and Miſs Sophia are waiting for Mr. Clairville.

Col. Sophia with her! That's lucky---Harky', is Lady Acid at home?

James. No, Sir; ſhe and Sir Andrew are juſt gone out together---But Miſs Sophia aſked me, whether you were expected there to-night.

Col. She did, did ſhe?---Oh, it's plain ſhe can't live without me---Poor loveſick creature! I'll go and comfort her---I'll lock up Honoria, kick Clairville out of the houſe, and thus have her all to myſelf---Shew me down, Sirrah, and d'ye hear? tell your ſtudious maſter, I'm gone to chaſtiſe the man I deſired him to challenge---Yes, I'll ſo ſhame him by beating this Clairville.

O'Whack. Ay, by St. Patrick, bate him, your honor, as I did the Marquis de Tipperary---Par ici---this way!--- *Exeunt.*

SCENE---

SCENE—*the Outside of* SIR ANDREW'S *House in the Country—Stage darkened.*

Enter CLAIRVILLE.

Clair. Where is this friend who was to have assisted in the enterprize?—I have sent my servant to look for him, for, alone, I can undertake nothing.—Oh, Honoria! let me but once more see you, and know you are my friend, and I will ask no more—No, never while I live, will I think of deluding her from her family; with them, she has all that wealth and splendour can afford; and with me, how severe will be the reverse! I know the Colonel has brought his ward Nominal from France, to call me to account for my presumption—but of that, I think not—let me but gain this last interview—Ha! here's the stranger!

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. A thousand pardons—I've been talking law, so no wonder at delay—Well!—here we are! and do you know this business puts me in mind of what I came to England for.

Clair. What was that?

Nom. Oh! only to beat a Gentleman for scaling a rope ladder—that's all—Some poor, stupid fellow! But we won't talk of that—Where's the girl? Heh?

Clair. 'Tis past the time she promised to appear at the window—But, understand me, Sir—all I wish to obtain is an interview; to know she approves my past conduct, and takes an interest in my future—Therefore, what I request of you is this—While I guard the house with-

in, you watch the door without; don't let a ſoul enter.

Nom. Me! I'll beat the watch, kick the conſtable, and cane all the trading juſtices in town, before you ſhall loſe one tender moment.

HONORIA *at the Window.*

Hon. Sir! Sir!

Clair. Ha! ſhe comes! Like a new world ſhe breaks upon me! Oh, let me fly to welcome her!

Nom. Oh! let me fly to welcome her! [*Mimicking*] Now, who ſhe is, or who the houſe belongs to, or what it all means, hang me if I know or care! Only this, that if there was a noiſe, there might be a diſcovery!—if a diſcovery, a purſuit! — if a purſuit, a reſcue! — and then, Oh! what a figure I ſhou'd cut.

Hon. Come in inſtantly, or you may be diſcover'd.

Nom. [*to Clairville*] Harkye, if you are diſcover'd, and are afraid to mention your own name, make uſe of mine.—I'm not aſham'd of this, or any buſineſs!

Clair. I have no fears [*opening the door*] Now, now, Sir, envy me! [*Exit into Houſe.*

Nom. Envy you! That I do.—He'll have all the fame to himſelf, and here I ſtand as melancholy as a mile-ſtone—How provokingly quiet every thing is—'Sdeath! is there no noiſe to wake the old Guardian! is there no noiſe! Oh for the ſqueaking of a child, the ſmaſhing of a lamp, or the howling of a huſband being thumpt by his wife! No uproar!

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA *at the window.*

Sophia. Sir, as you are anxious to aſſiſt your friend, will you be kind enough to tell my ſervant, who is ſomewhere near, to come home—for if he is obſerved—

Nom. I will, Madam — Who the devil's ſhe, now?

Sophia. And, Sir, when you return, I'll ſpeak to you from the window, and, on your anſwering me, I'll come down, and let the ſervant in myſelf.

Nom. Ay, and me along with him — I'll take care, Ma'am, I'll take care.—Stand by, raggamuffin!—[*Runs againſt* COLONEL HUBBUB, *who is entering, and exit.*

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. Stand by, raggamuffin! What noiſy fellow's that? Ay, there it is, there's the window open, ſure enough; and I dare ſay Sophia has promoted the ſcheme, in hopes of aſſiſting her amour with me! Sweet, tender ſoul! I ſhall never forget her telling me, that if I'd one more hair on my left eye-brow, I ſhould be the handſomeſt man in the army! and another time, when ſhe fainted away on only touching the tip of my Epaulette.

SOPHIA *from the window.*

Sophia. Is it you, Sir?

Col. Yes, here I am! Oh, 'tis too much!

Sophia. I'll come down, and open the door. [*Exit from window.*

Col. Open the door! There! She wants to be touching the tip of the Epaulette again! poor fond creature! Yes: I muſt, I will!

SOPHIA *opens the door.*

Sophia. Come in! [*ſees* Col.] Heavens! the Colonel!

Col. Expreſs of joy diſſolves her! Don't give way to your raptures, moſt angelic!—I come to give you love for love. [*Lays hold of her.*

Sophia. Unhand me, Colonel!

Col. Let's enter the houſe—I'll lock up Honoria, turn Clairville out of doors—and then—

Sophia. Let me go this inſtant.

[*Struggling with him.*

Re-enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Ha! What are you at! Retire, Madam! [*Exit Sophia into houſe.*

Now anſwer me, ſeducer! Would you delude the innocent!

Col. I delude! Who the deuce are you!

Nom. A Juſtice of peace! Come to promote tranquility—But your name? Your profeſſion? Speak this inſtant! [*ſhaking him*] Zounds! do you ſuſpect my office?

Col. No, not in the leaſt—I know you're a peace officer by the curſt noiſe you make! [*Nominal ſhakes him again*] Gently, and to ſatisfy you, I'll tell you who I am—my name's Hubbub—

Nom. Hubbub!

Col. Yes; I'm here doing duty.

Nom. My Guardian! Faith, this is better than Paul Prig!

CLAIRVILLE,

CLAIRVILLE *at the window.*

Clair. [*aſide to Nominal*] Detain him—keep him where he is, or all's ruined!

Nom. I will. [*Exit Clairville from window.* Sir, [*bowing*] if your name is Hubbub, I have to intreat your pardon—I've the honour of being acquainted with part of your worthy family.

Col. Ay, ay, I knew you'd perceive your miſtake—But let me enter the houſe, and play the devil.

Nom. [*holding him*] Yes, Colonel; I have the pleaſure of being intimate with your very learned ward, Mr. Nominal. — Times are ſtrangely alter'd, Sir.—I remember when he was the moſt noiſy, extravagant young man in town.

Col. Ay, thoſe were happy days! But they're all over now! the dog thinks of nothing but Puffendorff, and the Old Baily.

Nom. Yes; I uſed to have a warrant againſt him once a week, and he generally ſlept in the watch-houſe every other night! But now—alas, Colonel! I'm afraid we ſhall never catch him in a riot again! [*In a melancholy voice.*

Col. [*ſighing*] No—he has loſt all that good ſenſe and genius now! And after the pains I had taken in inſtructing and improving him! It's hard—very hard, Sir!

Nom. [*ſighing with him*] Ay, Sir; to have him turn out ſtudious, ſober and prudent!

Col. Ah! to diſgrace the honour of the Hubbubs!—to vilify the glorious breed!---Stupid, ſenſeleſs dog! But let me go into the houſe, for I'm all eagerneſs to chaſtiſe this Clairville.

Nom.

Nom. Clairville! What's he now in the houſe?

Col. Yes; and I brought my ward Nominal to fight him;---but he dar'n't, Sir---he's grown a coward---poor paultry priggiſh coward; and if you ſee him, you may tell him I ſay ſo.

Nom. So! I may tell Nominal he's a coward, may I?

Col. Yes! or he'd have beat ſomebody before this time---Od rat him! I would rather he'd have can'd me, than nobody.

Nom. You'd not diſlike to be can'd by him, wou'd you?

Col. No; I ſhould have liked the dear rogue the better for it—But now I know him to be ſuch a mean, ſtudious, pitiful puppy, that, hang me if I think he has the courage to beat a jack-aſs! — [*Nominal canes him.*] Holloa! what are you about?

Nom. [*caning him*] He'll beat a jack-aſs with any man in the army.

CLAIRVILLE *comes from Houſe.*

Col. You're a ruffian — a common bravo, employ'd by Clairville to detain and aſſault me, and you take advantage of my not having a ſword on—but I'll be reveng'd!—

Nom. Do, and I'll tell you how! Bring an action of battery, and Paul Prig and your ſtudious Nephew ſhall defend it.—Hem!

Col. I don't care—You're beneath my contempt---But for your employer, I'll enter the houſe, and have ſatisfaction; and for that ſneaking dog Nominal—Oh, the curſt puppy! I ſent for him to beat Clairville, and here have I been beat myſelf. [*Exit.*

Clair.

Clair. My dear Sir, once more let me thank you—I have ſeen the Lady, and all is as I wiſhed—She has given me this picture as a proof of her affection, and promiſed never to marry another man—But, come—why, what are you thinking of?

Nom. I was thinking when the buſineſs is found out, what a noiſe it will make—But, hold, hold.—You and I muſt have ſome converſation—

Clair. The Lady told me what I never heard before, that her Uncle's ward is deſign'd for her huſband.

Nom. What Nominal? I know him intimately? nor is there a finer fellow alive—he pricks the bladders of vanity, pulls down arrogance, and chaſtiſes folly; and what's more, he gives his Guardian ſound law in the morning, and a ſound thraſhing at night--Then, he's a man of notoriety! has the general ſhout — the popular huzza, my boy!

Clair. Popular huzza! He'd have that if he was going to be hang'd.

Nom. Well, and when I die, give me a public exit, give me the tower, ſtate trial, axe, ſcaffold, and decapitation! Then my life or hiſtory will be written with a thouſand extraordinary anecdotes! How I ſlept at night, and woke in the morning! walk'd and rode! eat and drank! and what was very remarkable and important, wore my own hair till thirty, and a wig ever after—But come along—I'll introduce you to Nominal; and over the bottle he ſhall convince you, that he's as popular as life, ſpirit, and excentricity can make him! *Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—*An Apartment in* Sir ANDREW's *Houſe.*

Enter SAUNTER.

Saun. Never was vanity ſo inſufferable as that of Sir Andrew and the Colonel; and unleſs my couſin Sophia puts my ſcheme in execution, they will torment her for ever—Here comes Sir Andrew, juſt as I left him, teazing and fatiguing her with his tireſome proteſtations of love.

Enter SOPHIA, *followed by* SIR ANDREW.

Sophia. Do leave me, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andr. Well; but hear me, my little angel—I ſee your paſſion for me, and your averſion to the Colonel—and I pity you, and will relieve you---Hark ye, make an aſſignation---nay, don't be afraid---I'll not diſappoint you, upon my ſoul.

Sophia. Sir Andrew, this is beyond bearing, and if you would attend Lady Acid's concert, where your company is wanted, it would be more agreeable---Aſſignation indeed!

Sir Andr. Ay; you know I've won your tender little heart, and that I could make you miſerable if I pleaſed; but I forego it; I chooſe to vex the Colonel, and—

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, the concert is waiting.

Sir Andr. Concert! Pſha! Curſe all harmony, ſay I!—But I muſt go to pleaſe my wife—

I ſay

I say—don't forget, Sophia—when and where you like—I'll be punctual---till when, farewell. *Exit.*

Sophia. Provoking! to suppose me in love with him! I that am admired by the literati, the cognoscenti, and all the out of the way creatures in town! Here---*(giving* Saunter *a letter)* look at this, and then say if I oughtn't to be wretched?

SAUNTER *reading.*

Saun. "Lady Acid informs Miss Strangeways, that her extraordinary attachment to the Colonel and Sir Andrew is the talk of the whole town—that she has lost her character, and unless she discontinues her advances, she shall be sent to the country and lock'd up for life."---Lock'd up for life!

Sophia [*mournfully*] Ay, lock'd up for life! Think of that, cousin—I, that have painted my own picture, and had it in the exhibition! That can read a Latin Virgil, or a French Voltaire! And, what's more, that have written a novel, which has been translated into several languages!

Saun. Has it been translated into English?

Sophia. Ay; into English.---It was so beautifully obscure, that it took a commentator twelve large volumes to explain the meaning of it! I too, who have written and composed a song, which I have sung in every company, without being asked or desired.

Saun. Why, you have an universal genius, indeed.

Sophia. Universal! I dare say my death will increase the national debt; for after being underground with my ancestors, I shall be pull'd up,

and re-buried at the expence of my country! And after all this, to have my reputation ſlandered by two old coxcombs; and what's worſe, to be ſent to the country and lock'd up for life! Oh, couſin!---What can I---ſhall I do?

Saun. Don't be unhappy, Sophia; I have thought of a ſcheme by which you may expoſe the vanity of theſe two dotards, and extricate yourſelf [*giving her two letters.*] Read theſe two letters, and if you approve, copy them.

Sophia [*reading*] "To Sir Andrew Acid.—Thou gay deceiver---I adore---ten o'clock--your own garden--Sophia Strangeways."--Fie, couſin! ---would you have me ſend him an aſſignation in reality?

Saun. Read the other.

Sophia [*reads*] "To Colonel Hubbub.—Thou dear perfidious---I idolize --- ten o'clock---the garden --- Sophia Strangeways." Charming! I underſtand--both in the ſame language, and both at the ſame time and place. I'll write them directly.

Saun. Yes! a double aſſignation---Then they'll meet --- Their expoſition will be complete, and Lady Acid will be convinced of your innocence.

Sophia. Ten thouſand thanks--- *(goes to table, ſits and writes.)* "To Colonel Hubbub"---ſo --- "To Sir Andrew Acid" *(riſes)* There couſin--- *(giving him letters.)* See them delivered, and meet me in the garden.--- At preſent, adieu!

Saun. Nay, where are you hurrying to?

Sophia. Firſt, to the concert, and after that to ---But now I recollect, don't forget your promiſe of introducing me to your friend Nominal --- Heigho! I'm in love with him only for his dreſs.

Saun. How, Sophia! judge a man by his dreſs?

Sophia.

Sophia. Certainly. If I ſee a man plainly dreſs'd, I gueſs him to be juſt ſuch a good for nothing thing as yourſelf; but if I ſee a man dreſs'd unlike all others, then I know him to be the ſame unaccountable creature that I am myſelf. So ſave me from rural impriſonment, and then introduce me to your ſingular friend as ſoon as you pleaſe. *Exit.*

Enter O'WHACK *behind.*

Saun. How can I deliver the letters? To avoid ſuſpicion, the beſt way would be, to give them to Sophia's own maid, and if I can find her——

O'Whack. *(advancing)* What, Fanny, your honour? --Arrah! I am juſt going to her. Donnez moi le billet-deaux, and if I don't put them into her own ruby hands, ſay this is not No. 37, that's all! *(taking ſnuff.)*

Saun. Are you ſure you know her?

O'Whack. Know her! ecoutez, my dear—She loves me ſo tinderly, that ſhe'll go to Kilkenny for a fricaſſee for me.

Saun. Well; I believe I may truſt you---Here, this is for Sir Andrew, and this for Colonel Hubbub---They are both at the concert; and deſire her to deliver them directly.

O'Whack. Si vous plait, honey.

Saun. And, d'ye hear? tell her to bring me the anſwers—You underſtand me——

O'Whack. Bon ſoir, your honour.

[*Exit Saunter.*

By the powers! ſome people know no more of good breeding, than others do of politeſſe! Eh bein! I ſuppoſe it anſwers --- For I've obſerved, none jog ſo ſnugly thro' life, as your complately rude and vulgar—Every body gets out of the way

for them—the same as a gentleman with a white coat would for a chimney-sweeper. Oh, by the powers! the only place for true etiquette is Ireland; sweet, elegant, accomplish'd Ireland.

SONG—*O'Whack.*

You may talk of a brogue, and of Ireland (sweet nation)
Of bulls and of howls, and polavre, comme ça;
But, mon Dieu, it's no more to the French boderation,
Than vin de Bourdeaux, like to sweet Usquebaugh.
If I go back again, blood and ouns! how I'll wriggle,
And congé, and caper, and make the folks stare;
And instead of potatoes, how Shelagh will giggle,
When I cries, Mam'selle, hand me that sweet pomme de terre.
With their petit chansons, ça ira, ça ira, Malbrook, Mironton, and their dans votre lit;
By the pow'rs they're all nonsense and bodder, agrah! to our diddero, bubbero, whack, langolee.

II.

Oh, mon jolly tight Sheelagh, ah, how could I scorn her,
When I lov'd her so dearly, ma foi, hubbaboo!
And go round the globe, ay, from corner to corner,
For soup maigre, la dance, and for frogs and virtù.
And then to forsake magnifique Tipperary,
For pauvre Versailles, and its capering throng,
And eat fricassees, only fit for a fairy,
Instead of substantial beef roti de mutton.
With their petit chanson, &c.

III.

Oh, I kiss'd a grisette, who halloo'd out, "Ah, fi d'on;"
And yet, I consol'd her all night and all day;
To be sure, and I was not her sweet Irish Cupidon,
Her petit mignon, and mi Lor Anglois.
But when she found out, sans six sous was poor Pat, Sir,
It was "allez miserable diable John Bull;"
So I e'en gave this blarneying frenchified cat, Sir,
Of good wholesome Shillaly, a compleat stomach full.
With their petit chanson, &c.

SCENE

SCENE---*A Saloon, Chandeliers.*

JAMES, *and the other ſervants waiting.*

James. Yaw! *(yawning.)* Theſe parties will be the death of me!—What, none of the muſical nobility come yet? Stand by—here's Lord Jargon! Gad, I like his plan—he makes love to Lady Acid to ſecure Miſs Honoria—The old lady for the young one—but mum!

Enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. Am I the firſt, James?—I thought your concert began at eight.

James. No, my Lord — this is our Sunday concert, and it is generally nine before their Lordſhips begin playing.

Lord Jar. Lordſhips! Ah! true — At theſe Sunday concerts, Lords become fiddlers, and fiddlers greater men — For my part, I cannot play or ſing —"Donne! donne!" *(humming a tune.)*

James. Thus it ever is with his Lordſhip, one word contradicting the other.

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. James, where's Lady Acid?—Ha! my Lord Jargon here!

Lord Jar. Honoria, my Angel!—I never ſay a civil thing—but you look divinely this evening —Nay, why avoid me? Am I ſo very diſagreeable?

Hon. Not in the leaſt, my Lord.—Where can be Lady Acid?

Lord Jar. (taking her hand) You know, Honoria,

noria, I hate to hear people talk of themſelves—of their titles—their fortunes—their talents—Nothing can be ſo ſhocking!—Now I—I have an ancient title, great fortune, and not inferior talents—but I never mention theſe things—you never hear me talk of myſelf.

Hon. No, your Lordſhip has too much ſenſe to talk on a ſubject you ſo little underſtand.

Lord Jar. True, Honoria, and I have reformed—left off all my old vices, the better to deſerve your affection—Gaming now—I hav'n't thrown a die, or made a bett theſe ſix months.

Hon. Not gam'd, my Lord!

Lord Jar. No; I'll bett any gentleman two hundred to one, I hav'n't,

Hon. I fancy your Lordſhip is one of thoſe, who think it better to loſe than not play at all.

Lord Jar. No; I have given it up, Honoria.—But, talking of gaming, allow me to apologize for breaking your bracelet laſt night.

Hon. It was of no conſequence, my Lord.

Lord Jar. Your pardon, Honoria—and, tho' I am above making preſents, yet you muſt allow me to make this poor return — theſe jewels—*(giving her a caſket, open.)*

Hon. How! jewels! and of ſuch value, my Lord!

Lord Jar. Oh, a trifle! for my own part, I never wear diamonds *(Lady Acid enters)* — for while other people wear them for me to look at, it's juſt the ſame as if they were my own — But think not of them, but love, my Angel!

Hon. Excuſe me, my Lord—I cannot accept them—you may employ them to a better purpoſe, *(offering to return them.)*

Lady

Lady A. Is this your gratitude for his Lordſhip's politeneſs? Ill bred, inſolent girl! What you are ſtill hankering after that wretch, Clairville.

Hon. Call him by ſome other name, Madam—Wretch! What is his brother, then?

Lady A. How! have you the impudence to defend the outcaſt?

Hon. Outcaſt! Shame, ſhame, Madam! I know I talk a language, you and your modiſh friends deſpiſe--but here I tell you, that this outcaſt is the man of my heart---that it loves him--tenderly loves him — and would rather ſhare his griefs in a priſon, than his Lordſhip's pleaſure in a palace—therefore, once more, let me offer back this preſent.

Lady A. Look ye, in a word, let me have no more of your ill breeding. Accept his Lordſhip's jewels directly, and retire to your chamber — Take them, I ſay, and be gone this inſtant.

Hon. What can I do? The Colonel's high opinion of her compels me to obey her in every thing—Oh, Clairville! why did you ſave a life that's doom'd, for ever doom'd to mix thy ruin with its own? [*Exit.*

Lady A. So far, ſo well, my Lord! For when the Colonel hears ſhe was mercenary enough to receive jewels, he'll own you were warranted in your deſigns upon her — and now---ſince we are alone---I'll open a great and glorious ſcheme---A ſcheme that ſhall convince you of my unalter'd affection.

Lord Jar. Sweeteſt of women! you know my determination. --- Whoever has my hand, you ſhall ſtill have my heart.

Lady A. I believe it, my Lord---and therefore I ſhall riſk the dangerous enterprize---Sophia

phia and I were at the exhibition of wax figures this morning --- She was ſtruck with, and purchaſed a great theatrical likeneſs, which is to be brought here in a chair this evening---Now, if you contrive to come home inſtead of the figure—

Lord Jar. I a wax figure! a Peer of the realm a wax figure!

Lady A. Dear! it happens every day---But mind me, the chair will be brought to my dreſſing room, which adjoins Honoria's chamber---And where you know you can't be admitted on account of Sir Andrew's jealouſy---therefore wait for the chair, bribe the man, and here is a falſe key *(gives one)* which locks and unlocks Honoria's door.

Lord Jar. Lovelieſt of creatures! *(kiſſes her hand)* Where ſhall I find the chair?

Lady A. I'll give you the particulars by-and-by---In the mean time, remember you get Clairville diſpoſed of———

Lord Jar. What, my brother! Oh, I've ſo great a friendſhip for him, that I'll have him arreſted to prevent his being diſtreſt——

(flouriſh of clarionets)

Lady A. Hark! their lordſhips, the muſicians, are arrived.

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. There they are! Never was Sunday concert ſo ſanctified with nobility.

Lady A. What! they're all come?

Col. Yes; and faith there's ſo many great people turned fiddlers now a days, that I ſhould not be ſurpriſed, if the Houſe of Lords ſhould be turned into a concert room!

that

that glees were ſung from the Woolſack, and catches from the Cabinet.

Lord Jar. Who have we amongſt us, Colonel?

Col. I'll tell you. --- Firſt, there's Duke Duett playing on the violin---then there's General Grig blowing the trumpet, Judge Jerk blowing the baſſoon, and Biſhop Bravo banging the kettle-drums!—But what's better, there's Signor Uniquo, who pats them all familiarly on the back, and ſays, "braviſſimo, my Lord Judge! Encora, Signor Biſhop!" Then, the one looks as pleaſed as if he'd got the Chanceſſorſhip, and the other, as if he was preferred to an Archbiſhoprick!—Pray is your lordſhip fond of muſic?

Lord Jar. Me! I hate, I deteſt it!

Lady A. Hate muſic, my Lord! Dear! I always thought it was one of your favourite amuſements.

Lord Jar. What, muſic! Oh, certainly — I love it of all things.

Col. Well; for my part I ſhall not liſten to their lordſhips till Uniquo gets them engaged at the opera — As to you, Lady Acid, I know your ſenſe and virtue deſpiſes this trifling folly, and you only promote it to amuſe your friends.

Lady A. I do indeed, Colonel—*(ſtrumming of inſtrumemts within.)* I muſt go and look at them—Come, my Lord.

Lord Jar. (taking her hand.) With pleaſure!—Colonel, is my friend Nominal amongſt them?

Col. My ward! Zounds! don't talk of him —but go, and if you wiſh for fiddling preferment, pay your reſpects to the Grand Signor.

[*Exeunt Lord and Lady.*

My Ward, indeed! Oh that ſtupid ſtudious puppy! I know what it will end in—He'll go ſneaking on in his profeſſion, till he gets into the Upper

Houſe, then he'll be laid on the ſhelf, and go out like the ſnuff of a candle — As to that ruffian, and the aſſault, I'll be reveng'd on Clairville ſtill —For Sophia, the dear creature ſeems fonder of me than ever, ſince laſt night's riot—The women do love a little rudeneſs now and then.

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, Miſs Sophia's maid is below, and deſires to ſee you.

Col. There! I ſaid ſo—Oh, I and my Epaulette play the devil with the women!

James. She has a letter for you, Sir.

" *Col.* A letter! Ah! I muſt—poor Sir Andrew! he wou'dn't believe I was her darling hope."

James. That ſhe will deliver to nobody but yourſelf, Sir.

Col. Well; if it muſt be ſo—It's very ſtrange what can make the ſex adore me ſo paſſionately! —It muſt be my manners, my tender, graceful, inſinuating manners! Shew me to her, James; and while their Lordſhips are fiddling for the good of the nation, I'll amuſe myſelf for the benefit of Sophia, poor Sophia! —Oh, Colonel! Colonel! what fools do you make of the women!

[*Exit, followed by James.*

SCENE—SIR ANDREW ACID'S *Garden.*

Enter SAUNTER.

Saun. Where can my couſin Sophia be loitering! This is the place of aſſignation, and I ſee neither her nor the Colonel, nor Sir Andrew—I hope

hope there's no miſtake, for on their expoſition depends her future happineſs.

Enter SOPHIA, *haſtily.*

Sophia. Oh couſin! my dear couſin, I'm undone! ---As much ruin'd as if I'd never been an authoreſs, or an actreſs, or a painter, or a——

Saun. Why, what has happen'd?

Sophia. Lady Acid, unknown to Sir Andrew, has read the aſſignation you made me ſend him. ---She is now convinced the love is on my part, and is purſuing me here to be revenged.--- Dear me, I wiſh I had not written to him.

Saun. Not written to him! Unleſs you'd put a ſtop to his and the Colonel's vanity, you know you'd have been ſent in the country---nay, loſt your character, and never ſhewn your face in faſhionable life again.

Sophia. Never ſhewn my face! Lord! it rather helps one, and, in faſhionable life, loſs of character makes one's reputation; but what is to become of me! If I'm ſent to the country, I ſhall die, I I know I ſhall, and ſo ſuddenly, I ſhan't have time to write my own life, and run down half my acquaintance.

LADY ACID *(without.)*

Lady A. Where is the Jezabel! I'll make an example of her.

Sophia. Here ſhe comes, and I ſhall be lock'd up in an old country caſtle, where there's a conſtant knocking at the gates to ſee the apartments; but not a perſon to enquire after poor I, the priſoner.

Enter LADY ACID.

Lady A. So Miſs, notwithſtanding the warning I gave you, you have been writing an aſſignation to my huſband — and this is the place—look at me—anſwer me—do you deny it?

Sophia. No, Madam; I own that I wrote ſuch aſſignations to both the Colonel and Sir Andrew.

Lady A. The Colonel too! mercy on me! wou'dn't one content you?

Sophia. Yes, Madam; but I did it to bring them together, and laugh at them; for indeed they have ſo teiz'd me———

Lady A. They teiz'd you? here's effrontery! look ye, I know they hate and deſpiſe you, and they have both told me a thouſand times that your love was troubleſome and diſguſting.

Saun. Your Ladyſhip, I can contradict that ---for I have now in my pocket both their anſwers to Sophia's aſſignation---each accepts her invitation, and will be here at the time appointed ---beſides, you muſt be ſenſible that her loving them is a joke.

Lady A. Joke! don't talk to me of jokes, Sir,--- I never made one in my life; and I know ſhe loves them as much as they deteſt her—and it's all owing to her romantic turn of mind, her acting, her writing—

Sophia. Nay, my Lady, don't abuſe my talents —Didn't my laſt production go through four editions?

Lady A. Yes; and why did it? becauſe it was patronized. And now-a-days, it is not the book itſelf, but the name of the perſon who writes it.

While

While the woman of fashion shall write a bad work, and have a thousand subscribers, a poor neglected man of genius shall write a good one, and not have a single patron! if indeed, you had follow'd my advice — written sentimentally and morally—

Sophia. I did, Madam—I did write morally, and what was the consequence? I had made a sum of money by a Novel call'd "Seduction"—and lost it all by writing an "Essay on Charity;" but indeed, Sir Andrew and the Colonel are to blame, and if you'll wait a moment, you'll see them come to the assignation.

Lady A. They come! they know better—besides despising you, they value my good opinion too highly to trifle with it in this manner—so, retire to the country. [*Laying hold of her.*

Saun. Pray hear reason, Madam.

Lady A. I'll hear nothing, she shall be punished! she shall! *(sees* Sir Andrew *without)* Bless me! what do I see! my husband capering and smiling!

Sophia. Ay; there's one of them—and see, Madam—yonder's the other.

Lady A. The Colonel, as I live! This is amazing! stand back and let's observe them.

Enter Sir Andrew, *with a letter in his hand.*
Enter Col. Hubbub, *with a letter in his hand.*

Col. "Thou dear perfidious!"

Sir Andrew. "Thou gay deceiver!"

Col. "I idolize you as much as I despise Sir Andrew."

Sir Andrew. "I adore you as much as I abhor the Colonel."

Sophia (*coming between them, close to the* COLONEL) my pretty Colonel!

Col. There! (*turning from her in great joy and putting up his letter.*)

Sophia. My charming Baronet! (*coming up to* SIR ANDREW.)

Sir Andrew. My angel!

SIR ANDREW *turns to embrace her—the* COLONEL *embraces her on the other side--they see one another.* SOPHIA *stands laughing between them.*

Lady A. For shame! for shame! is this your boasted honour? at your time of life!—"thou dear perfidious!" (*Exit* COLONEL); and you, what have you to say for yourself, "thou gay deceiver?"

Sir Andrew. Say! (*tearing the letter*) why, when one's completely miserable, nothing is so pleasant as to see a friend in the same situation—Halloa, Colonel! (*Exit.*

Lady A. Sophia, I am now convinc'd of your innocence, and ask your pardon, and will make you amends by reading your manuscripts, praising your acting, and saying you're so good a letter-writer, that I believe you're the author of Junius. [*Exeunt.*

END *of* ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE——*Park.*

Enter CLAIRVILLE.

Clair. My diſtreſſes croud on me ſo faſt, that I will endeavour to ſee my brother once more; and if he ſtill avoids me, I muſt baniſh Honoria from my thoughts, and ſeek that place abroad, my enemies deny me here.

Enter O'WHACK, *haſtily.*

O'Whack. Run—fly! make your eſcape, your honour—Arrah! be off before the coquins lay hold of you—By my ſalvation! when I think of your misfortunes, I can't help taking out my mouchoir—*(taking out his handkerchief and crying.)*

Clair. What is the matter, O'Whack?

O'Whack. The matter! Why, if you don't ſcamper you'll be baſtiled before you can ſay "Killarney!"

Clair. What can this mean? Explain!

O'Whack. Doucement!—I'll tell you—As I paſſed yonder promenade, an old friend of mine, who is an officer, or bailiff, d'ye ſee—told me he was coming to carry your honour to priſon—"What, Monſieur Clairville?" ſays I—"the ſame," ſays he—"then," ſays I—"be aſy now; for, by St. Patrick, if you touch a hair of his head, I'll ſoupmaigre you this inſtant."—Says he—"I muſt do my duty."—"And I mine,"—ſays I—"And remember, my honey, it is as aſy to have pity in your heart, as it is to ſpeak French without the brogue, ma foi!" This

ſoftened

ſoftened him, your honour, and he promiſed to be a cher amis to you till to-morrow.

Clair. Thanks! my good fellow, thanks!

O'Whack. C'eſt ne pas tout, tho'; Fanny, Miſs Sophia's maid, as pretty a fille de chambre as ever made a faux pas, gave me bit of a hint that there was a curſt black buſineſs in the wind between your brother, Lord Jargon, and Lady Acid—She thinks they mean to put you in limbo, becauſe Mademoiſelle Honoria loves you; and by my ſoul, if they do, I'll make the old cat cry "Miſericorde," till ſhe's black in the face!

Clair. I won't believe it—I know Lord Jargon loves Honoria; but I can never think, that on that account he'd make a priſoner of his brother—but he's coming this way—I'll talk to him—leave us together.

O'Whack. That I will with all my heart and ſoul, for I can't bear to put my eyes upon him—Bon repos to your honour—I'll give you a call in the morning, and, in the mean time, be debonnaire, d'ye ſee—I'll carry you through, depend on't.

Clair. My kind fellow—how ſhall I repay you?

O'Whack. Oh, your honour, I never forget an obligation, tho' I may an injury—You ſav'd me in danger, and if I don't do mon poſſible to bother all your enemies! ſay I'm not the bonne bouch of the O'Whacks, that's all! *Exit.*

Clair. I cannot, will not ſuſpect him of ſuch treachery—tho' he has been long dead to brotherly affection, he never can be capable of ſuch inhumanity.

Enter

Enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. (aside) This poor wretch here! I was in hopes he was diſpoſed of.

Clair. Brother, a word; I have a favour to intreat of you; for neceſſity, extreme neceſſity compels me—in ſhort, if you do not aſſiſt me, I ſhall be arreſted in an hour, and in jail perhaps the remainder of my life.

Lord Jar. Arreſted! Who can be ſo hard-hearted, Harry? You know my friendſhip and liberality; but as to lending you money, that's a thing I can't make up my mind to.

Clair. The ſum I require is ſmall, my Lord—A few hundreds will convey me far from the perſecution of my creditors; and by retirement and œconomy, in a few years, perhaps, I ſhall be able to repay you with honour; and once more appear in the world as your Lordſhip's brother.

Lord Jar. I hope you may, Harry;—but petitions are ſo numerous——

Clair. Petition! 'Tis my demand, Sir! When the old Lord died, you know he left his fortune to you, in the full conviction you would provide for me—and this is the return! While you are affluent enough to ſquander thouſands in the whirlpool of faſhion, you are cruel enough to ſee a brother waſte his life in poverty! But, go on, my Lord—exult and riot in my father's riches—I will be prouder of his virtues!

Lord Jar. Oh, the old cant! You never heard me utter a ſentiment in your life---Never! for the man who boaſts of virtue and feeling, ſeldom practiſes either the one or the other--But you detain me, Harry--I am going to ſigh away an hour with Honoria.

Clair. [*eagerly*] With Honoria, brother?

Lord Jar. Yes, with Honoria, brother! Don't you envy me my triumph?

Clair. Ungenerous man! Is it not enough to abandon me to the world, a beggar, and a wanderer, but you muſt wound me in the tendereſt point---diſtract me with ſuch thoughts---but I have done---Farewell, my Lord! perhaps we ſhall never meet again!---I now ſuſpect him, and will warn Honoria of her danger! [*aſide*]

Lord Jar. Adieu, Harry!---Shall I tell the charming girl any thing about you?

Clair. Yes, Sir;---tell her, purſued by enemies, and deſerted by my friends, I know not where to fly for ſafety! Tell her, not ſo much on my own account, I lament my misfortunes, as on her's; ſince, abject and forſaken as I am, I cannot ſhelter or protect her! Tell her, I once hoped---forgive my weakneſs [*weeping*]---but if you have one ſpark of pity for the loſt Clairville, beſtow it on Honoria---Be her friend, and you ſhall ſtill be mine---Farewell! [*Exit.*

Lord Jar. Ay; go your ways; you'll never ſee her again---For here comes the chair that gives me poſſeſſion of her for ever.

Enter Chairmen with chair.

Sit it down, and wait till I return---I muſt ſtep over to my houſe, to order ſervants to be near at hand; for tho' I'm determined not to be violent ---yet, if ſhe demurs, I'll force her!---I'll——

Enter NOMINAL, *half drunk, ſinging.*

Nom. Ha! Peer! my boy, how are you.---I hate wine; but I've been drinking to keep up my character, and I'm the moſt unlucky dog alive---I've been ſearching every where for an adventure, and can't find one---I can't get into notice!

Lord

Lord Jar. Can't you?

Nom. No; I can't make myſelf conſpicuous! and yet I've been abſurd, particular, and noiſy—But what ſignifies? every body elſe is the ſame! The whole town's ſo ridiculous, that to be ſtared at, a man ſhould be as quiet, and as dull as—a ſimile! Heh, Peer! [*taking ſnuff, and offering* LORD JARGON *ſome.*]

Lord Jar. How can you drink, I hate it—If I indulged myſelf in ſuch odious cuſtoms, do you think I ſhould be a favourite with the women? [*taking a pinch.*]

Nom. Favourite with the women! Ay, there's the rub! If I could get the fame of an intrigue, or an elopement, or any other ſweet impropriety! oh!

Lord Jar. Intrigue or elopement!—Um!

Nom. Um! Why, what's the matter with you?

Lord Jar. Look ye, Nominal—nothing is ſo ſhocking as to impart ſecrets, or boaſt of a Lady's favours—It's what I never do, Sir—Elſe I cou'd tell you——

Nom. Tell me!—what?

Lord Jar. That I am this moment going on both an intrigue and an elopement!

Nom. The devil you are! who? when? where? open, unfold, you amiable!—you ſurprizing ſenator!

Lord Jar. Fie! do you think I'd betray the confidence of the fair? No, if I was only to hint to you that, that chair—that very chair was to take me to a certain Baronet's houſe, inſtead of a wax figure——

Nom. Wax-figure! Go on—diſpatch! I'm all on fire! wheugh! [*rubbing his hands and ſhewing ſigns of great joy.*]

Lord Jar. I ſay, I ſhould be the greateſt raſcal living, if I was only to hint that I intrigued with the Baronet's wife, that ſhe was to conduct me to the chamber of a young lady, and that their names were———

Nom. Hang their names! only let me underſtand; that chair, you ſay, takes you to the lady with whom you intrigue, and ſhe conducts you to the girl with whom you elope [*Lord nods aſſent*] Bravo, my boy! bravo! Give me your hand; and now, curſe me if I can help laughing, to think how they'll all be ſurprized! ha, ha, ha!

Lord Jar. No, nor I—The old huſband little thinks who's coming to make a fool of him! ha, ha, ha! But, excuſe me a moment—I muſt ſtep over the way to order ſervants to be near the houſe—Stay till I return, and you'll ſee what a figure I'll make in the chair.

Nom. Yes, yes—I'll ſtay—But go over the way—Get along with you, wheugh!

Lord Jar. I ſay, Nominal, I fancy you'd like go to in the chair inſtead of me, ha, ha, ha!

Nom. Yes, that I would, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Lord Jargon.*

And if I don't!—if I don't perch myſelf in the centre of it—dam'me if I know any thing of fame, or notoriety! Gad, this is the luckieſt hit—I might have been whole years luring one woman into an intrigue, or another into an elopement—but here's the buſineſs ready cut out to my hands; and, therefore, that no time may be loſt—you two coronet ſupporters [*laying hold of chairmen*] open the chair, and let me be the Peer's proxy!—Take me to the Baronet's directly, or by all that's ſingular—

Firſt Chairman. Blood and ounds! is the man beſide himſelf?

Nom.

Nom. [*shaking them.*] No trifling!—Here's a purse and a pistol! Money or murder! Take your choice this moment!

Second Chairman. Take the money, Pat, take the money!

Nom. Here you rogues, here! [*giving purse.*] And now I swear, whatever were his Lordship's designs, mine shall be harmless and honourable! All I want is the fame of the thing, and if I can get that, hang me if I'll fatigue myself or the Ladies! So, open the chair, and away, my boys! [*gets in and looks from window.*] When you see his Lordship, tell him the next time he is going on an amour, not to mention it before hand—Lead on to notoriety!—Drink and drive care away! [*Exit in chair.*

Re-enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. Now, Nominal, now you shall see what a figure I'll cut in the chair!—How! what! gone! the chair too! S'death! I cut a very pretty figure indeed!—But, I'll be revenged—I'll follow him, and have satisfaction directly; and for Clairville and Honoria, I'll betray one, and imprison the other! I will, as I'm a gentleman and a man of honour! [*Exit.*

SCENE—LADY ACID'S *Dressing Room—Toilette—Doors open in Flat—and Part of a Bed seen—Chairs and Candles.*

Enter HONORIA *with a letter.*

Hon. Can it be possible? Can she who should protect me, thus betray me? I will not, dare not believe it! and yet would Clairville terrify

rify me with falſe ſuſpicions? Let me read the letter once more—*(reads)* " I have been juſt " informed, that Lord Jargon and Lady Acid " have deſigns againſt you, and that, to-night, " they mean to put their villainy in execution— " I hope they cannot be ſo treacherous; but as " you love my peace or your own, be on your " guard—beware Honoria! and remember the " unhappy Clairville!" If it be true, how ſhall I extricate myſelf? The Colonel is ſo convinced of Lady Acid's honour, that all ſupplication to him would be in vain—Alas! I have no friend to ſuccour or defend me, and helpleſs as I am—Ha! ſhe comes! I dread to meet her.

Enter LADY ACID.

Lady A. How! not gone to your chamber, Honoria?

Hon. I'm going, Madam—her very look alarms me *(aſide.)*

Lady A. What is the girl muttering? I declare you grow more and more forward and impertinent every hour—but I'll humble you—I'll make an example of you!

Hon. (kneeling) Oh! on my knees let me entreat your pity! do not deſert me, do not abandon me—promiſe me I ſhall not be in the power of Lord Jargon, and I'll be your ſlave for ever.

Lady A. Lord Jargon! why, what's the fool thinking of? Have you loſt your ſenſes?

Hon. No—not yet, Madam—but if I retain them, it muſt be by your humanity—you have often ſaid that you would be a mother to me—be ſo now—ſave me from this hour of danger, and——

Lady

Lady A. Danger! let me hear no more of this insolence, but be gone!——

Enter BETTY, *follow'd by Chairmen with Chair.*

Betty. The chair with the figure, your Ladyship.

Lady A. Put it down and leave it *(exeunt Betty and Chairmen.)* Now comes my triumph! *(aside)* How! not gone yet, Miss? Retire this instant, or——

Hon. I obey, Madam—Oh! what, what will become of me? *(Exit.*

Lady A. There she goes! and now for my dear, dear Lord! *(taps at chair window)* Lord Jargon! Lord Jargon! come forth, and my dear Lord, ensure your prize—[NOMINAL *lets down the front glass, looks at her, and nods.*] Heavens! what do I see?

Nom. No Lord—or wax figure, but as lively a fellow as ever you intrigued with—*(spying)* Fine jolly woman.

Lady A. Who are you? has his Lordship sent you to insult me?

Nom. No; he has sent me, not to disappoint you; *(spying again)* Rather fat tho'— *(knock)*

Lady A. Mercy! there's my husband!

Nom. [*eagerly*] Your husband! Tell me, my darling, tell me, is he jealous?

Lady A. Jealous!—to an extreme!

Nom. What! he'll bring an action, and sue for a divorce?

Lady A. Yes.

Nom. Paragraph and caricature me?

Lady A. Certainly.

Nom. Challenge and fight me?

Lady A. Undoubtedly.

Nom. Huzza! bravo! I'm made! I'm immortaliz'd! let me out, and let him in directly.

COLONEL

COLONEL HUBBUB *without.*

Col. In her dreſſing room is ſhe? never mind —I have the privilege of going into it.

Lady A. The Colonel! worſe and woſe!

Nom. My guardian! zounds! he muſtn't diſcover me here.

Lady A. Sir, if you have any gallantry, or—

Nom. Say no more, my dove, I'm ſnug *(puting up window)* good b'ye, I'll make you comfortable— *(nodding and ſhutting himſelf in.)*

Enter COL. HUBBUB.

Lady A. Colonel, I rejoice to ſee you,

Col. I beg pardon, Madam, for this intruſion, but when you know my buſineſs, I think you'll forgive me—I come to give Honoria to Lord Jargon.

Lady A. Is't poſſible, Colonel?

Col. Yes; I have made up my mind at laſt—the high opinion I have of your honour, and the great reſpect I entertain for his Lordſhip, as your friend, has tempted me to ſign this deed of ſettlement—*(producing one)* which gives him Honoria with a fortune of 30,000*l.*

Lady A. My dear Colonel, you delight me.

Col. Ay; ſhe will be then ſafe from the artifices of Clairville, and your virtuous wiſhes will be ſatisfied—you know I once deſign'd her for my ward Nominal.

Lady A. Yes; but he is too diſſipated and profligate.

Col. He profligate! why, he's the moſt ſtudious, ſtupid blockhead alive; I dare ſay he is now in

in his library, poring over Puffendorf or hemming [*mimicking*] with Paul Prig.

Lady A. Well! I never saw him, Colonel; but I've heard he's the most noisy riotous young man in town—has his amours—his—

Col. Amours! I should as soon suspect your Ladyship of an intrigue, as he—Noisy and riotous too! Oh that he was! I'd give him a Borough to-morrow. [NOMINAL *here raises the top of chair, and pops his head out.*]

Nom. Hem! [*retires directly.*]

Col. Zounds! what's that [*going towards chair*] the devil! here's somebody in the chair!

Lady A. Ha, ha! you'll laugh when I tell you what it is—it's a purchase of Sophia's.

Col. Purchase! I swear I saw a man's head.

Lady A. A man! Ha, ha! that's very good! it's a wax figure.

Col. A wax figure!

Lady A. Yes; and as Sir Andrew knows nothing of it, I intreat you not to tell him.

Col. Oh, I understand—what, it's to supply his place when he's out of the way—well, well! [*trying to look at it.*]

Lady A. Fie, Colonel! an't you asham'd to look at a Lady's curiosities? Positively if you don't come away, I'll have it removed [*pulling him away.*] But how could you suppose it to be a man? suspect me of an intrigue!

Col. I don't suspect you—I believe you to be all virtue, tenderness and truth.

Enter SIR ANDREW ACID.

Sir Andrew. Ay, ay; I'll tell her myself—[*speaking as he enters.*] My dear, Lord Jargon is below, and desires to see you directly.

Lady A. I'm busy, Sir Andrew, let him wait.

Col. [*aside to Lady*] No, no—softly—I have a thought—is Honoria at home?

Lady A. Yes; she's in the next room.

Col. Then, hark ye, as his Lordship is below, go to him and tell him my intentions, and if he approves, he shall have Honoria this very moment.

Lady A. I will, Colonel—O Lord! here is Sir Andrew—As you regard me, don't mention the figure—If that fellow is discovered, my character's lost for ever [*aside.*] [*Exit.*

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir Andrew. So, dear perfidious!

Col. So, gay deceiver! Ah, Sir Andrew, you ought to blush for your inconstancy—so good, so faithful a wife, as Lady Acid!

Sir Andrew. It's very true, Colonel; and if I didn't think it would make her too happy, I'd own my errors—She is indeed all virtue—I'll tell you what—she has all your gaieties, with your ward Nominal's prudence.

Col. Plague take you! Am I never to hear of any thing but that stupid dog's prudence? But your wife, Sir Andrew—All her amusements are so innocent!—Wax now—She prefers wax to real life [*looking round at chair.*]

Sir Andrew. Wax!

Col. Yes; tho' she'd die before she'd have a young man in her room, I don't think she has much objection to a wax-figure.

Sir Andrew. Wax-figure! Why, what the devil are you at?

Col. I didn't say there was one in a sedan chair, did I?

Nom.

Nom. No, but I do though---Zounds, would you keep me in obſcurity!

NOMINAL *walks ſolemnly out between him and the* COLONEL. *They ſtand aſtoniſhed.*

LADY ACID *re-enters.*

Sir Andrew. Zounds, the wax-figure is a live gallant!

Col. Yes, and my ſtudious ward is a daſhing dog at laſt!

Nom. Yes! it's I, guardy, who was a ſtudent in the morning; who caned you at night—who will fight that gentleman, who intrigues with this lady [*embracing* LADY ACID] and will elope with any body! And what's more, who rejoices to diſcover himſelf, becauſe he expoſes hypocriſy, and ſaves an innocent girl from miſery.

Col. [*dancing and ſinging*] Ti, di, di, di! he has it! he has it! he has it! the rogue's the true thing after all—Come to thy old guardian's arms! Let me gaze on thy dear face—There it is! The real tumultuous daſhing look! You dog, you ſhall come into Parliament to-morrow.

Lady A. Are you mad, Colonel?

Sir Andrew. Ay; dam'me, are you mad, Colonel?

Col. [*to* LADY ACID] Out of the way, diſſembler! I know you now, and deſpiſe you—But is he a real man of ſenſe at laſt! Will he give up Weſtminſter Hall, Puffendorf, and Paul Prig, to intrigue, elope, fight a Baronet, and cane a Colonel in the guards? Oh, 'tis too much! Give me joy, old boy!

Sir Andrew. Good night [*going.*]

Lady A. Sir Andrew, I inſiſt on a hearing.

Nom. Stay, Baronet—I hope you're ſatisfied

Sir A. Satisfied of what?

Nom. That it's I, and not any body elſe who intrigues with this all-virtuous woman--Upon my ſoul it's me—And do mention it every where, do, there's a ſweet ſmiling pleaſant fellow; ſay it's me, and we'll all get into print together.

Sir Andrew. Damnation! [*Exit.*

Lady A. Hear me, Sir Andrew—I'll follow him and explain the buſineſs directly—For you, Colonel, I leave you to your deluſion, and for your prudent ward—Oh, was there ever any thing ſo unlucky!

Col. Go your ways, hypocrite!—And now, my boy, my darling, let's to ſupper, and crown the night with mirth and merriment—Odsheart! What a likeneſs of me, and his old uncle! Come, for I do ſo long to hear the hiſtory of your pranks.

Nom. Ay; you ſhall hear them all, from Paul Prig to the juſtice—from the peer to the wax-figure; and then, if you don't ſay, I'm as eccentric and ridiculous as you wiſh me—why, I'll never beat a jack-aſs again, as long as I live.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE—*Outside of* SIR ANDREW'S *House.*

Enter O'WHACK.

O'Whack. Oh! my poor master!—he's dead! butchered! murdered! shot in a duel, by that Burgeois Peer, Lord Jargon! Misericordie! Misericordie! What shall I do to bring him to life again? I'll go home—I'll——

Enter SAUNTER.

Saun. So, O'Whack—Lord Jargon has called out my friend Nominal, in consequence of the affair at Lady Acid's.

O'Whack. C'est vrais, your honour—and he'll never go out again—Il est mort—[*weeping.*]

Saun. How!

O'Whack. He's dead—dead as King Lear.

Saun. Astonishing! Who told you this?

O'Whack. Myself! my own sad self! I always said, when Mr. Nominal went out to fight a rencontre——

Saun. What!

O'Whack. That he was too much of a gentleman to come home alive again—Oh! he and Blunder O'Whack are one for that—But, your honour, is there no way of putting a little breath into him?

Saun. Ridiculous! you know nothing of the matter, I see—and I'm all anxiety to hear the issue of this unhappy duel.

O'Whack. Et moi aussi—and I'll go home and wait for his relief,—Oh, he's dead! he's dead!

And

And here am I, a ſolitaire, in the wide world by myſelf! [*Exit.*

Saun. Where can I gain intelligence? I have a thouſand fears for my friend—Lord Jargon, I know, is full of animoſity, and Nominal is too fond of fame, to make him an apology—Poor fellow! if he ſhould be killed, or even wounded.

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Wounded! Why, here I am, George; as ſound and as merry—Wounded!—Oh, you dull dog!

Saun. Dull! Why, from your ſervant's account I might ſuppoſe you were dead.

Nom. Dead! Pſhoo! Do you think I don't know better? Hark ye, ſince we're alone, I'll let you into a ſecret.—Lord Jargon wanted to challenge me, but cou'dn't ſummon up courage; ſo, ſooner than loſe the glory of a combat with ſo great a man, I conſented to [*whiſpering him*] you underſtand me, we fought to ſatisfy the town, not ourſelves.

Saun. Satisfy the town! how do you mean?

Nom. How do I mean? Why, do you think we fought to pleaſe ourſelves? Nonſenſe! That's been gone by long ago—No, no; the caſe was this—He was compelled to fight to ſave his reputation, and I choſe to fight, to get a name! So we kept up appearance, meaſured ground, exchanged ſhots, ſeconds interfered—applauded our ſpirit, ſigned the report—And now we're both men of honour as long as we live!—There, you rogue—ſhot ourſelves into notice.

Saun. Bravo! And while the world is ſanguinary enough to compel thoſe to bleed like heroes, who wiſh to live like men; why, you and his lordſhip may glory in having tricked them. But

ſince

ſince my cares on your account are over—allow me to enquire at this houſe after my couſin Sophia—Poor girl! Sir Andrew has behaved to her in a manner ſo cruel and inhuman——

SOPHIA *opens the window.*

Sophia. Couſin—Couſin!—I'm lock'd up—I can't get out—Sir Andrew has confined me in this room, till he ſends me to the country for life.

Nom. Here's a pretty buſineſs!

Saun. What! he was offended at the ſham aſſignation, was he?

Sophia. So he ſays—But I know it's all owing to his wife—He is ſo out of humour with her, that he muſt be revenged on ſomebody! Couſin, won't you aſſiſt me? Will you let me be buried in woods, and waſte my youth with fat calves and ſucking pigs?

Nom. No; before you ſhall waſte an hour, I'll kill all the fat calves and ſucking pigs in England—Fair lady, if your couſin don't releaſe you, I will—Gad, I was only thinking of an elopement, and pop ſhe comes to my purpoſe.

Saun. Be patient, Sophia—I'll go directly to the Colonel, and requeſt his interference with Sir Andrew—But huſh! the old tyrant's coming this way—Shut down the window, and depend on my protection.

Nom. And on mine, ſweet excellence!

[SOPHIA *diſappears.*]

Faith! that is the luckieſt houſe—Laſt night I helped a gentleman into it, and to day, perhaps, I may hand a lady out of it—I'll have her, whoever ſhe is—My dear Saunter, tell me what's her name?

San.

Saun. Don't you know her? It's Sir Andrew's ward, Sophia; a great authoress, and private actress.

Nom. A private actress! that's a public character! Then there's a pair of us, and if we elope, we shall alarm all Europe!

Saun. She has heard of you, Nominal, and between ourselves, has a great prepossession in your favour—She loves singularity, and is consequently so fond of your character———

Nom. There! I said it would happen—the moment I got the fame of a duel and an intrigue, I knew no woman could stand me! But George, my boy! how can I see her? speak to her? Is there no way?

Saun. None, unless you can prevail on her guardian—here he is! try him—For my part, I'll to the Colonel.

Nom. I will—I'll try him, George, and if I can coax him into an interview [*exit* SAUNTER] I'll humour him, give him a touch in his own way.

Enter SIR ANDREW ACID.

Sir Andrew. Plague on them all, I say! But chiefly that devil incarnate, that Nominal!

Nom. Sir Andrew, I want to ask a favour of you.

Sir Andrew. Do you? I never grant any, Sir.

Nom. Nay, you don't know me, Sir Andrew—if you did, you'd grant me any thing---I am a man after your own heart [*in a melancholy voice*] I am, indeed, so out of humour with the world ---that, like you, I wish to see every body in it as miserable as myself———

Sir Andrew. You do, do you?

Nom. Yes, indeed, Sir---and if you knew how misanthropically I spent my time---Oh, I once passed

paſſed ſuch a happy day, Sir Andrew! Entirely in your own way---I'll tell you———

Sir Andrew. Exactly in my way!

Nom. Yes, Sir; I awoke at five, and ſaw a neighbour's houſe on fire! was ſecond in a duel at ſix, and my man loſt the tip of his ear! dined at four, and ſomething in the wine that made ſix of my acquaintance ſick—drank tea, and intrigued with my friend's wife till eight—a fat lady!—went to the new comedy, ſaw it completely damned—ſupped with the poor devil of an author; and to conclude, lodged ſix of the actors in the round-houſe! there! wasn't that a happy day! And now, let me ſee your ward!

Sir Andrew. See Sophia! zounds! neither you, nor any body elſe ſhall ever ſee her again! That chaiſe—[*points to one without*] is waiting to take her to the country directly, and ſhe ſhall live and die in an old caſtle on a brown moor.

Nom. Shall ſhe?

Sir Andrew. Yes; I'll be revenged on her for you all! And ſo your ſervant——

[*knocking at his own door.*]

Nom. Stay, thou dear connoiſſeur in wax-figures, and tell me, how's your wife?

Sir Andrew. Out of the way, Sir!—I'll puniſh her too—and for you and the reſt—

Nom. Ay; you'd play the devil with all mankind if you could.

Sir Andrew. If they were like you, I would; for then the world would be ſo wicked, that an honeſt man cou'dn't make too much miſchief! But becauſe my wife has deceived me, don't think my ward ſhall—No, no; I have her ſafe, I'll teach her to make aſſignations—[*ſervant opens door.*] And ſo, once more your ſervant, prudent Mr. Student! [*enters houſe.*

Nom. I ſhall loſe her! here'll be no elopement! no being purſued by her relations—hunted by the court of chancery—advertized by government, or what's beſt of all, carried to the Fleet or King's Bench, midſt the ſhouts of old maids, and groans of boarding ſchool miſſes!

Enter SOPHIA *from the houſe, with her cloak on.*

Sophia. So—Heaven be praiſed, I have made my eſcape—and now, if I knew where to fly for protection---

Nom. [*having obſerved her*] Fly into my arms, my angel—I'll put you into that chaiſe in a moment, out of town in an inſtant, at Gretna Green in a ſecond, and in all the news-papers and print-ſhops before to-morrow morning!

Sophia. Upon my word, Sir, I'm very much obliged to you! [*curtſies.*] Pray, may I aſk who you are?

Nom. Who I am? Why, if you don't know me, you know nothing—I'm Nominal.

Sophia. Nominal! Is it poſſible? What! the gentleman who ſo generouſly releaſed me from the Colonel, and has ſince made ſo much noiſe and confuſion?

Nom. Yes; I'm the man! I've made a noiſe! and if you love notoriety—you muſt prefer me to all heroes, paſt, preſent, or to come! My angel! [*takes her hand*] where ſhall I conduct you? As far, or as near as you pleaſe—[*aſide.*] I ſhall get as much fame by two miles, as two hundred—for though I mean to be honourable, I know the world is two ſcandalous to think me ſo!

Sophia. Ah! I wiſh I could depend on you—You ſee I've no reſource—I muſt either return to the tyranny of my guardian, or truſt to your honour and generoſity.

Nom.

Nom. Truſt! Look ye, my charming girl! I've had an intrigue without an intimacy—a duel without enmity, and I meant to have had an elopement without matrimony! But, by Heaven! there's ſomething in your perſon and manner, has ſo won upon me! that, let me have the fame of carrying you off, and hereafter you ſhall diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe!

Sophia. I believe you; and if you will conduct me to a relation's houſe, a few miles from town—

Nom. Come along, Sophia!—Faith! I've been ſo long looking for a creature ſo eccentric as myſelf, that now I've found one, I'll not eaſily part with it!

SIR ANDREW *within.*

Sir Andrew. Where are you all—James!

Sophia. My guardian's voice—make haſte, Sir.

Nom. Farewell, old miſery, and once more for notoriety— [*Exit with Sophia.*

Re-enter SIR ANDREW *from houſe.*

Sir Andrew. There they go! that devil of a fellow has carried her off! I'll purſue them—I'll—

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. [*ſpeaking to Nominal*] Huzza! that's right—away with her.—Look, old boy! look there!—Firſt he intrigues with your wife, and then he elopes with your ward! Isn't he a fine fellow? Isn't he like me?

Sir Andrew. Yes; he's as like you, as one madman is like another—but I'll overtake him! I'll make him ſtudious again, or beat him as ſoundly as he beat you! I'll be revenged!

[*Exit.*

Col. I knew I ſhould bring him up to ſome purpoſe! Inſtead of practiſing law, he'll promote it now, and then for a general election—Oh! what a ſcene will he make at a general election!

Enter O'WHACK.

O'Whack. And has your honour found him out at laſt? by my ſoul, I always ſaid he was as full of miſchief as yourſelf, ma foi.

Col. Yes; that he is! he's me in every thing; and here, thou dear tutor, here's ſomething for the pains you have taken in finiſhing his education [*giving him money.*]

O'Whack. Bien obligé, your honour! I never wanted the dear craters more in my life; for there's a fine young jontleman juſt thrown into priſon, who hasn't a ſous to ſave him from ſtarvation—So, d'ye ſee, as he once did me a bit of a ſervice, I'll do him another; and then there'll be no mauvaire houte betwixt us, you know—

Col. What is his name, O'Whack?

O'Whack. Monſieur Clairville! poor lad! I believe he was juſt going to the Eaſtern Indies to bring home a large fortune in his pocket, and a little hole in his liver.

Col. Clairville in priſon!

O'Whack. C'eſt vrais, jewel—his brother, who is a lord, and not a gentleman d'ye ſee, had him tap'd on the ſhoulder, and thrown into jail for a thouſand louis d'ors.

Col. I know his brother's treachery well; and now rejoice that Nominal befriended Clairville, inſtead of injuring him—But go to him, O'Whack, tell him, I'll ſee Lord Jargon, and do all in my power to aſſiſt him—Go, and comfort him.

O'Whack,

O'Whack. I'll go directly, and ten thouſand bleſſings on your honour in the bargain—Bon jour! Oh! by the eternal powers! I wiſh we had his Lordſhip in Ireland—I'd lay my beſt chapeau to a thirteen, he'd never make a ſpeech about the good of his country again. [*Exit.*

Col. Poor Clairville! I'll enquire into the matter inſtantly, and then to hear what Nominal has done with Sophia—Oh! the dear fellow! Now

The breed will be preſerv'd from ſire to ſire,
And future Hubbubs keep the world on fire.

SCENE—*An apartment with glaſs doors—Enter* HONORIA *from doors, and ſeeing* LADY ACID *entering, ſhuts them in great agitation.*

Hon. Heavens! Lady Acid!

Lady A. What's the matter with you now? What makes you look ſo pale?

Hon. Nothing, Ma'am! nothing—

Lady A. I come to tell you, that, that wretch Clairville is in priſon, and will remain there for ever; unleſs you have diſcretion enough to accept Lord Jargon's offers—then he'll be releaſed—Nay, none of your airs—his Lordſhip is honourable; he means marriage.

Hon. Marriage! can his Loſhip have the condeſcenſion?———

Lady A. Yes; and ſee where he comes to make his own propoſals,

Enter LORD JARGON.

I've been telling Honoria, my Lord, that you'll have the humanity to releaſe your profligate brother

ther from priſon, if ſhe'll conſent to ſhare your title and fortune.

Lord Jar. Am I to be the happy man?

Hon. Never, my Lord!

Lord Jar. How! Never!

Hon. No.—Let me be the ſimple Honoria, and enjoy ſelf approbation, rather than be the wife of your Lordſhip, and loſe the congratulations of my own heart.

Lady A. Hear me, Honoria—think of the title, the faſhion!

Hon. Faſhion! contemptible! I'm weary of the very word! What has it ever done, that there ſhould be ſuch magic in the ſound? 'Tis true, it has thrown a veil over vice, exalted the undeſerving, and given a ſanction to diſſipation; but has it ever relieved poverty, leſſened oppreſſion, or wiped away the tear of ſuffering virtue! name it not then—nor name his Lordſhip as a huſband—I ſhall treat both with equal diſdain.

Lord Jar. More ſentiments! and where they came from, Heaven only knows!

Lady A. Mighty fine, Madam; but ſince you're ſo arrogant, the Colonel ſhall be told of your behaviour—he ſhall hear of your mean mercenary diſpoſition—What! though you pretend to deſpiſe his Lordſhip, you can receive jewels from him.

Hon. Jewels! Heaven's! Was I not compell'd, Madam?

Lady A. No matter—the proof is againſt you—they are in your poſſeſſion, and when your uncle hears of it, I'm ſure he won't refuſe his Lordſhip's offers.

Enter

Enter Col. Hubbub.

Col. Won't he? But he will tho'! Tho' I love a lad of ſpirit, I deteſt premeditated villainy as much as any man—Your brother Clairville is in priſon, my Lord; and I'm told by your means.

Hon. Yes, Sir—'tis ſo—by his, his brother's means.

Lady A. Peace! and let me ſpeak—Colonel, notwithſtanding your prejudices againſt me and Lord Jargon, I know when you hear the conduct of this mean avaricious girl, you'll confeſs, that his Lordſhip has a greater claim to her than any other man—You'll allow fine diamonds are rare things!

Col. Yes; next to modeſty and good ſenſe, the rareſt things now-a-days to be met with.

Lady A. Then, Sir, with ſhame I mention it, ſhe has receiv'd a necklace from his Lordſhip, worth a thouſand pounds.

Col. How! Is this true, my Lord?

Lord Jar. I can't anſwer you—but I won't deny it.

Lady A. She will tell you, that I compell'd her to accept the necklace; but even if that were the caſe, ſhe might have returned it to his Lordſhip long ere this time.

Col. 'Tis too plain! I ſee it by her bluſhes—Baſe, ſordid girl! where are the diamonds? Produce and give them back to his Lordſhip, or I ſwear—Go fetch them inſtantly—What! do you heſitate?

Hon. I have not the necklace by me, Sir—I—

Col. What have you done with it then?

Hon. To confeſs the truth, Sir—I have ſold it!

Col.

Col. and Lady. Sold it!

Hon. Yes, Sir; to redeem a picture—to—

Col. A picture! give a thousand pounds for a picture—Let's see that!

Lady A. See! she hesitates again! Oh! it's all an imposition, and my Lord has been defrauded out of his diamonds.

Hon. Wait but a moment, and I'll shew you how he has been defrauded.

Opens glass doors, and leads out CLAIRVILLE.

Here is the jewel the necklace has redeemed—Here is a treasure worth ten times it's value! and here is the man I shall adore as long as I live—[*embracing him.*]

Col. Clairville!

Clair. Yes; that Clairville, who must have sunk a victim to your's [*to Lady*] and his Lordship's artifices, had not this lovely angel stretched out her hand, and saved me from destruction.

Col. Well! this is the prettiest picture I ever saw! Look, my Lord; Look, Lady Acid.

Lord Jar. I never was better pleased in my life—ha, ha!—Damnation!

Col. Nay, pray look—you'll not see such a picture again, and what's better, you'll never see your diamonds again—Clairville, I give you joy, and almost wish you Honoria's husband; but I've left all that to my ward—the dear boy has the sole disposal of her.

Lady A. Has he? then I hope he'll marry her himself—Any thing rather than she should be thrown away on a pitiful younger brother.

Enter NOMINAL *with* SOPHIA.

Nom. Here we are!—the two wonders of the age—The elopement's all over the town already—

And

And now what do you think is the next piece of mischief we're resolved on?

Col. What?

Nom. Marriage.

Col. Marriage!

Nom. Ay; so it is—I never thought of it—but two such eccentric creatures are fit for nothing but each other—We've hurried ourselves into it, and what's more, we've hurried Sir Andrew into it—And now, if you'll consent—but dispatch—intreat you be quick—for the Lady's on fire and I'm—ugh!

Col. Why, Sophia, is this true?

Sophia. Even so, Colonel! You were so inconstant, that I was obliged to accept another gay deceiver.

Col. Well, well; take her with all my heart; so the glorious breed is preserved, I don't care who it's by—But, you rogue, you must give up singularity now.

Nom. Must I! No—I'll be more singular than ever—I'll be so true, so faithful, and so constant a husband, that the whole fashionable world shall laugh at me!

Lady A. [*aside to Lord*] This is fortunate!—Now he's married himself, perhaps he may give you Honoria—ask him.

Lord Jar. I will [*aside.*] Nominal, a word.

Nom. What, my little antagonist!

Lord Jar. I know you are as much above receiving a bribe, as I am of offering one; but if you'll make Honoria mine, I'll give you all her fortune.

Nom. If you'd give me your own into the bargain, I wou'dn't diſpoſe of her ſo diſhonourably --No, no; your brother is my friend, and if I have any intereſt in Honoria, I hope ſhe may be his for ever---And now, all I recommend to you, and my old acquaintance here [*to Lady Acid*] is, to leave the world and take the wax-figure along with you! [*Exit Lady.*

Col. That's right, my boy!---Every thing ſhall be joined to-night---Hands, hearts and eſtates! I'll give Clairville property, and if his Lordſhip has any more preſents, another diamond necklace---Why, he may ſettle it on the firſt child.

Nom. Won't you follow her, my Lord?

Lord Jar. I follow her! not for a thouſand worlds!---Lady Acid!

[*Exit, calling Lady Acid.*

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sophia. Sir Andrew, I hope you've forgiven me every thing.

Sir Andrew. Yes, yes; you, and your kindred genius have tormented me ſo much, that I could not be better revenged, than by marrying you together---I've loſt a wife, and the ſtudent has found one, that's all.

Col. "Which has the better bargain."---Ods life! old boy, an't you delighted to ſee us all ſo merry.

Sir Andrew. Faith! I think I am---but don't be too hard upon me---don't be too merry---leſt the devil that's within me, ſhould tempt me to make long faces again.

Nom.

Nom. If he does, it must be at another time, and in another place.

Good humour reigns so absolutely here,
That when there's cause for censure, none we fear.
So great their candour! they so seldom blame,
That even Nominal may get a name;
And Notoriety—be crown'd with fame.

THE END.

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